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Painted by W. Hogarth. Engraved by C. Cook

GULIELMUS HOGARTH.

Published June 1st 1811 by G.G.&J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

HOGARTH RESTORED.

THE

WHOLE WORKS

OF THE CELEBRATED

WILLIAM HOGARTH,

AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED:

WITH A SUPPLEMENT, CONSISTING OF SUCH OF HIS PRINTS AS WERE NOT PUBLISHED IN A COLLECTED FORM.

80891

NOW RE-ENGRAVED BY THOMAS COOK.

ACCOMPANIED WITH

ANECDOTES OF MR. HOGARTH, AND EXPLANATORY DESCRIPTIONS OF HIS DESIGNS.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY; JOHN WALKER, AND ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW:

BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

1806.

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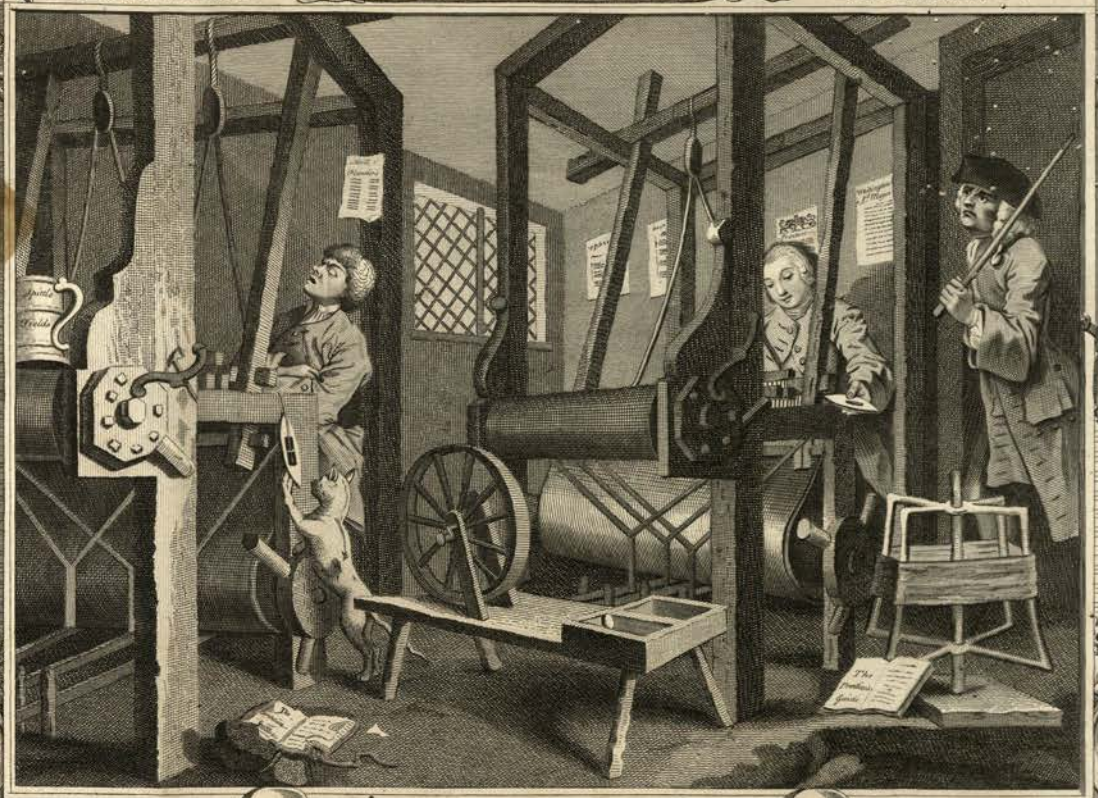
The Fellow Prentices INDUSTRY and IDLENESS at their Looms.



Proverbs Chap. 23, Ve: 21.
The Drunkard shall come to Poverty, & drowsiness shall cloath a Man with rags.

Proverbs Ch: 10, Ver: 4.
The hand of the diligent Maketh rich.

Designd. by Wm. Hogarth. Plate 1. Engraved by T. Cook.

The INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE performing the Duty of a Christian.

Psalm cxix. Ver: 97.
O How I love thy Law it is my meditation all the day.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth. Plate 2. Engraved by T. Cook.

Published by T. Cook, Edinburgh, and G.G.& J. Robinsons, Paternoster Row, February 1st 1796.

The IDLE PRENTICE Executed at Tyburn.

Proverbs CHAP: I. Ver: 27, 28.
When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress cometh upon them: then they shall call upon God, but he will not answer:

Plate II.

The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE Lord Mayor of London.

Proverbs CHAP: III. Ver: 16.
Length of days is in her right hand and in her left hand Riches and Honour.

The IDLE 'PRENTICE at Play in the Church Yard, during Divine Service.

Proverbs Ch: XIX. Ver: 29.
Judgments are prepar'd for Scorners
& Stripes for the back of Fools.

Designed by Wm Hogarth. Plate 3. Engraved by T. Cook.

The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE a Favourite, and entrusted by his Master.

Matthew Chap: XXV. Ver: 21
Well done thou good and faithfull
Servant, thou hast been faithfull
over a few things I will make thee
Ruler over many things.

Designed by Wm Hogarth. Plate 4. Engraved by T. Cook.

Published by T. Cook Islington, and 66 & 1 Robinson's Printer-master Row December 1st 1795.

The IDLE 'PRENTICE at Play in the Church Yard, during Divine Service.

Proverbs Ch: XIX. Ver: 29.
Judgments are prepar'd for Scorners & Stripes for the back of Fools.

Plate 3.

The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE a Favourite, and entrusted by his Master.

Matthew Chap: XXV. Ver: 21
Well done thou good and faithfull Servant, thou hast been faithfull over a few things I will make thee Ruler over many things.

Designed by Wm Hogarth. Plate 4 Engraved by T. Cook.

The IDLE PRENTICE turn'd away, and sent to Sea.

Proverbs CHAP: XV Ve: 1.
A Foolish Son is the heaviness of his Mother

Designed by Wm Hogarth. Plate 5. Engraved by T. Cook.

The INDUSTRIOUS PRENTICE out of his Time and Married to his Master's Daughter.

Proverbs CH: XII Ver: 4.
The Virtuous Woman is a Crown to her Husband

The IDLE PRENTICE return'd from Sea, & in a Garret with a common Prostitute.

Leviticus Ch: XXVI. Ver: 36.
The Sound of a shaken Leaf
shall Chace him.

Design'd by Wm Hogarth. Plate 7. Engrav'd by T. Cook.

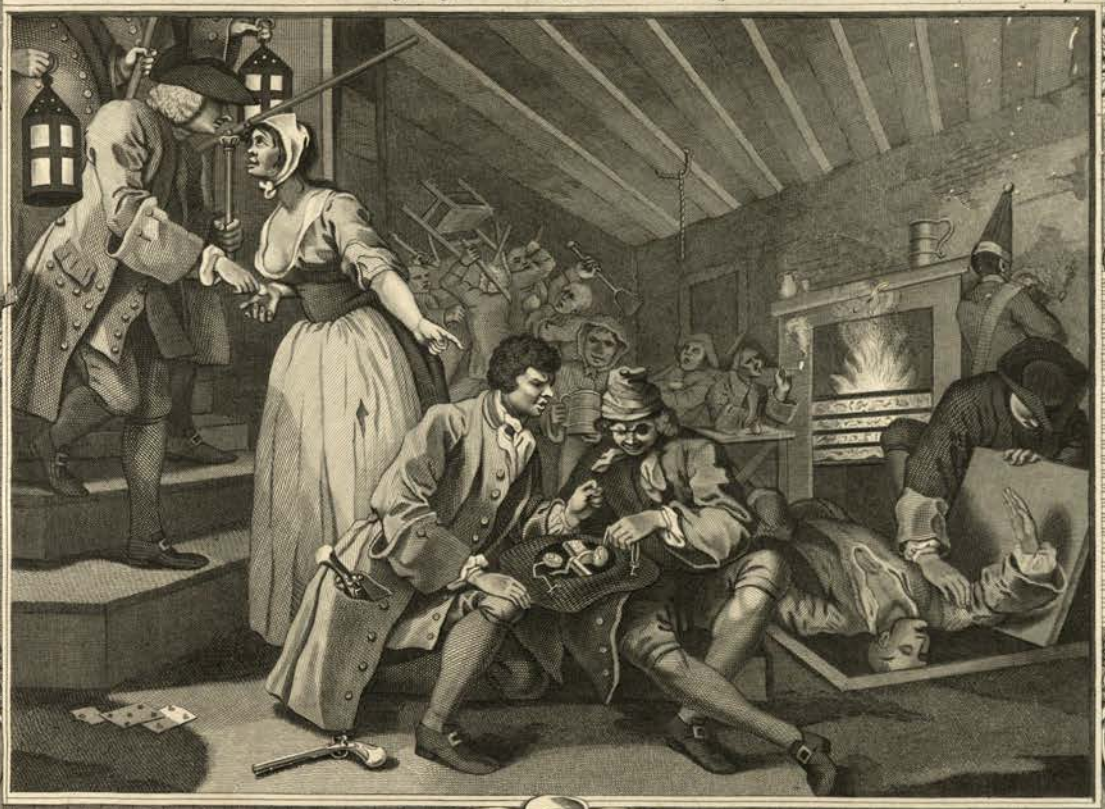
The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE grown rich, & Sheriff of London.

Proverbs Ch: IV. Ver: 7, 8.
With all thy getting get understanding
Exalt her & she shall promote thee: she
shall bring thee to honour, when
thou dost Embrace her.

Designed by Wm Hogarth. Plate 8 Engraved by T. Cook.

Published by T. Cook, Islington and G.G. & J. Robinsons Pater-noster Row February 1st 1796.

The IDLE 'PRENTICE betray'd by his Whore, & taken in a Night Cellar with his Accomplice.



Proverbs CHAP. VI. Ve. 26.
The Adultress will hunt for the precious life.

Design'd by W. Hogarth. Plate 9. Engrav'd by T. Cook.

The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE Alderman of London, the Idle one brought before him & impeach'd by his Accomplice.

Psalm IX. Ver. 16.
The Wicked is snar'd in the work of his own hands.

Leviticus CH. XIX. Ver. 15.
Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in Judgment.

Design'd by Wm. Hogarth. Plate 10. Engrav'd by T. Cook.

Published by T. Cook N.º 71 Little Britain & G. G. & J. Robinson N.º 25 Paternoster Row July 1.st 1790

Designed by Wm. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

Published April 2d 1796 by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster-Row, London.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

PIT TICKET.

Royal Sport.

Engraved by T. Cook.

Published April 1st 1796 by G.G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook.

O Vanity of Age, untoward,
Ever spleeny, ever froward;
Why those Bolts & Massy Chains,
Squint Suspicions, jealous pains?

Why, thy toilsom Journey o'er,
Lay'st thou in an useless store?
Hope along with time is flown,
Nor canst thou reap ye Field thou'st sown.

Hast thou a Sonzin time be wise,
He views thy toil with other Eyes -
Needs must thy kind, paternal care,
Lock'd in thy Chests, be buried there;

Whence then shall flow ye friendly Ease,
That social Converse, homefelt Peace,
Familiar Duty without Dread,
Instruction from Example bred,

That youthfull Mind with Freedom mend,
And with the Father mix the Friend.

Published June 1st 1798, by G. G. & J. Robinson, Peter-noster Row, London.

Pl. I

Prosperity (with Harlot's smiles,
Most pleasing when She most beguiles)
How soon Sweet foe can all thy Train
Of false gay frantick loud and vain

Enter the unprovided Mind,
And Memory in fetters bind,
Load Faith & Love with golden Chain;
And sprinkle Lethe ere the Brain!

Pleasure on her silver Throne
Smiling comes, nor comes alone;
Venus moves with her along,
And smooth Syrens ever young.

And in their Train to fill the Press,
Come apish Dance, and swollen Excess,
Mechanic Honour, vicious Taste,
And fashion in her changing Vest.

PL. II.

Published June 1st 1748 by B. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

O Vanity of Youthfull Blood,
So by misuse to poison Good!
Woman formd for Social Love,
Fairest Gift of Powers above!

Source of every Houshold Blessing,
All Charms in Innocence possessing.
But turnd to Vice, all Plagues above,
Foe to thy Being, Foe to Love!

Guest Divine to outward Leaving,
Abler Minister of Ruin!
And Thou, no less of Gift divine,
Sweet Poison of Misused Wine!

With Freedom led to every Part;
And secret Chamber of the Heart;
Dost thou thy friendly Host betray,
And shew thy riotous Gang the way,

To enter in with covert Treason,
Overthrow the drowsy Guard of Reason,
To ransack the abandond Place,
And revel there with wild Excess.

Engraved by Tho.s Cook.

Published by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London, July 1.st 1796

PL.15.

Drawn by Wm Hogarth

Engraved by E Ford

O Vanity of Youthfull Blood,
So by Misdise to poison Good!
Reason awakes, and view's unbarr'd
The sacred Gates he watchid to guard;

Approaching views the Harpy Law:
And Poverty with icy Paw

Ready to seize the poor Remains
That Vice hath left of all his Gains.

Cold Penitence, lame After-Thought,
With Fears, Despair & Horrors fraught,

Call back his guilty Pleasures dead,
Whom he hath wrongd & whom betrayd.

Published October 1st 1736, by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London

Pl. IV.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

Now to the School of hard Mishap | Driven from the Ease of Fortune's Lap

What shames will nature not embrace | To avoid the's shame of lean Distress?

Gold can the Charms of Youth bestow | And mask Deformity with shew

Gold can avert the Sting of Shame, | In Winter's Arms create a Flame,

Can couple Youth with heavy Age, | And make Antipathies engage. PL. V.

Published Dec.r 1.st 1796, by B. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

Gold, Thou bright Son of Phœbus, Source
Of Universal Intercourse;
Of weeping Virtue sweet Redress,
And blessing those who live to bless;

Yet oft behold this Sacred Trust
The Tool of Avaritious Lust;
No longer Bond of Humankind,
But Bane of every virtuous Mind.

What Chaos such Misuse attends;
Friendship stoops to prey on Friends;
Health that gives Relish to Delight,
Is wasted with the wasting Night:

Doubt & Mistrust are thrown on Heaven,
And all its Powers to Chance are given.
Sad Purchace of repentant Tears,
Of needless Quarrels, endless Fears,
Of hopes of Moments, Pangs of Years.

Sad Purchace of a torturid Mind,
To an imprisond Body joind:

PL. VI.

Published Feb.y 1st 1797, by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Painted by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

Happy the Man, whose constant Thought
(Tho' in the School of Hardship taught)
Can send Remembrance back to fetch
Treasures from Life's earliest Stretch:

Who Self approving can review
Scenes of past Virtues that shine thro'
The Gloom of Age, and cast a Ray,
To gild the Evening of his day!

Not so the Guilty Wretch confin'd:
No Pleasures meet his roving Mind,
No Blessings fetch'd from early Youth,
But broken Truth, and wrested Truth,

Talents idle, and unus'd,
And every Gift of Heaven abus'd,
In Seas of sad Reflection lost:
From Horrors still to Horrors tost,

Reason the Vessel leaves to Steer,
And gives the Helm to mad Despair.

PL. VII.

Published Apr. 1st 1797 by G.G. & J. Robinson, Pater-noster Row, London.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook

Madness, thou Chaos of the Brain,
What art? That Pleasure gust, and Pain
Tyranny of Fancy's Reign!
Mechanic Fancy, that can build
Vast Labarynths, and Mazes mild,

With Rule disjointed, Shapeless Measure,
Fill'd with Horror, fill'd with Pleasure!
Shapes of Horror, that wou'd even
Cast Doubt of Mercy upon Heaven.

Shapes of Pleasure, that but seen
Wou'd split the shaking sides of spleen.
O Vanity of Age! here See
The stamp of Heaven effaced by thee,

The headstrong Course of Youth thus run,
What Comfort from this Darling Son!
His rattling Chains with Terror hear,
Behold Death grappling with Despair;

See him by Thee to Ruin Sold,
And curse thy self, & curse thy Gold.

PL. VIII.

Published June 1st 1797 by G. Cook Robinson Paternoster Row London.

Marriage A-la-Mode. Plate I.

Published by G. & J. Robinson, Peter-noster Row, London, August 1st 1790.

Marriage A-la-Mode. Plate II.

Published Octr. 1st Copyd. by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Marriage A-la-Mode Plate III.

Published Dec.r 1.st 1796 by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

Marriage A-la Mode, Plate IV.

Published Feb.y 1st 1747, by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

Designed by W. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

Marriage A-la-Mode, Plate V.

Published April 1st 1797 by G.G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Designed by W. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

Marriage A-la-Mode, Plate VI.

Published June 1st 1797 by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

Designed by Wm Hogarth

Engraved by I Cook

MORNING.

Published August the 1st 1797, by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Designed by Wm Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

NOON.

Published October the 1st 1797, by G. G. & J. Robinson, Pater-noster Row, London.

Designed by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

EVENING.

Published December the 1st 1797 by G.G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

NIGHT.

Published February the 1st 1790 by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ARCHIVES OFFICE BOMBAY BRANCH

Designed by W. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

Published August 1st 1741 by C. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

Studious he sate, with all his books around.
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profund!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.

Published Oct.r 2.1797 by G.G.& J.Robinson Paternoster Row London.

DUNCIAD. Book I. line 111.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND, &c.

Published by G. & J. Robinson, Pater-noster Row, Dec.r 1st 1797.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

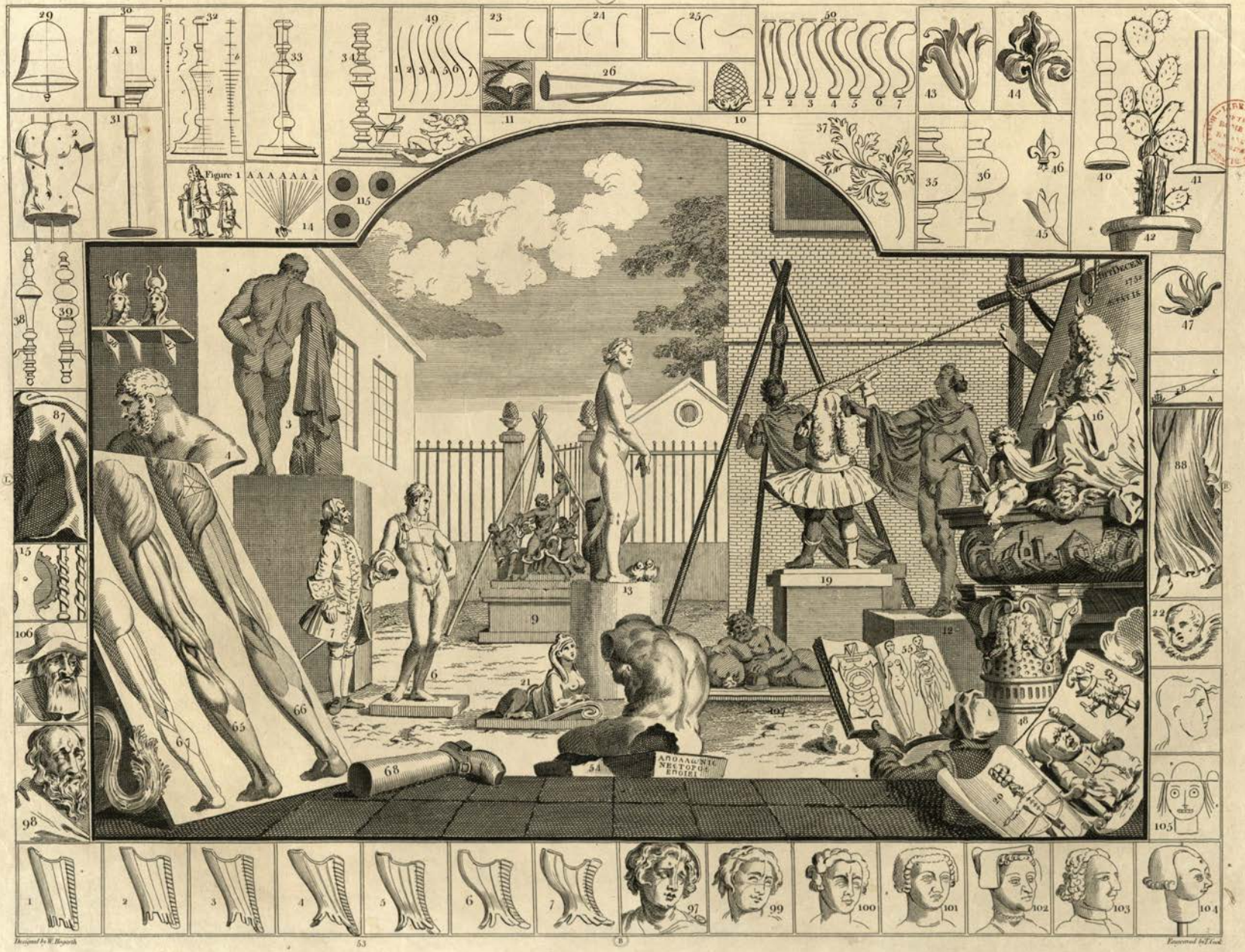
Engraved by T. Cook.

Think not to find one meant Resemblance there
We lash the Vices but the Persons spare

Prints should be prized as Authors should be read **A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.** Who sharply smile prevailing Folly dead
so Rabilais Laught, & so Cervantes Thought
so Nature dictated what Art has Taught.

Published April the 1st 1798 by G.G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

ANALYSIS of (T) BEAUTY Plate I.



Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

London Published by G.G.& J. Robinson Paternoster Row June 1st 1798.

ANALYSIS of BEAUTY Plate II.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

London, Published by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, June 1st 1798.

Pl. I.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London, Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, April 1st 1798.

Pl. 2.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London, Published by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, June 1st 1794.

Pl. III.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London, Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row. February 17[illegible]

Pl. III.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London, Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, February 1794.

Pl. III.

Designed by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London, Published by G. G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, April 1st 1799.

Designed by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. C. York.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London Published by G. G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row August 1.1794.

Pl.VI.

Designed by W.Hogarth.

Engraved by T.Cook.

HARLOTS PROGRESS.

London Published by G.G.&J.Robinson, Paternoster Row October 1st 1799.

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Designed by W.Hogarth.

Engraved by T.Cook.

While various Scenes of sportive Woe
The Infant Race employ.
And tortur'd Victims bleeding shew
The Tyrant in the Boy.

Behold! a Youth of gentler Heart,
To spare the Creatures pain
O take, he cries—take all my Tart.
But Tears and Tart are vain.

Learn from this fair Example—You
Whom savage Sports delight.
How Cruelty disgusts the view
While Pity charms the sight.

London Published by G.G.& J.Robinson Paternoster Row February 1.1791.

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDEN OF THE ASIATIC

SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

The generous Steed in hoary Age
Subdu'd by Labour lies;
And mourns a cruel Master's rage,
While Nature Strength denies.

The tender Lamb o'er drove and faint,
Amidst expiring Throws;
Bleats forth it's innocent complaint
And dies beneath the Blows.

Inhuman Wretch! say whence proceeds
This coward Cruelty?
What Int'rest springs from barb'rous deeds?
What Joy from Misery?

London Published by G. G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row April 1st 1799.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Cruelty in Perfection.

Designd by W. Hogarth.

Engravd by T. Cook.

To lawless LOVE when once betray'd,
Soon Crime to Crime succeeds:
At length beguild to THEFT, the Maid
By her Beguiler bleeds.

Yet learn Seducing MAN! nor Night,
With all its sable Cloud,
Can screen the guilty Deed from sight;
Foul MURDER cries aloud.

The gaping Wounds, and blood stain'd steel,
Now shock his trembling Soul:
But Oh! what Pangs his BREAST must feel,
When DEATH his Knell shall toll.

London Published by G.G.J. Robinson Paternoster Row August 1st 1799.

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

Designed by W.Hogarth. Engraved by T.Cook.

Behold the Villain's dire disgrace!
Not Death itself can end.
He finds no peaceful Burial-Place;
His breathless Corse, no friend.

Torn from the Root, that wicked Tongue,
Which daily swore and curst:
Those Eyeballs, from their Sockets wrung;
That glow'd with lawless Lust!

His Heart, expos'd to prying Eyes,
To Pity has no Claim:
But, dreadful! from his Bones shall rise,
His Monument of shame.

London Published by G.G.&J.Robinson Paternoster Row October 1st 1799.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Painted by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

Mr. Garrick in the Character of Richard the IIId.

Shakespear Act 5. Scene 3.

Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row. December 1st 1768.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION and FANATICISM.

A MEDLEY.

Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false Prophets are gone out into the World.

1 John. Ch. 4. V.1.

Published by G.G.& J. Robinsons Pater-noster Row October 1.st 1796.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Published February the 1st 1790 by G.G.& J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

Designed by Wm Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

Published by G.G. & J. Robinsons Pater-noster Row October 1st 1798.

And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaohs daughter: and he became her son. And she called his name Moses

BEER STREET.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

Beer, happy Produce of our Isle
Can sinewy Strength impart,
And wearied with Fatigue and Toil
Can chear each manly Heart.

Labour and Art upheld by Thee
Successfully advance,
We quaff Thy balmy Juice with Glee
And Water leave to France.

Genius of Health, thy grateful Taste
Rivals the Cup of Jove,
And warms each English generous Breast
With Liberty and Love.

London Published by G.G.&J. Robinson Paternoster Row April 1st 1790.

GIN LANE.

Designd by Hogarth. Engraved by T.Cook.

Gin cursed Fiend, with Fury Draught,
Makes human Race a Prey;
It enters by a deadly Draught,
And steals our Life away.

Virtue and Truth, driv'n to Despair,
Its Rage compells to fly,
But cherishes, with hellish Care,
Theft, Murder, Perjury.

Damn'd Cup, that on the Vitals preys,
That liquid Fire contains
Which Madness to the Heart conveys,
And rolls it thro' the Veins.

London Published by G.G.& J.Robinson Paternoster Row June 1st 1751.

Designed by W. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

THE POLLING.

THE CHAIRING.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

See John the Soldier, Jack the Tar,
With Sword & Pistol arm'd for War,
Should Mounsier dare come here?

The Hungry Slaves have smelt our Food,
They long to taste our Flesh and Blood,
Old England's Beef and Beer!

Britons to Arms and let 'em come,
Be you but Britons still, Strike Home,
And Lion-like attack 'em;

No Power can stand the deadly Stroke,
That's given from hands & hearts of Oak,
With Liberty to back 'em.

London Published by R.W.Robbins Paternoster Row December 1st 1799.

Soup Meagre a la Sabot Royal
VENGENCE et le Bon Bier et Bon Beuf de Angleterre
Plan pour un Monastere dans Black Friars a Londres
St Antoine

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

With lanthern jaws, and croaking gut,
See how the half starvd Frenchmen strut,
And call us English Dogs!

But soon we'll teach these bragging Foes,
That Beef & Beer give heavier blows,
Than Soup & Roasted Frogs.

The Priests inflamd with riteous hopes,
Prepare their Axes, Wheels and Ropes,
To bend the Stiffnekd sinner;

But should they sink in coming over,
Old Nick may fish twixt France & Dover,
And catch a glorious Dinner.

Published June 1st 1756 by R.G. & J. Robinson Pater noster Row, London.

THE TIMES.

Designit by W. Hogarth

Engraved by T. Cook

A COUNTRY INN YARD.

London Published by G.G.& J.Robinson Paternoster Row December 1st 1800.

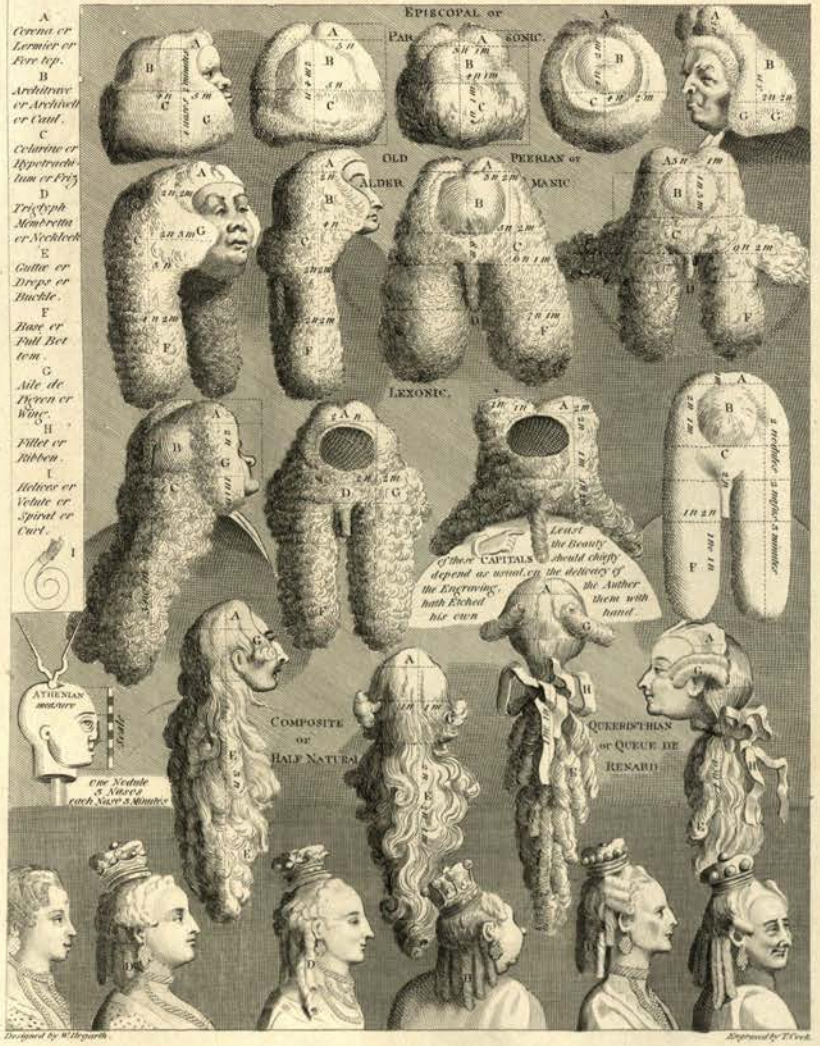
Engraved by T. Cook.

And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and Judgment to come, Felix trembled.

From the Original Painting in Lincolns Inn Hall, Painted by Wm. Hogarth.

Published Dec. 1. 1790. by G.G.& J. Robinson Paper Noster Row London.

The five orders of PERRIWIGS as they were worn at the late CORONATION measured Architectonically.


A Corona or Lernier or Fore top.
B Architrave or Architect or Caul.
C Columne or Hypotrachelium or Friz
D Tricoph. Membretta or Neckleet
E Gutte or Drops or Buckle.
F Base or Full Bottom.
G Aile de Pigeon or Wing.
H Fillet or Ribbon.
I Helicee or Volute or Spiral or Curl.
EPISCOPAL or PARSONIC.
OLD ALDER
PEERIAN or MANIC
LEXONIC.
Least the Beauty of these CAPITALS should chiefly depend as usual on the Engraving, the deficacy of hath Etched the Author his own hand.
ATHENIAN measure
One Nodule & Nosegay each Nose 3 Minutes
COMPOSITE or HALF NATURAL
QUEERDSTRIAN or QUEUE DE RENARD

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

Advertisement.

In about Seventeen Years *will be compleated, in Six Volumes folio, price* Fifteen Guineas, *the exact measurements of the* PERRIWIGS *of the* ancients; *taken from the Statues, Busstes & Base Reliefs, of* Athens, Palmira, Balbec, *and* Rome, *by* MODESTO Perriwig-meter *from* Lagado.

N.B. *None will be Sold but to* Subscribers.

London Published by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row April 1st 1760.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

John Wilkes Esq.r

London Published by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row April 1st 1760.

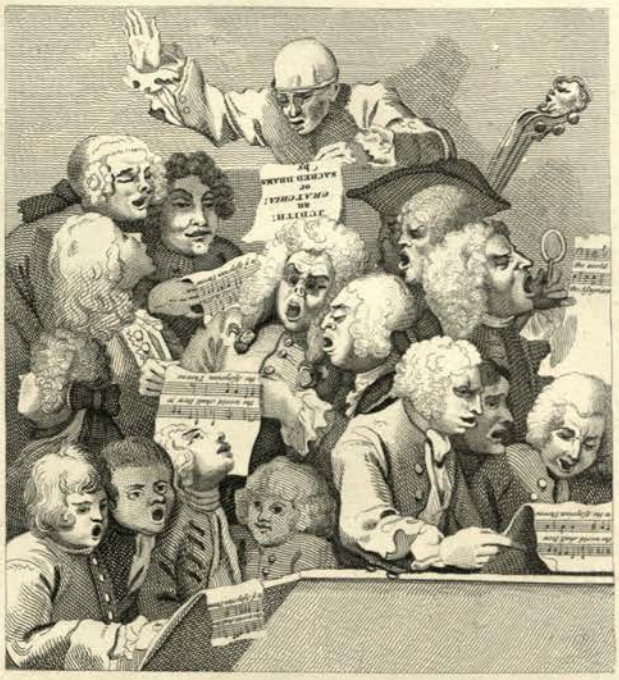
Great George Street A List of the Subscribers to the North Britons.
A New way to Pay Old Debts a Comedy by Massenger.
AN EPISTLE TO HOGARTH BY C.C. CHURCHILL
LYE
LYE
LYE
LYE
LYE
LYE

Designed by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

London Published by G.G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row June 1st 1800.

The Laughing Audience.



Rehearsal of the Oratorio of JUDITH.

Designd by W. Hogarth. *Engrav'd by T. Cook.*

See here y^e Causes why in London,
So many Men are made & undone,
That Arts, & honest Trading drop,
To Swarm about ye Devils Shop, (A)
Who Cuts out (B) Fortunes Golden Haunches,

Trapping their Souls with Lotts & Chances,
Shareing o'm from Blue Garters down
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
Here all Religions flock together,
Like Tame & Wild Fowl of a Feather.

Leaving their strife Religious bustle,
Kneel down to play at Pitch & Hussle, (C)
Thus when the Sheepherds are at play,
Their flocks must surely go Astray,
The woeful Cause y^e in these Times,

(E) Honour, & (D) honesty are Crimes,
That publickly are punish'd by
(G) Self Interest, and (F) Vilany;
So much for monys magick power,
Guess at the Rest you find out more.

An emblematic print on the SOUTH SEA.

London Published by G.G.& J. Robinson Paternoster Row August 1st 1800.

Designed by W. Hogarth.

SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

Masquerades and Operas. Burlington-gate.

Engraved by T. Cook.

COLUMBUS *breaking the Egg.*

London Published by G.G.J. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row August 1st 1800.

Designd by W. Hogarth

Engravd by T. Cook

SIMON LORD LOVAT

London Published by G.G.& J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, December 1st 1800.

TAIL PIECE.

Designed by Wm. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

THE BATHOS,

or Manner of Sinking, in Sublime Paintings, inscribed to the Dealers in Dark Pictures.

The Conic Form in which the Goddess of Beauty was worshipp'd by the Ancients at Paphos in ye Island of Cyprus.

See the Medals struck when a Pieman Emperor visited the Temple.

"Simulacrum Dæ non effigie humanæ continuus orbis latiore initio tenuem in ambitum, metæ modo, exsurgens et rata in obscuro. Tacit. Hist. Lib. 2.

"Venus a Paphus colitur, cujus simulacrum nulli rei magis assimile, quam albæ Pyramidi. Maximus Tyrius Ann. 37.

+ See the manner of disgracing ye most Serious Subjects in many celebrated Old Pictures, by introducing Low, absurd, obscene & often prophane Circumstances into them.

A Copy of the precise Line of Beauty as it is represented on the Plate of the Analysis of Beauty. Note the Similarity of these two Conic Figures, did not occur to the Author, till two or three Years after his publication of the Analysis in 1734.

Fig. 26.

Published by G.G.&J. Robinson Paternoster Row December 1. 1798.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

The Basso Releivo, *on the* Pedestal *represents the general Design of* Mr BUTLER *in his Incomparable* Poem *of* Hudibras *viz* BUTLERS Genius *in a Car*

FRONTISPIECE *and its* EXPLANATION

Lashing round Mount Parnassus *in the Persons of* Hudibras *and* Ralpho Rebellion Hypocrisy *and* Ignorance *the reigning Vices of his time.*

THE LEWIS WALPOLE LIBRARY BRANCH OF THE YALE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

When civil Dudgeon *first grew high*
And Men fell out they knew not why
When Gospel Trumpeter *surrounded*
With long-eard rout to battle sounded,

And Pulpit Drum Ecclesiastick
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick
Then did Sir Knight *abandon dwelling*
And out he rode a Colonelling

Sr HUDIBRAS his passing worth
The manner how he sallyd forth.

A Squire *he had whose name was* Ralph
That in th'Adventure went his half
An equal stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in by birth a Taylor.

Their Arms and Equipage did fit
As well as Virtues parts & Wit
Their Valours too were of a rate
And out they sallyd at the Gate.

Published December 1st 1780 by G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

Plate 3

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by Lund.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th'Enemies best Men of War:

Whom in a bold Harangue ye Knight
Defies and Challenges to fight:

HUDIBRAS'S
First
ADVENTURE.

H'encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner:

Conveys him to Enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in Wooden Baffle.

Plate 4

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by Lund.

No sooner was he come thimself,
But on his Neck a sturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a Trice his Cleven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away?

To spirit her to Matrimony?
That which contracts all Matches, Mony,
Didst thou not love her then? speak true:
No more (quoth he) than I love you,
Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in?

HUDIBRAS.
CATECHIX'D.

Because it is the thriving'st Calling,
The only Saints Bell that rings all in;
What makes a Knave a Child of God
And one of us? —— A Livelyhood,
What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience? — A good Living.

What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? — Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year,
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove False again? — Two Hundred more.

London Published by J. L. Dickinson, Patternoster Row, Sherman Oakes.

Plate 5

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook

Mean while the other Champion yerst
In hurry of the Fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when Trussa won the Day,
To share i'th' Honour and the Prey
And out of Hudibras his Hide,
With Vengeance to be satisfy'd;

But Trussa thrust her self between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his Sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood
Or theirs should make that Quarter good.

HUDIBRAS, vanquish'd by TRUSSA.

In dungeon deep Crowdero cast,
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place,
This stopt their Fury, and the Basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting.

They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had atchiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Him they release from Durance base,
Restor'd t'his Fiddle, and his Case.

London Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, April 1st 1802.

Plate 6.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook

She vow'd she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressed Knight:
And twas not long before she found
Him, and his Stout Squire, in the Pound,
Both coupled in Enchanted Teather,
By farther Leg behind together;

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But streight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with Disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head and scout,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl.

HUDIBRAS, in TRIBULATION.

Oh Heav'ns! quoth she can that be true,
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not so well become a Soldier's,
And those uneasie Bruises make
My Heart for Company to ake.

Quoth he that Honour's very Squeamish,
That takes a Basting for a Blemish;
Some have been beaten 'till they know
What wood a Cudgel's of by th Blow;
Some kick'd untill they can feel whither
A Shoe be Spanish or Neat's Leather:

London Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, April 1st 1802.

Plate 7.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counsel in his Law-Affairs;
And found him mounted, in his Pew,
With books, and Money plac'd for shew,
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put of his Hat, to put his Cafe.

Quoth he, there is one Sydrophel,
Whom I have Cudgel'd Very well,
And now he brags to have beaten me,
Better and better Bill, quoth he,
And vows to Stick me to the Wall
Where e'er he meets me — Beft of all.

HUDIBRAS
and the
LAWYER.

Now whither I should, before hand
Swear he robb'd me! — I Underftand,
Than there's a Lady too, — I marry,
That's easily prov'd accefsary,
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,

Combind with him to break her word,
And has abetted all —— Good Lord!
Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and fair a Battery,
As heart can wish, and need not shame,
The proudest Man alive to claim.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

Plate 8.

Designed by W. Hogarth. Engraved by T. Cook.

Quoth he, This Scheme o'th' Heav'ns set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At Kingston with a May-pole Idol,
And that y'were bang'd both back & side well;
And though you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no Conj'rer by your leave;
That Paltry Story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you,
Not true Quoth he, how 'ere you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;

HUDIBRAS
beats SIDROPHEL and
his man WHACUM.

Whacum shall justifie't your face,
And prove he was upon the Place,
Nor have I hazarded my Art,
And Neck, so long on the State's part,
To be expos'd i'th' End to suffer,
By such a Braggadocin Huffer.

Huffer! Quoth Hudibras, This Sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word,
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer
To apprehend this Stygian Sophister;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
Lest he and Whacum run away &c.

London Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row June 1st 1801.

Plate 9

Designd by W. Hogarth.

And now the Saints began their Reign
For wh.ch th'had yearnd so long in vain
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings.
Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing

Unless King Jesus: Others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, & Lambert
Some for y.e Rump, & some more crafty,
For Agitators and the Safety,
And some aga.nst th'Ægyptian Bondage
Of Holy-Days and paying Poundage:

THE COMMITTEE

Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring,
And some against all Idolizing
The Cross in Shop Books or Baptizing
Thus for y.e States-man, when a Shout
Heard at a distance, put him out;

And straight another all agast,
Rush'd in w.th equal Fear & Haste,
Who stard about as pale as Death
And for awhile, as out of Breath;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.—

Plate 10

Designd by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by Eleck.

This said, the high, outrageous Mettle
Of Knight, began to cool and settle,
He lik'd the Squires Advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the Buf'ness done.
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind,—

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast
He gave Sir Knight the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword,—
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
Until quite thro' the Town th'had gone,

HUDIBRAS, TRIUMPHANT.

At further end of which there stands
An ancient Castle, that commands—
Thither arriv'd, th'adventrous Knight
And bold Squire, from their Steeds alight,
At th'outward Wall, near w.th there stands
A Bastile, built t'imprison Hands—

On Top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its Spoils, the Case,
In manner of a Trophy place.—
To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
And the Survivor of his Feet.

Published Oct.r 1-1801, by G.&I. Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

Designed by W. Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

That beastly Rabble that came down
From all the Garrets in the Town
And Stalls & Shop boards in vast Swarms
With new chalk'd Bills & rusty Arms

To cry the Cause up heretofore
And bawl the Bishops out of Door
Are now drawn up in greater Shoals
To roast and broil us on the Coals

And all ye Grandees of our members
Are carbonading on the Embers
Knights Citizens and Burgesses
Held forth by Rumps of Pigs & Geese

Burning the RUMPS at
TEMPLE BARR.

That serve for Characters & Badges
To represent their personages
Each Bonfire is a Funeral Pile
In which they roast & scorch & broil

And 'tis a Miracle we are not
Already Sacrific'd Incarnate
For while we wrangle here and jar
Ware Grylly'd all at Temple Bar

Some on the Sign Post of an Ale House
Hang in Effigie on the Gallows
Made up of rags to personnate
Respective Officers of State

Published December 1st 1780 by G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row London.

W.m Hogarth pinxit

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Engraved from the Original Picture, on the Stair Case in

Painted by William Hogarth Esq.r for St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

T. Cook sculp.

St. John Chap. V.

Thos Cook fecit

Wm Hogarth pinxt

THE GOOD SAMARITAN,

Engraved from the Original Picture in the Stair Case in

Painted by William Hogarth Esq.

St Bartholomew's Hospital.

St Luke Chap. X. Ver. 30

Size of the picture 11 f. 8 I. by 10 f. 9 I. in length

The
Foundation Stone
of this Hospital was laid
by EDWARD First of the Order of
St Augustin in the 11 Year of the
Reign of HENRY VIII in performance
of a Vow made in
St Barth: closure

Published Augst 1 1803 by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster row

Painted by Wm Hogarth. *Engraved by T. Cook.*

MARTIN FOLKES.

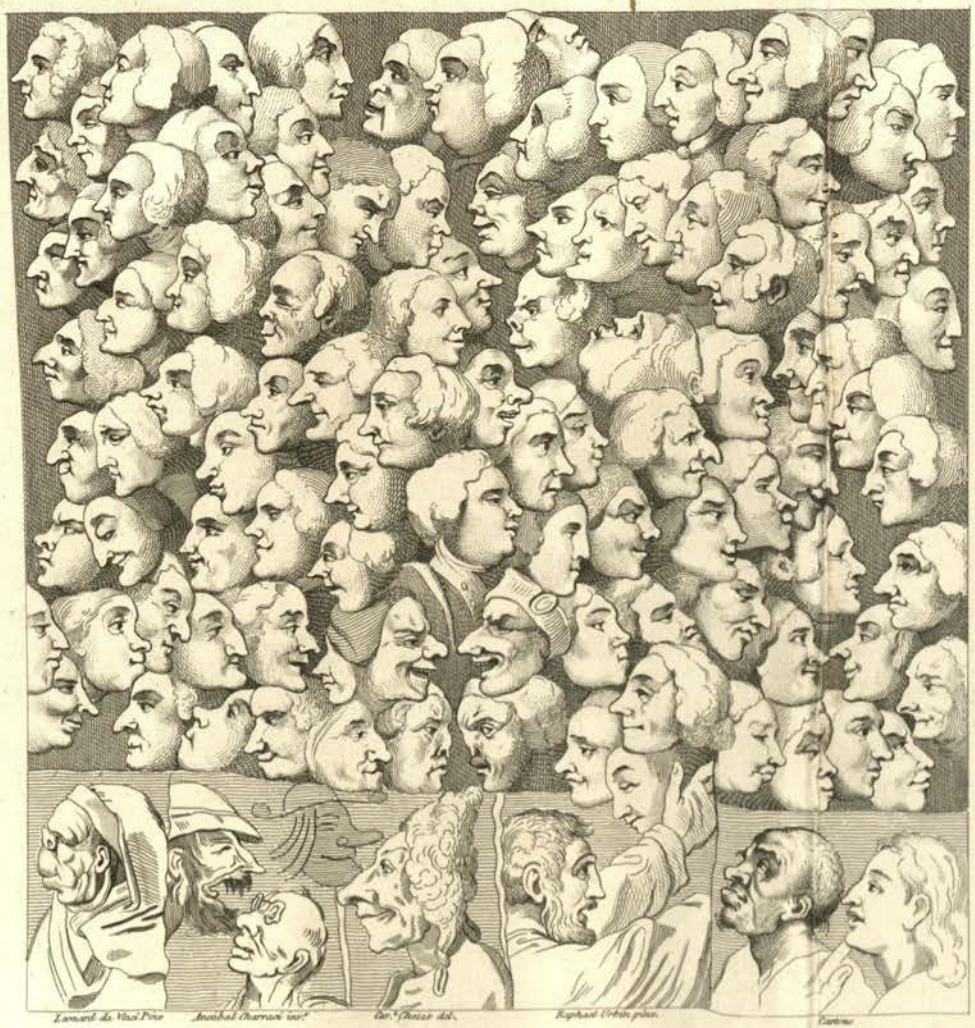
Published August 1st 1802. by G & J. Robinson, Pater-noster Row.

Design'd by W. Hogarth

Engrav'd by T. Cook

SANCHO AT THE FEAST STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

London Published by G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row December 1st 1802.



3 CARICATURAS. 4 CHARACTERS.

For a further Explanation of the difference Betwixt Character & Caricatura. See 1st Preface to Jos Andrews.

Omitte Χρονος γαρ̀ον τεχτων σοφος See Spectator Vol II, N° 23.
Απαντα δ'ργα ζομενος ασενστρα
VARNISH
As Statues moulder into Worth. P.M.

To Nature and your Self appeal,
Nor learn of others what to feel. Anon.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC S

Painted by W.Hogarth. Publish'd Dec.r 1.1801, by G & I. Robinson, Pater noster row, London. Engrav'd by T.Cook.

Design'd by W. Hogarth. Engrav'd by T. Cook.

THE BEGGARS OPERA.

Brittons attend — view this harmonious Stage.
And listen to those notes which charm the age.
Thus shall your tastes in Sounds & Sense *be shown.*
And Beggars Opras *ever be your own.*

Design'd by W. Hogarth. Engrav'd by T. Cook.

A JUST VIEW OF THE BRITISH STAGE, OR THREE HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, SCENE NEWGATE, BY MD.V.

This Print Represents the Rehearsing a new Farce that will Include ye two famous Entertainments Dr. Faustus & Harlequin Shepherd, *to which will be added* Scaramouch Jack Hall *the Chimney-Sweepers Escape from Newgate through ye Privy, with ye comical Humours of* Ben Johnsons Ghost. *Concluding with the Hay-Dance Perform'd in ye Air by ye Figures* A.B.C. *assisted by Ropes from ye* Muses. *Note, there are no Conjurors concern'd in it as ye ignorant imagine* ☞ *The Bricks, Rubbish &c. will be real, but the Excrements upon* Jack Hall *will be made of Chew'd Gingerbread to prevent Offence.* Vivat Rex.

London Published by E. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row October 1st 1800.

PAUL *before* FELIX.

Engrav'd by T. Cook.

Design'd and scratch'd in the true Dutch taste by W. Hogarth.

Publish'd Feb. 1-1803, by G & I. Robinson, Paternoster-row.

PAUL *before* FELIX.

Design'd and scratch'd in the true Dutch taste by W. Hogarth.

Engrav'd by T. Cook.

Publish'd Feb. 1. 1803, by G & I. Robinson, Paternoster-row.

Designd. by W. Hogarth. Engravd. by T. Cook

THE BENCH.

W. Hogarth pinxit. Engravd. by T. Cook

SARAH MALCOLM.

London Published by G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row April 1st 1800.

Design'd by W. Hogarth. Engrav'd by T. Cook

THE BENCH.

W. Hogarth. pinxit. Vivum pinxit. Engrav'd by T. Cook

SARAH MALCOLM.

London Published by G & J. Robinson Pater noster Row April 1st 1804.

Painted by W. Hogarth. *Engravd by T. Cook.*

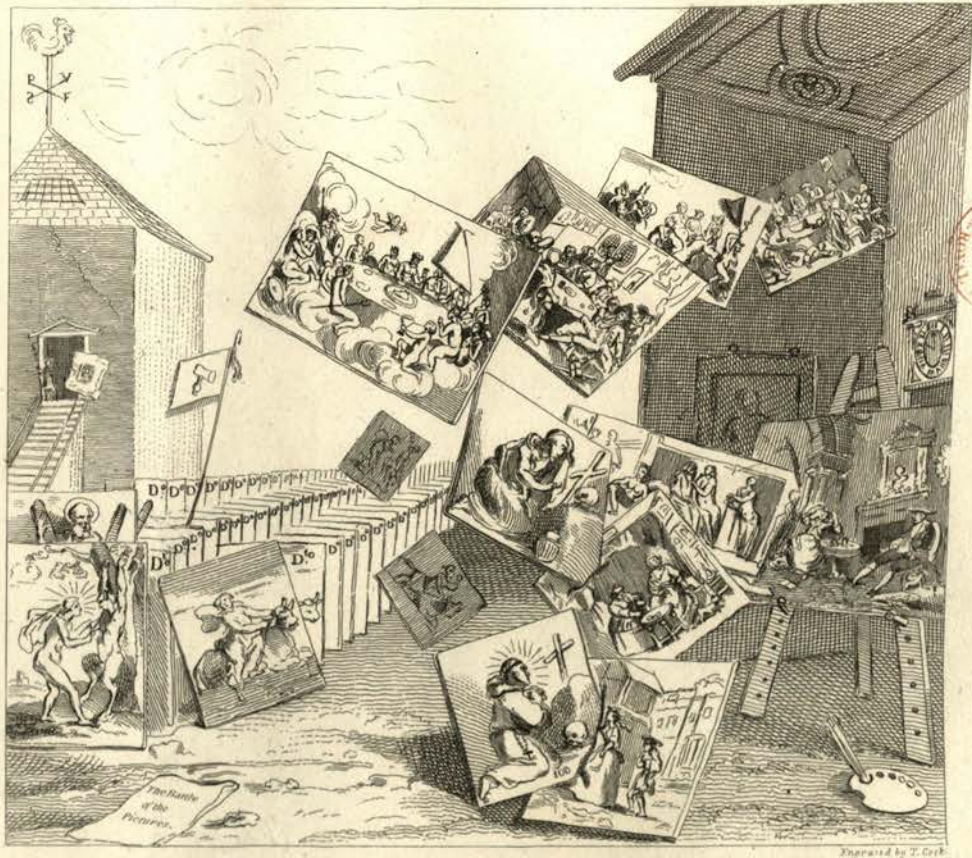
THE LOTTERY.

The Explanation. *1. Upon the Pedestal* National Credit *leaning on a Pillar supported by* Justice. *2.* Apollo *shewing* Britannia *a Picture representing the* Earth *receiving enriching Showers drawn from herself (An Emblem of* State Lotterys.) *3.* Fortune *Drawing the Blanks & Prizes. 4.* Wantonness *drawing ye Numbers. 5. Before the Pedestal* Suspence *turnd to & fro by* Hope & Fear. *6 On one hand* Good Luck *being elevated is seized by* Pleasure & Folly Fame *persuading him to raise sinking* Virtue Arts &c. *7. On the other hand* Misfortune *oppresst by* Grief Minerva *supporting him points to the Sweets of* Industry *8.* Sloth *hiding his head in ye Curtain 9. On the other side* Avarice *hugging his Money 10.* Fraud *tempting* Despair *with Money at a Trap Door in the Pedestal.*

Pub^d Feb. 1. 1803 by G & I. Robinson, Paternoster row, London.

Designed by W. Hogarth.

THE FARMER'S RETURN.



Engraved by T. Cook

The Bearer hereof is Entitled (if he thinks proper) to be a Bidder for Mr. Hogarth's Pictures *which are to be sold on the Last day of this Month.*

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

London Published by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row June 1st 1802

Designd by W. Hogarth.

The Company *of* Undertakers

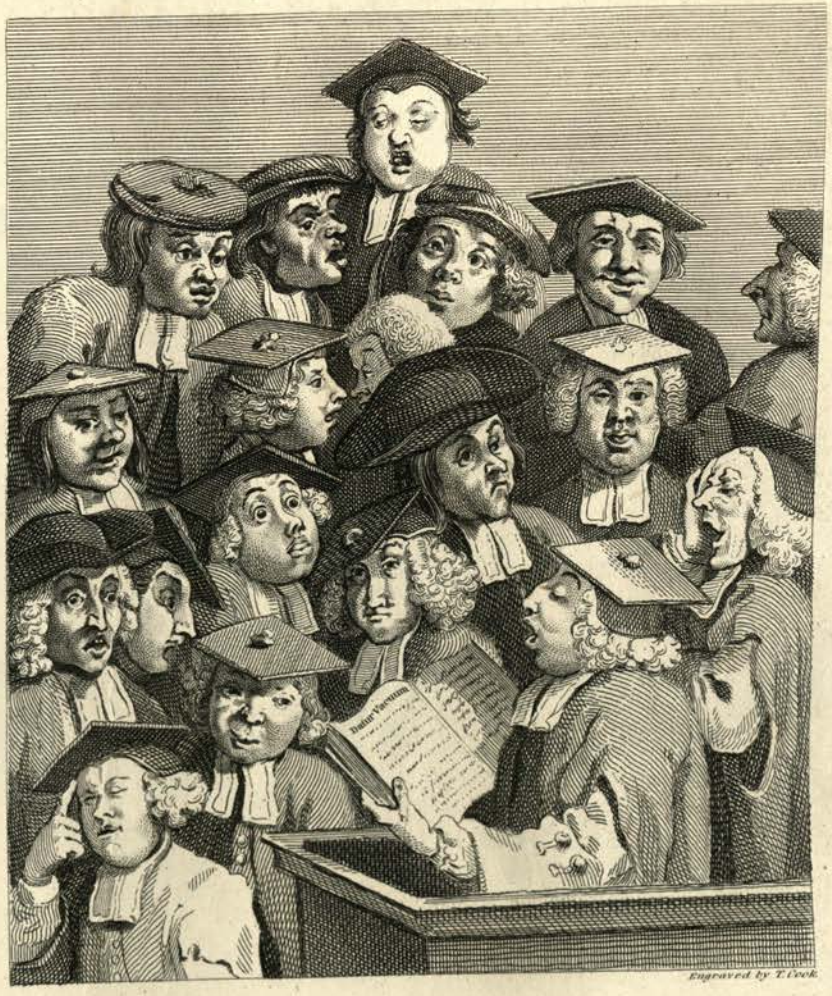
Beareth Sable, an Urinal *proper, between 12* Quack-Heads *of the Second and 12* Cane Heads *Or,* Consultant. *On a* * *Chief* ‡ *Nebulæ, Ermine, One compleat* Doctor *issuant, checkie sustaining in his Right Hand a Baton of the Second. On his Dexter and Sinister sides two* Demi-Doctors, *issuant of the Second, and two* Cane Heads *issuant of the third; The first having One Eye conchant towards the Dexter side of the Escocheon the second* Faced *per pale proper & Gules. Guardent. With this Motto.*

Et Plurima Mortis Imago.

* *A Chief betokeneth a Senatour or Honourable Personage, borrowed from the Greeks, and is a Word signifying a Head; and as the Head is the Chief Part in a Man, so the chief in the Escocheon should be a Reward of such only whose High Merits have procured them Chief Place, Esteem, or Love amongst Men.* Guillim.

‡ *The bearing of* Clouds *in* Armes *(saith Upton) doth import some Excellence.*

London Published by G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row October 1st 1801.



Engraved by T. Cook.

THE LECTURE.

Design'd by Wm. Hogarth. Engrav'd by J. Cook.

King Henry the Eigth & Anna Bullen.

London Publish'd by G. & J. Robinson Paternoster Row October 1801.

BAMBRIDGE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER BY A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Engraved by J. Cook from an Original Painting by Wm. Hogarth in the Possession of Mr. Ray.

Published June 1st 1805, by G. & J. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

W. Hogarth pinx.t

T. Cook sculp.

Here Justice triumphs in his Elbow Chair:
And makes his Market of the trading Fair:
His Office Shelves with Parish Laws are grac'd,
But spelling Books and Guides between 'em plac'd
Here pregnant Madam screens the real Sire.
And falsely swears her Bastard Child for hire.

Upon a rich old Letcher who denies,
The Fact and vows the naughty Hussif lies:
His Wife enrag'd exclaims against her spouse,
And swears she'll be revenge'd upon his Brows:
The Jade the Justice and Church Ward'ns agree.
And force him to provide Security.

London, Published Oct.r 1.st 1803, by G.& J. Robinson, Pater-noster Row, & T. Cook N.o 38 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

Painted by Wm Hogarth.

Engraved by T. Cook.

The Right Reverend Father in God,

Dr BENJAMIN HOADLY, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

London. Published by G.& I. Robinson, Paternoster Row & T. Cook, No 38. Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

FRONTISPIECE.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

W.Hogarth inv.et delin.

T.Cook sculp.t

Whoever makes a **DESIGN** *without the Knowledge of* **PERSPECTIVE**

will be liable to such Absurdities as are shewn in this Frontifpiece.

Publish'd Aug.t 5.1803, by G.& I.Robinson, Pater Noster Row, London.

Address to the Subscribers,

ACCOMPANIED WITH

ANECDOTES OF MR. HOGARTH, AND EXPLANATORY DESCRIPTIONS OF HIS DESIGNS.

It has long been a subject of regret among connoisseurs in the imitative arts, and the admirers of genuine humour, character, and genius, that the early and valuable impressions of Hogarth's productions are no longer to be procured, but at a most immoderate expence. It must be admitted, indeed, that a variety of editions have, from time to time, been ushered into the world on reasonable terms; but they have either been miserably executed and printed, or, from their *diminutive size*, have been unworthy of public patronage.

From the publication of Hogarth's large first impressions, to the introduction of Ireland's (or rather Trusler's) Miniatures, the intermediate editions have wanted those masterly touches of character, those inimitable *traits* of humour, which may better be conceived than described, and which that great artist only was capable of furnishing. Hence some of the subjects which are still sanctioned with the name of Hogarth as the designer, are become insipid, tame, and uninteresting; and, instead of adorning the superb cabinets of taste and opulence, are hardly worthy of admission into the parlour of a common inn.

Induced by these considerations, and anxious to restore this prodigy of humour to the exalted rank of fame which he once so deservedly held, and from which he has gradually and imperceptibly fallen, by the schemes of mercenary and ignorant artists, the engraver has given a correct, elegant, and finished edition of all his Works, in the style and manner they were first exhibited to an admiring world; with some general observations on the painter's talents as an artist, accompanied with memoirs of his life, and descriptions of all the plates.

It is well observed by Mr. Walpole (now Earl of Orford), that, "if ever an author "wanted a commentary, that none of his beauties might be lost, it is Hogarth; not from "being obscure, but for the use of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, "not essential to, but always heightening the principal action; such is the spider's web "extended over the poor's box in a parish church."

The same noble author remarks, with the most pointed discrimination, that "the Flemish "painters, as writers of farces, and editors of burlesque nature, are the *Tom Brownes* of the "mob; and in their attempts at humour, when they intend to make us laugh, make us sick; "that Hogarth resembles Butler—amidst all his pleasantry, observes the true end of comedy, "*reformation*, and has always a *moral*."

If some of the incidents are thought too ludicrous, and bordering on the licentious, let it be remembered that the standard of delicacy has been greatly altered since they originally appeared; and that, even on the stage, a slight *double entendre* would now prove fatal to a new comedy, though downright obscenity was necessary in Hogarth's early days, to give a zest to the dialogue, and insure the approbation of the audience.

Mr. Gilpin, whose taste in the polite arts has been universally acknowledged, bears ample testimony of our artist's merit. "The works of this master," says that ingenious and reverend divine, "abound in true humour and satire, which is generally well-directed; they "are admirable moral lessons, and afford a fund of entertainment suited to every taste; "a circumstance which shews them to be just copies of nature. We may consider them too "as valuable repositories of the manners, customs, and dresses of the present age. What "amusement would a collection of this kind afford, drawn from every period of the history "of Britain!"

"In *design*," continues he, "Hogarth was seldom at a loss. His invention was fertile; "and his judgment accurate. An improper incident is rarely introduced; a proper one "rarely omitted. No one could tell a story better; or make it, in all its circumstances, "more intelligible."

Such encomiums, from so competent a judge, would alone be sufficient to establish the reputation of our painter; but when such has been the constant language of the literary and scientific world, a doubt cannot be entertained of his wonderful excellence in the comic walk.

Mr. Gilpin, however, is not so much his panegyrist as to praise indiscriminately. When he perceives a defect, or even the shadow of a defect, he does not suffer it to remain unnoticed, but passes judgment on it with impartiality, and censures where censure is due. For this he deserves our plaudits; for even Hogarth is not without his blemishes.

Speaking of the sixth plate in the Harlot's Progress, he says—"This is upon the whole, "perhaps, the best print of the set. The horrid scene it describes was never more inimitably "drawn; the composition is artful and natural. If the shape of the whole be not quite "pleasing, the figures are so well grouped, and with so much ease and variety, that you "cannot take offence. In point of light it is more culpable; there is not shade enough "among the figures."—But soon after the mention of this fault, he fully atones for it by saying—"The expression in almost every figure is admirable, and the whole is a strong "representation of the human mind in a storm."

Proceeding in the same strain of judicious commendation, and descanting on the beauties of our painter, he observes, that, "Of his *expression*, in which the force of his genius lay, "we cannot speak in terms too high; in every mode of it he was truly excellent. The "passions he thoroughly understood; and all the effects which they produce in every part "of the human frame: he had the happy art also of conveying his ideas with the same "precision with which he conceived them. He was excellent too in expressing any humorous "oddity, which we often see stamped upon the human face. All his heads are cast in the "very mould of nature. Hence that endless variety, which is displayed through his works: "and hence it is, that the difference arises between *his* heads, and the affected caricaturas "of *those masters*, who have sometimes amused themselves with patching together an "assemblage of features from their own ideas. Such are *Spanioletto's*; which, though "admirably executed, appear plainly to have no archetypes in nature. Hogarth's, on the "other hand, are collections of natural curiosities. The *Oxford Heads*, the *Physicians Arms*, "and some of his other pieces, are expressly of this humorous kind."

Fearing, perhaps, that he might be thought too profuse of his commendations, and that his admiration of our artist's productions had carried him too far, he adds, "They are truly "comic, though *ill-natured* effusions of mirth: more entertaining than *Spanioletto's*, as they "are pure nature; but *less innocent*, as they contain ill-directed ridicule."

With one more extract from Mr. Gilpin's elegant Essay on Prints, we shall enrich our address, and gratify our readers. "The species of expression in which this master, perhaps, "most excels, is that happy art of catching those peculiarities of air and gesture, which the "ridiculous part of every profession contract; and which, for that reason, become characteristic "of the whole. His counsellors, his undertakers, his lawyers, his usurers, are all conspicuous "at sight. In a word, almost every profession may see, in his works, that particular species "of affectation which they should most endeavour to avoid."

Nature was the school in which our artist studied: he borrowed no graces from the Flemish or Italian painters. He selected his images from his own country, and gave them with energy, truth, and variety; but it has been observed, and indeed justly, that, in resemblances, his eye was too correct, and his hand too faithful, for those who wished to be flattered.

Mr. Nichols informs us that "in the early part of Hogarth's life, a nobleman, who was "uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with "a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without "even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counter- "part of his dear self, never once thought of paying for a reflector that would only insult "him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for "his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of "a banker), for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an "expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his "purpose. It was couched in the following card:

"*Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ———, finding that he does not mean to have "the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the "money; if, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, "with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast "man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition "of pictures, on his Lordship's refusal.*"

This intimation had the desired effect: the picture was sent home, and committed to the flames.

Hogarth may be said to have the air of Cervantes rather than Rabelais—of Fielding rather than Smollet. An elegant compliment was paid to him by Somerville, the author of the Chase, who dedicates his Hobbinol to him as "to the greatest master in the burlesque way."

Having taken, as far as our prescribed limits will admit, a general view of his performances as an artist, something ought to be said of him as a man. Narrow as our limits are, we feel it our duty to give a concise account of the pedigree of our artist, accompanied with some anecdotes of his life. We learn, from unquestionable authority, that his grandfather was an honest yeoman, the inhabitant of a small tenement in the vale of *Bampton*, near *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, and had three sons. The eldest, in conformity to ancient custom, succeeded the father, and became the proprietor of the family freehold. The second had neither land nor beeves, but possessed a large portion of broad humour and wild original genius. As a wit, and a satyrist, he was the admiration of his neighbours, and his dramas were the delight of the country. Had his talents been cultivated by education, he would probably have been

a shining character. Richard, the third son, being intended for a scholar, was educated at St. Bees, in Westmoreland, and afterwards kept a school in that county; for which it appears he was well qualified, as he wrote and published a Latin and English Dictionary, which still exists.

Finding his employment produced neither honour nor profit in the country, he removed to London, and in Ship Court, Old Bailey, renewed his profession: he had issue, one son and two daughters. The girls received such instructions as enabled them to keep a shop; and the son, who drew his first breath in this world about the year 1697, was the author of the prints published with his name, and of which a complete and elegant edition is now in the course of publication.

His education was probably sufficient for the situation he was intended to be placed in, but it does not appear to have been liberal. That it was not more liberal, might arise from the old man finding erudition answer little purpose to himself, and knowing that, in a mechanic employment, it is rather a drawback than an assistance. Perhaps Hogarth had not much bias towards what is generally termed learning. "He must," says Mr. Ireland, "have been early attentive to the appearance of the passions, and feeling a strong impulse "to attempt their delineation, left their names and derivations to the profound pedagogue, "the accurate grammarian, or more sage and solemn lexicographer. While these labourers "in the forest of science dug for the root, enquired into the circulation of the sap, and "planted brambles and birch round the tree of knowledge, Hogarth had an higher aim; "an ambition to display, in the true tints of nature, the rugged character of the bark, "the varied involutions of the branches, and the minute fibres of the leaves."

He had certainly an early predilection for the arts; of this his father was convinced, and therefore placed him with an engraver. Engraving on silver plate seemed likely to afford a permanent subsistence, required some taste for drawing, and had a remote alliance with the arts. Without much hesitation, he was apprenticed to a Mr. Ellis Gamble, a silversmith, in Cranbourn Alley, Leicester Fields. This vender of plate had two or three rare artizans, whose employment was to engrave cyphers, and armorial symbols, not only on the articles their master sold, but on others that he might be employed to mark in silver or other metals.

In the attic story of this school of science, it may be fairly conjectured his first essays were the initials on tea-spoons; the mystery of cyphering was doubtless the next object of his attention: heraldic monsters, as hydras, dragons, and gorgons, to embellish massy tankards, and ponderous two-handed cups, he was afterwards instructed to delineate; but tired of the brood that people the fields of heraldry, he listened to the voice of genius, which whispered him to "read the mind's construction in the face, to study and delineate MAN."

The first token of his turn for the satirical was, a representation of a fray at a public house in the environs of London. The scene was so truly ridiculous as to attract the young Tyro's notice; he seized his pencil, drew his first group of portraits from the life, and gave with such a strong resemblance of each, such a grotesque variety of character as evades all description. The loss of this *coup d'essai* is much to be regretted.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he bade adieu to lions, unicorns, and dragons, and endeavoured to attain such knowledge of drawing as would enable him to delineate the human figure, and transfer his *burin* from silver to copper-plate. In this attempt he had many difficulties to encounter: engraving on copper was on so different a principle from that of silver, that he found it necessary to unlearn what he had already learned. In his first efforts he had little more assistance than could be acquired by casual communications, or imitating the works of others: those of Callot are said to have been his first models; and shop-bills were his first performances.

That a young artist, just emancipated from the obscurity of a silversmith's garret, should be for a time unknown, we naturally suppose; but exalted talents like his soon became noticed and encouraged. He complimented Sir James Thornhill, by ridiculing his rival; and soon after, without the formal ceremony of asking consent, took his daughter to wife. The knight was at first offended at this smuggled union, but a reconciliation speedily took place. The Harlot's Progress, published by Hogarth, in 1734, established his character as a painter of domestic history. When his wife's father saw the designs, their originality of idea, regularity of narration, and fidelity of scenery, convinced him that such talents would force themselves into notice, and, when known, must be distinguished and patronized.

But, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, "the history of an artist must be sought in his works;" to those, therefore, we refer our readers for ample information.

Hogarth was below the middle size, had a bright penetrating eye, and an air of spirit and vivacity: his conversation was lively and cheerful, mixed with a quickness of retort which sometimes gave offence. Though extremely satirical to his friends who were present, he was generally an advocate for an absent individual, who might occasionally become the subject of conversation; always disdaining the idea of uttering a syllable of any one that he would not avow and repeat to his face. As a husband, brother, friend, and master, he was indulgent, generous, and sincere; and, though frugal, kind and liberal. Mr. Nichols, who cannot be accused of partiality in his favour, says of him, "our artist was liberal, hospitable, "and the most punctual of paymasters."

Finding his health declining, Hogarth purchased a house at Chiswick, to which he retired during several of the summer months; but his active disposition would not suffer him to be indolent, he there continued to exercise his professional abilities.

On the 25th of October, 1764, he returned to his house in Leicester Square, where he died on the same night, of an aneurism.

His remains were removed to Chiswick, where, on a plain neat pyramidical monument, are the following inscriptions: On the front, in basso-relievo, is the comic mask, laurel wreath, rest-sticks, pallette, pencils, a book inscribed Analysis of Beauty, and the following admirable lines, written by his friend Mr. Garrick.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

On one side we behold the following words:

HERE LIETH THE BODY
OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
WHO DIED OCTOBER 26, 1764,
AGED 67 YEARS.

MRS. JANE HOGARTH,
WIFE OF WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
obit 13 November, 1789,
ætat 80 years.

On another is engraven,

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF
DAME JUDITH THORNHILL,
RELICT OF SIR JAMES THORNHILL, KNIGHT,
OF THORNHILL, IN THE COUNTY OF DORSET;
SHE DIED NOV. 12, 1757,
AGED 84 YEARS.

On the fourth,

HERE LIETH THE BODY OF MRS. ANNE HOGARTH,
SISTER TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.
SHE DIED AUGUST 13, 1771,
AGED 70 YEARS.

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13 Ditto . . . XII.
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INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

DESCRIPTION OF

PLATE I.

THE FELLOW-'PRENTICES AT THEIR LOOMS.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER XXIII. VERSE 21.

"The drunkard shall come to Poverty, and drowsiness shall cloath a man with rags."

THE above text is a judicious illustration of the Painter's design, in the first representation of the IDLE 'PRENTICE. All the passages of Scripture, applied to the different scenes in this Set of Engravings, were selected for Mr. Hogarth by his friend the Reverend Mr. Arnold King.

The text applied to the industry of the amiable contrasted character, is well chosen:

PROVERBS, CHAPTER X. VERSE 4.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

The following description of Hogarth's design is copied from his own hand-writing: "Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two "Fellow 'Prentices; where the one by taking good courses, and pursuing "points for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man, and "an ornament to his country: the other, by giving way to idleness, na- "turally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as is expressed in the last "print.—Lest any print should be mistaken, the description of each is "engraved at top."

The two heroes of our history are first introduced to us at the looms of their master, an opulent silk manufacturer of Spital Fields. Diligence and assiduity are depicted on the ingenuous countenance of the one, and over his head are placed those excellent ballads of *Turn Again Whittington* and *the Valiant Apprentice*. On the floor we perceive the *'Prentices' Guide*, supposed to be a customary present from a respectable citizen to all his pupils, as the same title appears on a mutilated pamphlet at the feet of Thomas Idle, whose eyes are closed by the somniferous qualities of beer and tobacco; and the shuttle, dropping from his hand, becomes the plaything of a wanton kitten.

The pipe and porter-pot seem to confirm this observation, and the ballad of Moll Flanders on the wall sufficiently points out his attachments and propensities: his countenance expresses an abject groveling mind, and negligence and sloth are strongly indicated by his filthy apparel. The master, on his entering the apartment, seems inclined to punish him for his drowsiness and indolence; but declines the unpleasant task, from a conviction that his habits are too strongly rooted to be eradicated by chastisement. The trophy composed of halters, whips, and fetters; and that of the contrasted sword, mace, and golden chain, are meant as characteristic decorations of the designs.

PLATE II.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE PERFORMING THE DUTIES OF A CHRISTIAN.

PSALM CXIX. VERSE 97.

"O how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day."

THE industrious youth is here represented at church assisting in the performance of divine worship, and honoured with the company of his master's daughter in the same pew: his decent deportment and steady attention are highly commendable.

The awful solemnity of a church, however, could not check our artist's propensity to the burlesque. Truly whimsical are the characters here exhibited. The fat grotesque female in the upper corner, the fellow near her, accompanying the organ with his deep-toned vocal powers, and the man beneath, "'tween sleeping and waking," joining in the sonorous chorus, afford a feast for risibility. The pew-opener, and two old women almost obscured in the shadow, exert themselves in solemn vociferations.

The two clergymen, the clerk, and many of the small figures in the gallery beneath, are ludicrous; but they are on so reduced a scale as hardly to be perceptible to the naked eye: allowance must be made, indeed, for this seeming defect, and the departure from the rules of perspective, as Hogarth found it necessary to exhibit a crowded congregation.

Between Miss West, and her worthy adorer, a resemblance may be perceived: In their countenances the artist has judiciously avoided giving much expression: a pleasing simplicity, which he has well preserved, is all that can be required—more would have been *outré*.

PLATE III.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE AT PLAY IN THE CHURCH-YARD DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER IX. VERSE 29.

"Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the back of fools."

WHILE the well-disposed industrious youth is performing his duty as a Christian, devoting the seventh day to the praise of his Creator, and gratefully returning thanks to him for the blessings he enjoys, his profligate associate is stretched upon a grave-stone in the church-yard, and gambling with the refuse of mankind. Though of the same age and rank in society with his fellow 'prentice, and entitled to participate of the same honours and advantages, he eagerly engages in the game of hustle-cap with a group of wretches as unprincipled and disorderly as himself. To manifest his progress in iniquity, a shoe-black detects him in the very act of cheating, by concealing some of the coin under the broad brim of his hat. This infamous behaviour is strongly resented by the fellow with a black patch over his eye, who, with oaths and execrations, demands justice and fair play.

So deeply were the parties engaged in this contest, and so loud in their debate, that the beadle, whose duty brought him to chastise and disperse such incorrigible vagabonds, was not perceived, till Thomas Idle felt the stripes of his rattan. His three companions are of the very lowest order, one of them being the shoe-black already mentioned. Like his associate, with one hand raised to his head, he is disturbing some of the members of a clan who are the usual attendants on the slothful.

The inscription on the tomb, of HERE LIES THE BODY OF ——— may be well applied to the lazy silk-weaver, who, in an attitude highly expressive of indolence, is now recumbent on it. The skulls on the ground, near the open grave, are characteristic. These, with the other mementos of mortality, are indiscriminately scattered upon the earth, and carelessly trampled on by these thoughtless and abandoned candidates for infamy.

PLATE IV.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE A FAVOURITE, AND INTRUSTED BY HIS MASTER.

MATTHEW, CHAPTER XXV. VERSE 21.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

THE irreproachable conduct of this youth is at length rewarded with the confidence of his master. He now presides in the counting-house, and has the sole management of the business: the day-book, purse, and keys are committed to his care by Mr. West, who, as a token of his regard for him, leans familiarly on his shoulder, and, with a placid smile, displays a thorough approbation of his conduct. A speedy partnership is intimated, by a pair of gloves on the escrutoire, and the sedulous application of the youth is figuratively expressed by the head-piece to a London almanack, INDUSTRY TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK. The city porter, entering the warehouse with a bale of goods, has a fine Bardolphian countenance: his attendant mastiff is violently opposed by the domestic cat, who, considering this house as her own peculiar domain, endeavours to drive him from the premises. The general design of this piece is carried on by easy and natural gradations.

PLATE V.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE TURNED AWAY, AND SENT TO SEA.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER X. VERSE 1.

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

GROWN infamous by sloth and bad company, the idle 'prentice became odious to Mr. West, who, nevertheless, occasioned him to be sent

to sea, imagining that a separation from his associates, joined to the inevitable hardships of a maritime life, might in some degree reclaim him. We here behold him in a ship's boat, accompanied by his afflicted mother, whose dress denotes her to be a widow; who perhaps had once entertained the pleasing hope of his being a comfort to her old age. The waterman sarcastically points to a figure on a gibbet, declaring it to be an emblem of his future fate. A *cat o'nine tails*, held up by a sailor, announces the rigid discipline on board a man of war. To shew his talent at retort, Mr. Thomas Idle holds up two of his fingers in the form of horns, and desires his satirical antagonist to look at *Cuckold's Point*, which was at that moment in view. He has thrown his forfeited indentures into the Thames, and is so totally lost to reflection as to be callous to the distresses of his mother, the ridicule of his companions, or his own unhappy situation.

Lavater, of Zurich, has introduced a copy of this print in his *Essays on Physiognomy*, and exclaims, "Can perversion be more apparent than in "the middle profile?"

PLATE VI.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME, AND MARRIED TO HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER XII. VERSE 1.

"The virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

MERIT has met with its reward; the diligent and attentive youth is now become partner with his master, which is evident from their joint names appearing on the sign; and further to promote his happiness, he receives his amiable daughter from him in marriage. To indicate opulence, plenty, and liberality, a servant is distributing the remnants of the table, while the bridegroom pays one of the drummers for the usual thundering gratulations on the wedding-day. A performer on the bass-viol, and a company of butchers with a band of marrow-bones and cleavers, furnish additional noise for the delightful concert. The cripple in the corner, with the ballad of *Jesse, or the Happy Pair*, represents a well-known beggar, usually called Philip in the Tub, who had visited Ireland and the United Provinces, and, in the memory of many persons now living, was a usual attendant at weddings in the metropolis, and generally received a small reward. A view of the monument, and not a very distant one, shews the residence of our citizen to have then been near that stately column.

If some of the suggestions in this print are trite, they must be acknowledged to be natural, and appropriate to the rank and situation of the parties.

PLATE VII.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE RETURNED FROM SEA, AND IN A GARRET WITH A COMMON PROSTITUTE.

LEVITICUS, CHAPTER XXVI. VERSE 36.

"The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."

THE idle apprentice is advancing, with large strides, towards his fate; we here behold him returned from sea, and in a miserable garret with a common prostitute. Displeased with the labour that was allotted to him, and weary with the punishments which his criminal acts so frequently drew upon him, he returned to London. The pistols, watches, trinkets, &c. scattered on and about the bed, are incontestable evidence that the source of his present subsistence, is from robbery on the highway. Terror and horror are strongly depicted on his agitated countenance. Dreading the sufferings which are the natural consequences of heinous guilt, he has double-bolted his door, and barricadoed it with planks from the floor; but, spite of these precautions, a visit from a cat, which accidentally dropped down a ruinous chimney, throws him into unutterable alarms. The watches are at about a quarter after twelve, to denote the midnight hour.

The depraved female companion of Thomas Idle, however, is not much affected with the accident that has happened; she gazes with delight at a glittering ear-ring. The broken jug, pipes, knife, plate, bottle, glass, and pistols, are naturally introduced; and the rat, which makes a precipitate retreat on the abrupt entrance of the cat, gives additional disgust to every spectator of this dreary and desolate apartment. The lady's hoop is a good specimen of the preposterous fashion of that day.

PLATE VIII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE GROWN RICH, AND SHERIFF OF LONDON.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER IV. VERSE 7, 8.

"With all thy gettings, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honours when thou dost embrace her."

WE have seen the progressive advances of virtue and vice, and their consequent rewards and punishments. Become respectable and opulent by industry and integrity, our young merchant now appears in the character of a Sheriff of London, feasting with his fellow-citizens in Guildhall. A group on the left side does honour to the talents of our artist, as they are admirably characteristic: they seem perfectly to enjoy a most voluptuous meal. The divine, whatever may be his doctrine on abstinence and mortification, swallows his soup with as much *gout* as the gentleman near him experiences in palating a glass of wine. Famine appears visible in the countenance of the poor creature in a black wig; and the sleek citizen, with a napkin tucked in his button-hole, has evidently burnt his mouth by his extreme eagerness and voracity.

The backs of those at the other table, who seem equally expert in the science of devouring, are most laughably in caricature. The consequential beadle, reading the direction of a letter to Francis Goodchild, Esq. Sheriff of London, is marked with all the insolence of office. This important figure is well contrasted by the humble simplicity of a lank-haired culprit, behind the bar. The musicians are busily employed in their vocation, in a gallery appropriated to the purpose.

The hall is decorated with the portrait of William the Third, a judge, and a full length of that illustrious hero, Sir William Walworth. The clergyman in this plate is said to be a representation of Mr. Platell, a French gentleman, and once Curate of Barnet.

PLATE IX.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE BETRAYED BY A PROSTITUTE, AND TAKEN IN A NIGHT CELLAR WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER VI. VERSE 26.

"The adultress will hunt for the precious life."

THE idle youth is here exhibited in a night-cellar, at a house near Water-lane, Fleet-street, then well known by the name of the *Blood-bowl House*, an appellation which it acquired from the various scenes of infamy and murder which were there perpetrated. In this horrid cavern of profligacy and guilt, the wretched object of our animadversion is dividing the booty which a robbery had produced, with one of his accomplices. His favourite female, in whose garret we saw him in the seventh plate, coolly and deliberately betrays him. The officers of justice are entering, and he is on the point of being seized. Without surprize or concern, a murdered gentleman is let down into a cavity made in the floor for the purpose of concealment. A grenadier in the corner is not intended as a compliment to the *corps* of which he was a member.

A scene of riot and confusion is displayed on the back ground, in which the countenances of the noseless woman and the furious combatants are finely delineated. The rope hanging immediately over a fellow who is asleep, is not without its signification. The watches in the hat furnish a strong instance of Hogarth's peculiar accuracy; each of them is a little after ten. Cards scattered on the floor tend to heighten the scene, by shewing that gambling is one of the pursuits of the assembly: the card which is torn seems to indicate the effects of rage or despair when fortune has proved unfavourable, or impositions are suspected to have been practised.

PLATE X.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE ALDERMAN OF LONDON; THE IDLE ONE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM, AND IMPEACHED BY HIS ACCOMPLICE.

LEVITICUS, CHAPTER XIX. VERSE 15.

"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."

PSALM XIX. VERSE 16.

"The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands."

THE industrious 'prentice being now an Alderman, and consequently a magistrate, the idle one is brought before him, and accused of robbery and murder. Shocked at seeing the companion of his youth in so degrading a situation, he turns from the afflicting object to conceal the emotions

of his mind, the scene being almost insupportable. Trembling, terrified, and torn by remorse, the wretched culprit is almost unable to support his tottering frame.

"The concern," says Lord Orford, "shewn by the Lord Mayor, when "the companion of his childhood is brought before him as a criminal, is a "touching picture, and big with humane admonition and reflection."

The sorrowful mother earnestly solicits the important constable to use his interest for her unhappy son: he graciously condescends to hear her tale, but seems to reply with all the stern severity of pretended virtue—"We "who are in power must do justice." Among the watchmen, who attend the examination, one holds up the sword and pistols which were found upon the prisoner. A young woman bribes the clerk to be a friend to the one-eyed wretch, who has turned evidence against his accomplice, by administering the usual oath with the *left hand* laid upon the book, instead of the *right*. Dealers in perjury, in the several law courts, consider this circumstance as a complete salvo for false swearing. Kissing the thumb, under a pretence of kissing the book, is also deemed by some a very satisfactory evasion.

This finished villain was first introduced to us gambling on a grave-stone, and secondly in a night-cellar dividing the evening's plunder with the man he now betrays.

The Alderman's clerk is making out a warrant of commitment, directed to the Turnkey of Newgate.

PLATE XI.

THE IDLE 'PRENTICE EXECUTED AT TYBURN.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER I. VERSE 27, 28.

"When fear cometh as desolation, and their destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress cometh upon them, then they shall call upon God, but he will not answer."

THE career of our degraded character terminates at Tyburn. His pale and ghastly countenance proclaims the horror of his mind, which must, if possible, be aggravated by hearing the Grub-street orator roaring out his dying speech. Though the ordinary, with the usual solemnity, leads the melancholy procession, an irregular dealer in divinity undertakes the spiritual concerns of the malefactor, and zealously exhorts him to repentance. On the right side of the print, we see his afflicted mother, wiping away her tears with her apron. A curious *trio* of females appear in a cart above her—an old hypocritical beldam breathing a pious ejaculation, and at the same moment swallowing a large bumper of Geneva; a young woman taking a similar cordial from beneath, and a third dissuading a fellow from ascending the vehicle.

While a vender of gingerbread (a man then very generally known by the name of Tiddy-doll) is expatiating on the excellence of his cakes, a minor pickpocket purloins his handkerchief. A ferocious female, enraged at a man overturning her orange-barrow, seems endeavouring to tear his eyes out. To shew contempt of religion among the lower orders, an inhabitant of St. Giles's seizes a dog by the tail, and is in the act of throwing it at the methodist parson. A female pugilist, near the centre of the print, is so earnest in punishing a fellow who has offended her, that she neglects her child, which, falling on the ground, is in imminent danger of being crushed to death. Near her is suspended, by a tall butcher, a *lawyer's periwig* on the end of his cudgel; the *butcher* being chosen for this office, is evidently to point out the *sanguinary* complexion which marks our courts of justice. The fellow smoking, the cripple, the soldier sunk knee-deep into a bog, and two boys grinning at him, are well imagined.

The finisher of the law, in a posture of perfect ease and tranquillity, enjoys his pipe of tobacco upon the fatal tree.

A carrier pigeon is dispatched when the malefactor arrives at Tyburn. The initials on the coffin have been reversed from the original drawing; T. I. (for Thomas Idle) should be adopted.

The back ground exhibits a view of Highgate and Hampstead Heath, taken from the usual place of execution when this representation was delineated; the Old Bailey is now the scene of fatal punishment.

Many of the figures in this composition are admirably expressed; and the grouping is highly meritorious. To this the reverend Mr. Gilpin bears ample testimony: "We seldom," says he, "see a crowd more beautifully "managed than in this print."

The skeletons are emblematical: the bodies of murderers being generally consigned to Surgeons' Hall.

PLATE XII.

THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

PROVERBS, CHAPTER III. VERSE 16.

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour."

TURNING from a subject the most horrible that can be imagined, the ignominious death of a thief and murderer, we behold a cheerful group joining in the procession of the chief magistrate of the city. The scene is laid at the east side of St. Paul's cathedral; and, in honour of the day, the artist has introduced the late prince and princess of Wales, at a balcony in view of the pageant. A parcel of truly comic characters appear on the scaffolding beneath; and the city militia which are below them can hardly be viewed without a burst of laughter. Undisciplined, and composed of men of all ages and descriptions; fat, meagre, tall, short, strait and crooked, are most whimsically and characteristically pourtrayed.

A plank, supported by a tub and a stool, having given way, a pair of damsels are thrown upon the ground. A prominent figure in the state-coach is Mr. Sword-Bearer, in a cap of a singular fashion, still regularly used on these occasions. The company of journeymen butchers, with their usual instruments of music, appear to be as active and noisy as any of the performers in this annual comedy.

A blind man in the left-hand corner, convinced that he has but an indifferent chance in the crowd, endeavours to preserve his hat and wig from the depredating multitude. The Bunhill-Fields trooper, leaning against a post, with one of the bandoleers in his left hand, seems to have made a mistake. A youth on the scaffold above, without soliciting permission, seizes and kisses a girl with great eagerness and violence; the young lady warmly resents this indecorum, by endeavouring to leave marks of her talons upon his forehead. At the opposite corner a Grub-street publisher proclaims, *A full true and particular account of the ghost of Thomas Idle, which appeared to the Lord Mayor.*

Persons of all ages and conditions appear at the windows and on the tops of houses. Two flags beneath the balcony at the king's head are blazoned with the arms of the Stationers' company; and that in the stand which exhibits the ardent salutation already mentioned belongs to the pinners and needlers. The *cornucopiæ* on the frame are emblematical of the abundance which fills the hands of the diligent.

Dr. Granger, in his biographical history (vol. I. p. 149), has the following judicious observation, not wholly inapplicable to our subject:—"It would be amusing to trace the progress of a Lord Mayor, from the "loom, or a fishmonger's stall, to the chair of the magistrate. To be in-"formed with what difficulty he got the first hundred pounds; with how "much less he made it a thousand, and with what ease he rounded his "plum. Such are, in the eye of reason, respectable characters, and the "more so, as they rose with credit from humbler stations."

The chamber of London, where apprentices are bound, is properly ornamented with these Engravings.

Mr. James Love (otherwise Dance) dramatized this series of prints. Mr. King performed the character of the good apprentice.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

FAIRS were first instituted as a proper medium between the buyer and the seller, and considered as merely places of traffic; but, when the importance of commerce was better understood, those marts were deserted by men of business, and gradually became the haunts of the idle and the dissolute. Such were they in 1733, when this scene was delineated, which may be considered as a genuine picture of the holiday amusements of that period.

Stage-plays, as they were then called, were among the foremost of those amusements: In these humble representations, some of our greatest comedians made their first appearance, and, even after they had attained high eminence, continued to perform in them during the continuance of the fair, to their own great emolument, and the extreme satisfaction of the gaping audience.

The play here enacting, is the Fall of Bajazet: the scaffolding, unable to support the stamps and rantings of the furious and outrageous Turk, tumbles to the ground. The tyrant's turban is shaken from his head, and the truncheon from his hand: the moralizing Tamerlane suffering in the general crash, which menaces destruction to the jars and bowls beneath: the band and instruments of music are alike involved in the tremendous ruin. The band indeed consists of a single solitary fidler, and the instruments are a violin and a salt-box. The monkey and the Merry Andrew, from their corporeal dexterity, are perhaps the only animals who will not receive injury in this universal wreck.

The lady with a hat, feather, and drum, beating up for an audience, is one of the comedians. Her beauty excites the astonishment of two rustics who are looking at her: one of them, awed by her angelic figure, has pulled off his hat in reverence of her charms: the other wonders "with a foolish face of praise." A buskined hero, arrayed for noble exploits, is arrested in his career of glory by a sheriff's officer: the hero in vain attempts to draw his sword, the follower secures his other arm, and aims a bludgeon at his head.

A simple lad, with a whip in one hand, and the other locked in the arm of a young girl, is so lost in gaping astonishment, that an adroit branch of the family of the Filches is clearing his pockets of their contents. One fellow is saluting a girl, while another endeavours to decoy her two companions. A prize-fighter, "furrowed with many a scar," makes his triumphal entry on a blind horse; and, with a face of terror, brandishes his sword, hurling defiance to all mankind. Two jugglers, in senatorial wigs, display their magic wonders with cups, balls, &c. and above them attempts are made to give a summerset to a tumbler. A hat on the end of the pole is the reward of the best wrestler on the green, and a holland shift is the prize of the swiftest female racer.

A mountebank, in a laced hat, long periwig, and embroidered coat, mounted on a stage, and attended by his Merry Andrew, dispenses his medicine of infallibility: to astonish the gaping crowd, he puffs out a flame from the lighted tow in his Vesuvian mouth. The stale joke of Mr. Punch's horse picking the fool's pocket, is exhibited in a balcony; near which is a game at cudgels, by puppets all alive! Under a show-cloth announcing "The Siege of Troy," a company are seen rehearsing part of the play.

In one corner we see a little fellow, with long hair, playing on the bag-pipes, attended by a military monkey, and with his foot dancing his Fantoccini figures. Our attention is drawn from his *Madame Catharina*, by a woman near her with a dice-box; and a grotesque country fellow is trying his fortune, regardless of the advice of his son. The woman, with the eloquence of a true Billingsgate, is rating the boy for presuming to doubt her honesty. The Savoyard music-grinder, on the other side, with a *Galante* show, attended by a dwarf drummer, is collecting pence from those who prefer surprising prospects to a pennyworth of gingerbread. A set of figures appear at a distance, engaged at quarter-staff, a favourite amusement at that time. The conqueror, waving his flag of liberty, is triumphantly exalted on a man's shoulders, the air echoing with acclamations in honour of his prowess.

The figure vaulting on a rope was intended for *Signor Violante*, who signalized himself in the reign of George the First; and the man descending from a steeple, is intended to represent one *Cadman*, who performed the same feat at St. Martin's in the Fields, from the steeple of which he descended into the Mews. In a similar experiment at Shrewsbury, the rope broke, and he was dashed to pieces.

The show-cloth also represents the stage-machinery. The figure in the corner was designed for Colley Cibber, the laureat, who had just sold his share of the playhouse to Mr. Highmore, a very popular character in his day.

"Mr. Highmore," says an ingenious writer, "was originally a man of considerable fortune; but *White's* gaming-house, and the *Drury Lane* patent, exhausted his finances. Having exhibited himself as an unsuccessful actor, and an unfortunate manager, he, in 1743, completed the climax, by publishing a poem entitled *Dettingen*, which proves him a very indifferent writer. In 1744, he a second time appeared in the character of *Lothario*, for the benefit of Mr. *Horton*, but seems to have had no requisites for the stage. He was, however, a man of strict integrity, and high honour, and frequently suffered heavy losses, rather than violate any engagement, though it might be only verbal, which he had once made. Such a person was very unfit for a coadjutor with men, who were so busied in qualifying themselves for personating the characters of others, that they had no leisure for any attention to their own."

THE COCKPIT ROYAL.

SHERLOCK, in his Letters to a friend at Paris, familiarly says, "It "is worth your while to come to England, were it only to see an election "and a cock-match. There is a celestial spirit of anarchy and confusion, "in these two scenes, that words cannot paint, and of which no country-"man of yours can form even an idea."

But, if neither of these scenes can be described by words, the Parisian who has never visited England, may, from our artist's engravings, form a tolerably correct idea of the *anarchy* of an election, and the *confusion* of a cock-pit.

The scene of The Cock-pit is supposed to be laid at Newmarket; and in this motley group of peers, pick-pockets, jockies, butchers, and gamblers of every denomination, Lord Albemarle Bertie, a lover and promoter of the diversion, is entitled to precedence. His lordship was totally blind, and therefore his passion for amusements of this nature was thought extremely singular. We see him beset by seven steady friends, five of whom at the same instant offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, taking advantage of his blindness, endeavours to transfer a bank-note from his lordship's hat into his own pocket. A ragged boy and a butcher inform his lordship of the piratical attempt; but he is so much engaged in the arrangement of his bets, and so loud and vehement in the repetition of those important words, "Done! done! done!" that the note will probably be negociated.

The old nobleman, adorned with a ribbon, a star, and a pair of spectacles, is surrounded by a very curious group; the weight of a massy carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces him upon a man beneath, who falls upon a fourth; and the fourth, unable to support the accumulated pressure of the three, loses his balance, and breaks his head against the edge of the partition—his wig falls into the cock-pit.

A man adjoining enters into the genuine spirit of the battle—by his clasped hands and distorted countenance, we discover that his whole soul is engaged. A person at the left hand of the old peer perceiving the odds to be against him, vexation and disappointment are visible in his countenance. The chimney-sweeper, the sanctified quaker, and the fellow beneath, are admirably contrasted. A French marquis, on the other side, surprised that this should be called amusement, is exclaiming, *Sauvages! sauvages!*—At the same time carelessly opening his snuff-box, some of the contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who sneezes and swears most wonderfully.

Near him is an old cripple, with a trumpet at his ear, and a person roaring in the trumpet. The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag is said to be intended for Jackson, a jockey: his gravity, and the cool sedateness of a man registering the wagers, are well opposed to the grinning woman behind, and the fellow stripped to his shirt, offering to bet *Ginger* against *Pye* for a guinea.

The lower side contains only one tier of figures; an apothecary and

a jockey, concluding a bet, by striking together the handles of their whips. A votary of Bacchus is in danger of losing his half-emptied purse. We are not at a loss respecting the profession of a gentleman who has a *gibbet* chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber lifts up his stick, denouncing vengeance against a loser who refuses payment. The philosopher, at the top, coolly smokes his pipe, unmoved by this *crash of matter*, and the *wreck of property*. Like the Gog and Magog of Guildhall, stand the two tremendous feeders.

The *shadow* on the cock-pit is the reflection of a man drawn up to the ceiling in a basket, and there suspended as a punishment for having betted more money than he can pay *.

For theatrical decoration, we have the king's arms, and a portrait of *Nan Rawlins*, frequently called *Deptford Nan*, and sometimes the *Dutchess of Deptford*, a very ugly old woman, and a famous cock-feeder, well known in Newmarket: she did the honours of the gentleman's ordinary at Northampton, while a batchelor was deputed to preside at the table appropriated to the ladies.

In the margin, at the bottom of the print, is an oval, with a fighting cock, inscribed ROYAL SPORT, and underneath is written, PIT TICKET.

Though pleased with the whole of this extraordinary group, &c. we are more particularly so with the figure of the man sneezing;—we absolutely hear him.—And the fellow stealing a bank-note has all the outward and visible marks of a most accomplished pick-pocket.

* By the cock-pit laws, the man who cannot, or who will not, pay his debts of honour, is liable to exaltation in a basket.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

(CONSISTING OF EIGHT PLATES.)

PLATE I.

IN Plate I. we behold the picture of a thoughtless, extravagant, licentious young man. The painter most forcibly contrasts the thoughtless levity of youth, with the avaricious rapacity of age, and strongly reminds us of those exquisite lines in Pope's Epistle to Lord Bathurst:

> " Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
> " Sees but a backward steward for the poor:
> " This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
> " The next a fountain spouting through his heir."

" The first print of this capital work," says *Mr. Gilpin*, " is an excel-
" lent representation of a young heir, taking possession of a miser's effects.
" The passion of avarice, which hoards every thing without distinction,
" whether it be valuable, or not valuable, is admirably described."

The scene is crowded with the monuments of departed avarice. Whether it be a chest of massy silver, or an old tattered coat; the caul of a periwig, or an almost demolished boot: Every thing is most carefully and religiously preserved: The thread-bare garments, too precious to be neglected, are hung up to prevent their receiving injury: Even a rusty spur, and a spectacle-frame without glasses, is deemed worthy of preservation. The old gentleman's curious armoury is furnished with two swords, which may be considered as trophies of his former prowess, or protectors of his accumulated pelf. The crutch and walking-stick lean unheeded against the wall: the former may be supposed to have been bought cheap, as being an odd one; the latter has been adopted as a tolerably good substitute for a regular supporter of his feeble frame, and may probably have been begged or borrowed. His fur cap is to answer the purpose of winter-fuel, the grate being destitute of a single cinder. The remnant of candle in a save-all, and the useless jack removed from its active station to accompany the spit in a high cupboard, give strong indications of the manner in which this votary of Mammon existed.

The wretched cat proves, by her appearance, the rigid abstinence of our miserable slave to wealth, and that his mansion is not often resorted to for food. The iron-bound chests, the hidden-gold, falling from the over-charged cornice, and, indeed, almost every article of this dreary tomb of riches, proclaims additional marks of his sordid and rapacious mind.

The picture of the miser, in the act of counting gold, and the escutcheons of departed wretchedness, with the armorial bearings of avarice (three vices hard screwed), are highly appropriate to the place. " Beware," the motto inscribed under the arms, is a well-directed caution against the excessive exercise of that abominable passion. The memorandum of the time of putting off a bad shilling, sufficiently shews, that extreme avarice destroys all reverence for religion, and eradicates every principle of moral honesty*.

The principal figure in this history is marked with that easy unmeaning vacancy of face, which seems, by nature, the characteristic of a dupe. Unacquainted with the value of money, and perfectly indifferent about the consequence, he leaves his bag of untold cash within the reach of an old pettyfogging attorney, who is making an inventory of the usurious bonds, mortgages, and title-deeds of estates, to which he is become heir. This man, with propensities too often attributed to certain practisers of the law, is seizing the earliest opportunity of plundering his employer.

The figure of a young woman, having a wedding-ring, with the circumstance of her being pregnant, and accompanied by her mother with an apron-full of letters, has a claim to our pity; as intimating that this is meant as a visit to entreat the promised hand of her seducer: but he, regardless of his former protestations, refuses to marry her, and attempts to silence her with a bribe. The mother is evidently reproaching him for his conduct, and invoking the curses of heaven on his falsehood.

Mr. Gilpin greatly admires the perspective of this picture.

PLATE II.

THE first print exhibits the sordid avarice of the miser, opposed to the giddy profusion of the prodigal heir: the old man pined in the midst of plenty, starved in the possession of abundance, and refusing present enjoyment under the apprehension of future distress.

Not so the son: Three years have elapsed, and the giddy rustic endeavours to throw off his awkwardness, and to assume the character and manners of what he thinks an accomplished gentleman. To enable him to perform so distinguished a part, we now see him attended by a French taylor, a milliner, a Parisian dancing-master, a fencing-master from the same fascinating country, an English pugilist, and a music-master. By the music-master, some have supposed that Handel was intended; but it is the prevailing opinion, that no particular person was meant, but, *generally*, a professor of music.

The fencing-master is intended for one *Dubois*, who was killed in a duel by one of the same name, as the following paragraph in the *Grub-street* Journal for May 16, 1734, &c. will testify:—" Yesterday, May 11,
" between two and three in the afternoon, a duel was fought in *Mary-le-*
" *bon Fields*, between Mr. *Dubois*, a Frenchman, and Mr. *Dubois*, an Irish-
" man, both fencing-masters, the former of which was run through the
" body, but walked a considerable way from the place, and is now under
" the hands of an able surgeon, who is in great hopes of his recovery."

" May 23, 1734. Yesterday morning died Mr. *Dubois*, of a wound he
" received in a duel."

Besides this celebrated crowd of masters of arts, his levee is attended by a blower of the French-horn, an eminent improver of gardens, a bravo, a jockey, and a poet.

This embellisher of gardens was meant for an old man of the name of *Bridgeman*. He was a worshiper of the modern style, and attempted to *create landscapes*, to *realize painting*, and *improve nature*.

The bravo being introduced, and seemingly waiting for orders, certainly intimates that *Thomas Rakewell*, Esq. in addition to his other excellent qualities, is a coward. By the silver cup inscribed, " *Won at Epsom by* SILLY TOM," we learn that our sagacious 'squire has honoured his favourite horse with his own name.

The hero of this history is well described by *Brampton*, in his MAN OF TASTE.

> " ——Without Italian, and without an ear,
> " To Bononcini's music I adhere.

* If in some few instances our figures differ from those of Mr. *Ireland*, we have only to observe, that ours are from the *original* designs, and that we should think it highly criminal to take the liberty which others have done, to alter, and consequently to *debase*, such valuable compositions.

" To boon companions I my time would give,
" With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live:
" I would with jockies from Newmarket dine,
" And to rough riders give my choicest wine.
" My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,
" And make the thief-taker my bosom friend.
" In Figg the prize-fighter the day delight,
" And sup with Colley Cibber every night."

A label on the back of the musician's chair exhibits a list of presents which *Farrinelli*, an Italian singer, received from his enraptured hearers the day after his performance of a favourite character at the Opera-house. The ladies are represented as sacrificing their hearts to this idol of sound; alluding to a lady of distinction, who, being charmed with a particular passage in one of his songs, uttered aloud from the boxes that impious exclamation, " One God, one *Farrinelli!*" Hence we discover the violent rage of the people of fashion, for that most frivolous of all pursuits, the *Italian Opera*. Our hero's attachment to the turf is signified by the punch-bowl, and his passion for cock-fighting is declared by the portraits of two fighting-cocks being hung up as ornaments of the saloon. The picture of the *Judgment of Paris* has a whimsical allusion.

The figures which compose the back ground consist of the customary attendants in the anti-chamber of a dissipated man of fashion. A poet, full of vanity and expectation, attends at the *levee*, expecting to receive approbation and pecuniary reward for having written a fulsome panegyric. The whole is a well-directed satire on those men of rank and fortune, whose folly renders them a prey to the designing and rapacious.

PLATE III.

HERE our licentious prodigal is fully engaged in one of his midnight festivities. Having sacrificed to Bacchus, he ends the orgies of the evening at the *Cyprian* shrine, and, surrounded by the votaries of Venus, joins in all the unhallowed mysteries of the place.

Let us suppose him to have beat the rounds, and triumphed over a watchman, whose staff and lantern he has brought into the room as trophies of his valour. Carelessly seated in his chair, his watch and money become the easy booty of the industrious lady whose hand is in his bosom; and who, with that adroitness which is acquired by frequent practice, conveys her acquisition to an accomplice standing behind the chair.

A quarrel having arisen between two ladies, one of them so far deviates from delicacy as to spout a glass of wine in the face of her opponent; the other, fired with resentment, grasps a hostile razor in her hand, and menaces defiance. A third, mortified by neglect, applies a lighted candle to a map of the globe, resolved to set the world on fire, though she should perish in the conflagration. The fourth is undressing, and, stranger to fear and shame, seems regardless of appearances. The fellow bringing in a pewter dish is *Leathercoat*, a well-known porter at the Rose Tavern, remarkable for his universal knowledge of the women of the town. This dish, which served for many years as a sign to a pewterer on Snow Hill, is an utensil provided for the lady who is unrobing herself, in which she is accustomed to roll herself about, and display variety of feats of indecent activity. A blind harper, a trumpeter, and a ragged obscene ballad-singer, complete the curious group. We cannot suppose, as some have imagined, that the artist has brought David into such abandoned company, and that he is the person introduced in the character of the blind harper.

It is certain that the amusements of a brothel in 1734, were very different from those which are practised in 1806. If we are not less licentious than our predecessors, we certainly are more delicate in the pursuit of our pleasures. In saying this, we are far from reflecting on our artist: he exhibited things as they then were; and it may be justly said that, in all his compositions, we can discover the manners, customs, and dresses of the times.

The room is decorated with heads of the Roman emperors, but they are irregularly placed. In the revelry of the evening, only Nero was suffered to retain his head; his manners had too much similarity to their own, to admit of his suffering so degrading an insult: reverencing his virtues, they unanimously resolved to spare his head.

The demolished mirror, and the broken chair, cane, and wine-glasses, proclaim the disorders of the night: The mangled fowl, with a fork stuck in its breast, thrown carelessly into a corner, and indeed every accompaniment, bear incontestable proof that the hours have been consumed in joyless riot and debauchery.

Hogarth evidently meant some of the members of this *female coterie* for beauties; and no man had a better idea of vulgar, uneducated, prostituted beauty than he had. The hero of our tale exhibits all that careless vulgar jollity which copious draughts of intoxicating liquor are calculated to inspire. The poor dupe, without his periwig, on the back ground, forms a contrast of character: his drunkenness seems exceeded by the sickness which accompanies it. To support the spirit of unity throughout the society, the African girl throws amorous glances to her friend the porter, who, flagging under the scenes of intemperance and lewdness, has hardly spirit to return the love-inspiring leer.

PLATE IV.

RAKEWELL, in plate IV, is going to Court on the First of March, which was Queen Caroline's birth-day, as well as the anniversary of St. David. The high-born Welchman, with his enormous leek, establishes the chronology. Dressed to the extremity of the *ton*, and quitting his sedan chair in order to become conspicuous in the circle, the bailiffs most uncivilly arrest him. To shew that misfortunes seldom come unattended, a boy is at the same moment stealing his cane*; and an exalted lamplighter, at the same unlucky instant, pouring copious streams of oil upon his magnificent habit.

The unfortunate female whom he has so lately deserted, being now a milliner, naturally attends in the crowd, to mark the fashions of the day. Perceiving his distress, and prompted by all the eager tenderness of unabated love, she flies to his relief. She generously offers the contents of her purse, the hard earnings of unremitted industry, for the liberation of her worthless favourite. It proves sufficient to release the captive beau, by paying the debt and costs, and displays a striking instance of female attachment, which sometimes cannot be eradicated by neglect or cruelty.

In the back ground we have a view of St. *James's Palace*, and that celebrated rendezvous of exalted gamesters, *White's Chocolate-house*.

The figures are well disposed, the perspective excellent, and the expression striking. The terror of the agitated gentleman is finely contrasted by the unfeeling insolence of the detestable bailiffs. We partake of the tender solicitude of the deserted female.

PLATE V.

TO be thus degraded by the harsh rigour of the law, and indebted for his liberty to a person he had highly injured, might be thought sufficient to have humbled, if not reclaimed our hero: but neither remorse nor gratitude could induce him to perform a moral or an honourable act. To be perfectly consistent with himself, he is now acting the hypocrite, by violating every natural feeling of the soul, and marrying an old disgusting woman whom he despises, merely to recruit his exhausted coffers.

Marybone Church was appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials, it being then considered so remote from London as to become the usual resort of those who chose a private wedding. That such would be the wish of our hero, might be inferred from a glance at the horrid object of his choice. An amorous leer is in vain employed to captivate her youthful husband. Her hatred might possibly be endured, but her love must be insupportable. In his demeanour the bridegroom attempts to appear at the altar with becoming gravity, and to hide his contempt for his intended bride. Much internal perturbation may be discovered through an assumed tranquillity; and though he is plighting his troth to the tottering old hag, his glances are directed to the blooming virgin who kneels behind her. A sleepy stupid solemnity marks every muscle of the officiating divine, and the nasal droning of the clerk is most happily expressed.

The victim of the hero's seduction, with her child and mother, is

* This Plate has undergone various alterations, all which are pointed out in Mr. Nichols's " Anecdotes of Hogarth," 1785, p. 215. Amongst other variations in the modern impressions, a large group of blackguards are introduced gambling on the pavement.

striving forcibly to enter the church, in order to forbid the banns. The old pew-opener opposes their entrance, and furnishes an opportunity for the artist to display his talent in the burlesque. Trump, Hogarth's favourite dog, paying his addresses to a one-eyed female quadruped, is a happy parody on the business now performing.

The Commandments are literally and figuratively broken: a crack appears near the tenth, which declares, "*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife.*" The damps of the church have almost destroyed the Creed; and the poor's box has been so seldom visited, that it is covered with a cobweb!—How inimitable are these strokes of genuine humour and poignant satire!

A curious specimen of church-yard poetry, and mortuary orthography, is thus displayed on the door of one of the pews:

THESE : PEWES : UNSCRUD : AND : TANE : IN : SUNDER
IN : STONE : THERE : GRAVEN : WHAT : IS : UNDER
TO : WIT : A VALT : FOR : BURIAL : THERE : IS
WHICH : EDWARD : FORRET : MADE : FOR : HIM : AND : HIS

The above appears to be a genuine copy of the inscription. Part of these lines now form a pannel in the wainscot at one end of the gallery. No heir of the Forret family appearing, the vault was claimed by the Duke of Portland, as lord of the manor.

A glory over the head of the bride may be said to be whimsical.

The branches of evergreen on the pews proclaim the time of the year, and have a sarcastical reference to the preposterous union of January and May. The grouping of this piece is good, the light well distributed, and the scene characteristically displayed.

PLATE VI.

AGAIN possessed of a great fortune, by the infatuated folly of his wife, our hero is now exhibited at a gaming-table, and all is lost! His countenance convulsed with agony, and his mind agitated almost to madness, he imprecates vengeance on himself. That he should be fleeced by such as compose the society which surround him, cannot be matter of surprise: one of the most conspicuous is evidently an highwayman, from the information of the pistols in his pocket; that he is a loser, may be seen in his countenance, and by his being so absorbed in reflection, that he is not to be roused from his *reverie*, either by the water which the boy has brought him, or the watchman's cry of *Fire!* Another is a continental adventurer, who, being unable to live in his own country, seeks a support from the folly of the English, and has the effrontery to force himself into what is called *good company*.

At the table we behold a person in mourning, grasping his hat in the agony of repentance, and endeavouring to hide his face from shame. Another on the opposite side, on whom fortune has also severely frowned, is biting his nails in anguish; and another, represented with a drawn sword, endeavours, in his phrenzy, to destroy a poor miserable being whom he suspects of having cheated him, but is prevented by the interposition of others to whom fortune had, perhaps, been more favourable in the course of play.

The back ground presents two collusive associates, dividing the booty of the evening.

A nobleman in the corner is offering a note to an usurer, whose lean and hungry appearance is well contrasted by the sleek vacancy of face so conspicuous in the neighbouring figure. The usurer is said to be old *Manners*, brother to the late Duke of Rutland's father, to whom the old Duke of Devonshire lost the great estate of Leicester Abbey. Manners amassed a considerable fortune by gaming. The portly gentleman seated at the table, of whom little can be seen, sweeps off his winnings with great coolness and deliberation.

The fire bursting out in the midst of this confusion, seems hardly to be noticed, so engrossed are they with the important concerns of the moment. Such an accident as that which is here represented, really happened at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's Street, on the 4th of May, 1733.

PLATE VII.

THIS plate presents our improvident spendthrift in a prison, that dreary receptacle of human misery: despair is pictured on his countenance, and the state of his mind displayed in every limb. We learn the exhausted state of his finances, by his not complying with the turnkey's demand of prison-fees, and by the boy's refusal to part with the foaming beverage without payment on delivery.

A letter on the table informs us that a play, which he has sent for the inspection of the manager, "will no doe:" and the enraged countenance of the wife sufficiently proves, that she is violently reproaching him for having deceived and ruined her. To heap the measure of his woes, the poor female whom he had seduced and deserted, now visits him, with her child, fondly hoping to alleviate his pangs: but the shock is too powerful for her; the blood forsakes her cheeks, and she sinks motionless on the floor. In the anguish of his soul, the cause of all this misery attempts to take away that life which is no longer worth enduring; but his horrid purpose is prevented, and he is conducted to a cell, more dreadful than even a prison,

"Where misery and madness hold their court."

But let us return to the present scene. The miserable inmate, who assists the fainting female, bears every mark of having been an old inhabitant of the dismal mansion. From his pocket hangs a scroll, on which is inscribed, "A scheme to pay the national debt, by J. L. now a prisoner in the Fleet." So attentive was this generous-spirited gentleman to the debts of the nation, that he totally forgot his own. The cries of the infant, and the humane attentions of the two women, heighten the interest, and realize the scene. A large pair of wings over the group, seems to intimate that some modern *Dedalus* has vainly attempted to escape from his confinement by a machine thus constructed; but not being able to carry his project into execution, he was pleased to exhibit his piece of mechanism on the tester of his bed.

A chemist in the back ground, happy in his views, is so absorbed in a profundity of thought, that nothing but the falling of a roof, or the bursting of a retort, can bring him back to his sober reason and understanding—And who can say that his felicity would be greater, when awakened from such a dream? The bed and grid-iron, those wretched remnants of the spendthrift's property, are brought here for his use in this degraded station; happy would he perhaps be to obtain repose on the one, or procure a palatable morsel by the assistance of the other.

It would be injustice to close the account of this design, without observing, that the principal figure is wonderfully delineated: every muscle is marked, and every nerve unstrung!

PLATE VIII.

THIS is the "last scene of all" in this eventful history; and even in this, the prodigal is attended by the affectionate and faithful female who owes all her wretchedness to his perfidy. In the first scene, we see him refuse the hand which he had solemnly protested should be united with his own. The third plate informs us, that she generously parts with the little all she is possessed of, to release him from the fangs of an unsentimental bailiff. Still hoping to alleviate his distress, she follows him to a prison, and now to the heart-rending abode of insanity.—Such are her returns for infidelity and desertion.

The late Mr. Mortimer, whose memory will be ever dear to genius and virtue, was once requested to delineate several of the passions as they are personified by Mr. *Gray*. One of the subjects proposed was

"Moody madness, laughing wild amidst severest woe."

The moment that this line was read to him, he opened a port-folio, whence he took out the eighth plate of the Rake's Progress, and, pointing to the principal figure in it, exclaimed, "Sir, if I had never seen this print, I "should say it was not possible to paint these contending passions in the "same countenance. Having seen this, which displays Mr. Gray's idea "with the faithfulness of a mirror, I dare not attempt it: I could only "make a correct copy; for a deviation from this portrait would be a de-"parture from the character."

The reclining figure, with a cross, is highly terrific.

The portraits of three saints are meant for those whose systems enforce the propagation of the religion of mercy by the sword and wheel. Near the same spot, is an astronomer attempting to discover the longitude, and

another gazing through a paper telescope. These two figures are designed from those on the gate of the hospital in Moorfields; which Mr. Pope, with more malignity than truth, calls "Cibber's brainless Brothers."

The group in which the mad musician is introduced, and a poor gentleman with his hands clasped together, is extremely interesting. A mock-monarch, and a crazy tailor, complete this congregation of calamity. Two women, impelled by extreme curiosity, are seen walking in the back-ground.

The disposition of the figures in this plate is good, the back-ground has great simplicity, and the light and perspective are judicious. The pictures, whence this set of engravings were copied, are now in the possession of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, Wiltshire.

MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE.

IN SIX PLATES.

PLATE I.

PLATE I. introduces a noble earl, with all the conscious dignity of high birth, displaying his genealogical tree, the root of which is *William, Duke of Normandy*, the conqueror of England. Thinking all the valour of his great progenitor, and all the merits of the collateral branches which dignify his pedigree, united in his own person, he considers an alliance with his son as the summit of exaltation. The rich citizen who has been prevailed on to part with a large sum for the introduction of his daughter into a noble family, devotes all his attention to the marriage settlement. The whole soul of the supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his illustrious ancestors; while the worshipful sheriff minutely calculates what provision there will be for younger children. Wholly engrossed by their favourite reflections, the wedded pair are not considered as worthy of a moment's consideration. To do the viscount justice, he appears to be equally indifferent. Though married, he is too much enamoured of himself to be captivated by any other object. He turns away from his young bride, to contemplate his own dear face, gazing in the mirror with satisfaction and delight, and affectedly displaying his glittering ring and snuff-box. The lady, perfectly inclined to retaliate, repays his indifference with sullenness and contempt. She is slighted by her husband, and therefore resolves to bestow her affections on some more attentive suitor.

The insidious lawyer opportunely appears at her right hand. He acquired the name of *Counsellor Silvertongue* by his address in making the worse appear the better. With such insinuating talents, the virtue of our viscountess was in the most imminent danger. The two pointers, chained together against their inclination, are strongly emblematical of the union which has recently taken place. The decorations of the ceiling of the magnificent apartment are preposterous, and display the bad taste of the projector. The artist's meaning was doubtless to ridicule the absurdities of those amateurs, who purchase such barbarous delineations.

The self-importance of the noble owner of the mansion, is manifested upon almost every article of his furniture. The coronet glitters not only on the canopy, but also on the frame of the looking-glass, the side of the pointer, and the crutches.

The author of *Biographical Anecdotes* observes, that, "Among such "little circumstances as might escape the notice of a careless spectator, "is the thief in the candle, emblematical of the mortgage on his lord-"ship's estate." He further remarks, that "the unfinished edifice seems "at a stand for want of money; no workman appearing on or near the "scaffolds.

The characters are admirably marked: the cautious countenance of the sheriff is finely contrasted with the assuming air of the imperious lord. The stare of the serjeant at so magnificent an edifice, and the subtle craft of the usurer delivering up the mortgage deed, are infinitely fine!

PLATE II.

FATIGUED with the dissipations of the night, and having had his sword broken in a riot, his lordship comes home at noon; where he beholds his lady just arisen, and seated *en dishabille* at her first repast. His melancholy countenance and position proclaim that he has been unsuccessful at the gaming-table. The cap and ribband, hanging out of his pocket, strongly indicate that part of his night has been passed in the company of some favourite female; and we are induced to suppose the dog had originally belonged to the lady who is the proprietor of the cap, from its exciting his attention so particularly.

Her ladyship, scarcely recovered from the fatigue of a rout, contemplates her face in a pocket mirror. Cards, instruments, and music-books, on the floor, clearly point out what were the amusements of the preceding night.

The yawning servant, in the back ground, seems totally inattentive to his lord and lady, and regardless of a chair which is in danger from the blaze of an expiring candle. The countenance and attitude of the old steward are admirably expressive of his thorough conviction, that ruin will inevitably overtake this infatuated pair. He brings a great number of bills for payment, on one of which is a receipt, dated January 4, 1744; which ascertains the time when vulgar tradesmen are generally thought too impertinent and troublesome to men of fashion.

Among the paintings in this stately saloon, are four cartoons: and next to that which is opposite the chandelier a faint representation of another picture is to be seen. The lines are probably intended to represent a ship in a storm, as emblematical of the wreck of the noble family, which now seems inevitable. A marble head, with a mutilated nose, is perhaps meant for one of the Cæsars, which decorates the centre of the chimney-piece.

The painting in a ponderous frame, serving as a kind of pediment to the chimney-piece, does honour to the classic taste of the proprietor; it is a Cupid playing on the bagpipes. The ornaments round the clock are equally elegant and appropriate; encompassed with a kind of grove, having a cat on the summit, and a Chinese pagoda at the bottom.

The chandelier, candlesticks, chairs, and other furniture, are doubtless from the designs of Kent, of whom the late Earl of Orford gives the following account:—"*Kent* was not only consulted in furniture, as frames "of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, &c. but for plate, for a barge, for a "cradle. So impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on "him to make designs for their birth-day gowns. The one he dressed in "a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders; the other like a "bronze, in copper-coloured sattin, with ornaments of gold." *Walpole's Anecdotes, 2d ed.* iv. 239.

PLATE III.

IN the two preceding prints, our hero and heroine shew a fashionable indifference towards each other. The profligate peer is now attending a quack doctor; whence it may be surmised, that he has injured his health, as well as dissipated his fortune. From the moment of his marriage, he has neglected the woman to whom he plighted his troth; and can it be matter of surprise that she should retaliate? By the viscount she was despised, by the advocate she was adored. Irritated by provocation, and attended by an interested advocate, can we wonder that this fair unfortunate forsook the paths of virtue?

To shew the probable consequence of licentious love, the artist exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy impostors, who vend destructive poison with impunity. This wretched quack being family-surgeon to the old procuress who stands at his right hand, formerly attended the young girl, and received a fee for a pretended cure; but the fact being otherwise, the enraged nobleman threatens to bastinado both surgeon and procuress, for having deceived him with a false and fabricated bill of health. That our irregular son of Æsculapius seems unconcerned at the charge exhibited against him, is accounted for by his having

been accustomed to hear such complaints. But the high priestess of the temple of Venus, tenacious of her good name, could not suffer any aspersions upon her professional reputation; she therefore unclasps her knife, with a determined resolution to stab him, and wash out the foul stain upon her honour with the blood of the accuser.

The collection of curiosities which forms this motley museum, is so exactly described by Dr. Garth, that it seems probable our delineator had consulted the Dispensatory. The lines are these:

> " Here mummies lie, most reverendly stale,
> " And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
> " Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
> " The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
> " Aloft, in rows, large pepy-heads were strung,
> " And near, a scaly alligator hung;
> " In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd,
> " In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid."

The horn of a sea unicorn conveys the idea of a barber's pole: this, with the pewter bason and broken comb, hint at the former profession of our venerable-looking mock-doctor. The high-crowned hat, the ancient spur, a model of a gallows, with sundry other rarities, clearly intimate that this great man is a member of the Antiquarian Society, or is qualifying himself for a candidate to be admitted a member of that respectable body.

The dried body in the glass case, the skeleton, and the cage, form a trio which may serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians. Even the skulls have character; and an Egyptian mummy has a most majestic aspect. The two complicated machines, intended for performing the most simple operations, are to inform us, that our sagacious doctor is acquainted with mechanics.

The procuress delineated in this plate is said to have been designed for the once celebrated *Betty Careless*, and the remark is countenanced by the initials B. C. on her bosom. This woman, by a very natural transmigration, from being one of the most fashionable of the *Cyprian corps*, became lady abbess of a brothel; and, after frequent arrests and imprisonments, was buried from the poor-house of *St. Paul's*, Covent Garden, April 22, 1752.

Fielding, in his *Amelia*, says, " It was impossible to conceive a greater " appearance of modesty, innocence, and simplicity, than what nature " had displayed in the countenance of that girl,"—meaning her whom he in another place calls " the inimitable *Betsy Careless*."

PLATE IV.

BY the death of the old peer, our heroine is become a countess, and, intoxicated with her elevation, rambles through every maze of dissipation. Her excesses are the more criminal, by the consequent neglect of her family, as we learn from the coral on the back of her chair, that she is become a mother. Her levee is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour. The Italian singer is retained in mere compliance to the fashion of the day. The Swiss servant, dressing her ladyship's hair, has all the grimace of his country. Lost to every sense, but that of hearing, the lady is exalted to the third heaven by the mellifluous warblings of the Italian. The country gentleman, with a whip in his hand, is more delighted with the echoing *Tally Ho!* The fine feeling creature, with a fan suspended from his wrist, is marked with a foolish enraptured face; it being the *ton* to admire what is not understood.

The figure blowing a flute is assisted by every muscle in his face. A little black boy, in the opposite corner, is examining a collection of grotesque China ornaments, bought at the sale of Timothy Babyhouse, Esq. —he pays great attention to a figure of Acteon, and, with a significant leer, points to his horns. The fantastic group of hydras, gorgons, &c. are an admirable specimen of the absurd and shapeless monsters which disgraced our drawing-rooms.

The cards of invitation, scattered on the floor, afford a competent idea of *polite literature*. Their contents are,

" Count Basset desire to no how Lade Squander sleep last nite."

" Lord Squander's company is desired at Lady Townly's drum. " Munday next."

" Lady Squander's company is desired at Miss Hairbrain's rout."

" Lady Squander's company is desired at Lady Heathou's drum- " major. *Sunday next.*"

The pictures are well suited to the profligate proprietors, and sarcastically burlesque the grossly indelicate subjects so frequently painted by the ancient masters: Lot and his two Daughters; Ganymede and the Eagle; Jupiter and Io; and a portrait of the young counsellor—the seducer of the countess.

It may be worth remarking, that Ganymede is whimsically placed over the head of the Italian.

PLATE V.

THE exasperated peer, suspecting the fidelity of his wife, follows her in disguise to the masquerade, and from thence traces her and her paramour to a bagnio; where, being informed they are retired to a bed-room, he bursts open the door, and draws his sword to attack the spoiler of his honour. Too violent to be cautious, his only object is revenge, and, making a furious thrust at the lawyer, neglects his own guard, and receives from him a mortal stab.

The horrid deed effected, the destroyer had not the fortitude to meet the consequences. Destitute of courage and honour, and dreading the avenging hand of offended justice, he meanly and precipitately retreats.

The countess, experiencing some pangs from the recollection of her former conduct, some touches of shame at her detection, and some horror at the fate of her husband, kneels at his feet, and implores forgiveness.

Her tears, however, were not so much the result of repentance as regret. She is too deeply plunged in vice, to feel that conscious ingenuous shame, which accompanies a good mind, torn by the recollection of having deviated from the paths of virtue.

On the alarm of the *rencontre*, a constable and watchman are ushered into the room by the master of the house; his meagre figure is well contrasted by the portly consequential magistrate of the night. We see the watchman's lantern over their heads; his humility teaching him to be the last in the throng; well knowing that, though the front may be the post of *honour*, it is also the post of *danger*.

Over the door is the picture of St. Luke, the patron of painters, seemingly observing the scene now passing, in order to make a sketch of the transaction. On the hangings we see a representation of Solomon's wise judgment. The counsellor's mask on the floor " *grins horribly*" at the catastrophe. Dominos, stays, shoes, &c. scattered round the room, proclaim that the ill-fated countess is not now attended by her *femme-de-chambre*. From a faggot, and a shadow of a pair of tongs, we may infer that there is a fire in the room, which judiciously fixes the time to be winter, a season in which masquerades are most frequent in the metropolis. We discover, by the bill, that this apartment is in the Turk's Head Bagnio.

PLATE VI.

THE last sad scene is the house of the father of our unfortunate heroine, to which she had returned upon her husband's untimely death. Though guiltless in the eye of the law, as not having been the immediate cause of his murder, a consciousness of her guilt inflicts a severer punishment than is known to human laws. This, added to the reproaches of her father, and the taunts of the world, renders life insupportable. Seeing no prospect of an alleviation of her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of terminating her calamities by poison; and, by bribing her father's servant to procure her a dose of laudanum, she finishes the dreadful deed.

Near the phial, on the floor, lies Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech, plainly intimating that he also has received the punishment he merited. As they were partners in wickedness, they are companions in death!

The avaricious father, seeing his daughter expiring, and knowing the value of her diamond ring, coolly draws the glittering ornament from her finger, fearing the nurse might otherwise take a fancy to it. This little circumstance shews that the prominent feature of his mind is avarice. His

gold chain pronounces him a sheriff of London; and, from a gown hanging up near the clock, we discover him to be an alderman. His sleek appearance induces us to infer, that he is not backward in his attendance on city feasts; the scanty meagre viands of his own table being but ill calculated to procure a jolly countenance. The hungry appearance of a greyhound, taking advantage of the general confusion, and seizing ravenously on the brawn's head, convinces us that the dignified sheriff-alderman provides but scantily for his domestics.

The poor emaciated child shews some degree of concern for its expiring mother; and the clamorous howl of the old nurse is admirably described: these are the only two of the party who exhibit any tokens of grief. The snug apothecary indeed laments that his patient should die, before she has taken an hepatic, soporific, somniferous jalap. Pointing to the dying speech, he threatens the terrified foot-boy with an ignominious death, for having bought the laudanum: the effects of fright on the ignorant rustic are finely delineated. We behold the back of the retreating physician, enraged that his patient should quit the world without his *fiat*.

Every ornament in the sheriff's parlour is appropriate to the man. We are struck with the representation of a fellow lighting his tobacco by the red nose of his companion; a stroke judiciously aimed at the ridiculous absurdities of the Dutch painters. The pipe and bottle, placed upon the day-book and ledger, accompanied by a broken punch-bowl, intimate that this venerable citizen united business with pleasure. The view through an open window marks the situation of our merchant's house to be near London Bridge. The time denoted by the clock shews that our plodding merchant was an early diner.

Our moral dramatist has now completed his tragedy. The *Clandestine Marriage* is professedly formed upon the model of these prints. On the 6th of June, 1750, the original pictures were purchased at Hogarth's auction for one hundred and twenty guineas; a sum by no means equal to their value. Mr. *Lane*, of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, was the purchaser.

THE FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY.

MORNING.

PLATE I.

MISS *Bridget Alworthy*, an antiquated virgin, is marked with that prim and awkward formality which generally accompanies the order to which she belongs; for every part of her dress, except the flying lappets and apron, which are a little ruffled by the wind, is as rigidly precise as if it was frozen. She is indeed a perfect symbol of the season—

——" Chaste as the icicle
" That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
" And hangs on Dian's temple."

Extreme cold is finely expressed in the crawling slip-shod foot-boy, carrying his mistress's prayer-book after her to Covent-garden church, to which she constantly repaired to assist in the morning service. By this figure of the withered virgin, Hogarth is said to have been a sufferer: it was taken from an acquaintance, or relation, of his, who, for a time, was rather satisfied than disgusted with her resemblance; but some designing people, teaching her to consider the liberty which Hogarth had taken was for no other purpose than to exhibit her as a mark for ridicule, she struck the name of the painter out of her will, which had been made considerably in his favour.

Miss Bridget, with all the pride and severity of stubborn virginity, surveys the poor girls who reluctantly receive the odious caresses of a pair of drunken beaus, just staggered out of *Tom King's Coffee-house*. A basket on the arm of one of them, proclaims her to be an orange-girl, who seems not in the least offended at the boisterous salute of her *Hibernian* lover, whose country is depicted in his countenance. The female whose face is partly concealed, seems not to be composed of the most inflexible materials.

The old woman, seated on a basket, the girl warming her hands from the feeble blaze of a few withered sticks burning on the ground, and the wretched tattered mendicant imploring charity from the vestal on her road to church, form a very pleasing groupe. A party warmly engaged in a fray, at the door of *Tom King's* Coffee-house, seems determined to furnish employment for the magistrates and surgeons of the neighbourhood.

On the opposite side are two little school-boys, each bearing a loaded satchel at his back; and, as *Shakespeare* emphatically says,

" Creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

The lantern by the side of the woman with a basket on her head, proves that she arose earlier than the sun, and had performed her accustomed business by artificial light. Near her, that descendant of *Paracelsus*, Dr. *Rock* (though others say a celebrated fire-eater, who used to draw a crowd of spectators about him by pretending to swallow flaming tow) expatiates, with wonderful vociferation, on the prodigious efficacy of his nostrums. The king's arms on the board seems to intimate that he has a royal patent to sanction the depredations he makes on the lives and constitutions of his majesty's faithful subjects. The vender of rice-milk, who then served the market with that commodity every morning, is pointed out by two porringers and a spoon placed upon the bottom of a basket.

The porter, fatigued with the business of the morning, is leaning carelessly on a rail; and the blind man is advancing towards the church, perhaps to offer up his prayers at the door for pecuniary favours, and enforce his claim upon the votaries of religion, by informing them that he has the misfortune to be a poor blind man.

To dissipate the chilling prospect of the snow upon the ground, and the icicles hanging from the pent-house, a shop presents itself, at a very little distance, where spirituous liquors are to be procured, *pro bono publico*. The signals of invitation are, a large pewter measure on a post before the door, and three of a smaller size over the window of the house.

The hand of the dial pointing to a few minutes before seven, the marks on the snow of little shoes and pattens, and the various productions of the season in the market, show the extreme accuracy and minute attention of our artist.

That every one may be convinced of the propriety of exhibiting a scene of riot in Tom King's Coffee-house, we have quoted the following article from the *Weekly Miscellany*, for June 9, 1739.—" Monday, Mrs. *Mary* " *King*, of *Covent Garden*, was brought up to the King's Bench bar at " Westminster, and received the following sentence for keeping a disor- " derly house: viz. To pay a fine of two hundred pounds, to suffer three " months imprisonment, to find security for her good behaviour for three " years, and to remain in prison till the fine be paid."

Finding herself thus incapable of carrying on her former business, as soon as the time of her imprisonment was ended, she retired upon the little independence which her *industry* had acquired, and built three houses on Haverstock-hill, near *Hampstead*; in one of which she died. Her own mansion was afterwards the last residence of the celebrated *Nancy Dawson*, and the three together are still distinguished by the appellation of *Moll King's Row*.

NOON.

PLATE II.

ISSUING from the church, we behold the fantastic flighty Frenchwoman, accompanied by her equally fantastic husband; and a boy, whose figure is singularly national. The whole congregation, male and female, old and young, may truly be said to carry the air of their country in countenance, dress, and deportment.

The old fellow, whose head is decorated with a black periwig, has a most acid countenance, and gazes with contempt on the frippery gentlewoman before him. The woman, seems piously considering how she can best accomplish her design upon the pocket of the embroidered beau. Two old sibyls, joining their withered lips in a fashionable salute, can only be forgiven on the score of national custom. The divine has a good rectorial countenance, and seems to have resided in this kingdom long enough to have acquired the appearance of a beef-eater. The little boy, with his bee-hive night-cap, drawn over a most venerable peruke, and the decrepid old man leaning on a crutch-stick, may perhaps be thought *outre*, by those who have not seen the peasantry of Flanders, and the plebeian youth of

France; but persons who have visited the continent will acknowledge them to be excellent caricatures.

"Good Eating" is inscribed on a sign of the Baptist's Head, and each side is garnished with a mutton-chop, for those who dislike the flavour of wild honey. The good lady at the window above, by her violent action, and impassioned eloquence, seems throwing a family-dinner into the street, perhaps to retaliate upon her husband for his provoking temper. A girl, laden with a pie from the bake-house, is stopped and saluted by a blackamoor, who eagerly rubs his sable visage against her blooming cheek.

Good eating is also pourtrayed on the lower part of the picture. A boy having placed a dish on a post, which contained a baked pudding, by some accident it falls upon the pavement; and, while he is loudly lamenting his misfortune, the smoking remnants are eagerly snatched up and devoured by a hungry girl, without the least remorse of conscience. In opposition to the head without a body, hung out as the sign of an eating-house, we behold a body without a head exhibited as the sign of a distiller's. The scene is laid at the door of a French chapel in *Hog-lane*, a part of the town then almost wholly occupied by French inhabitants. A kite blown from an adjacent field, entangled on the roof of the chapel, and hanging on the wall, has been conjectured to intimate that the good people who compose the congregation, after having been blown out of their own country by a *religious storm*, found a peaceful harbour here, safely sheltered from the hurricanes of enthusiasm, or the blasts of superstition. It is certain, however, that our artist rarely presents any object without a particular and pointed allusion.

The dial of St. Giles's church informs us that it is only half an hour after eleven o'clock. At this early hour in those days good eating was perhaps as much practised as it is now at five in the afternoon. Good drinking also demanded, at that time, their particular attention; as appears by about a score of pewter measures, which decorate the houses of distillers, or the venders of their mirth-inspiring potions. The dead kitten and choked-up kennels, show that the scavengers of St. Giles's are negligent in the duties of their office. An oblique hint was probably intended respecting many other parishes about the metropolis, to stimulate their officers to pay the strictest attention to cleanliness, as tending in an essential manner to the preservation of the health of the inhabitants.

The boy who had the misfortune with the baked pudding is said, by some, to have been copied from a figure in a picture of the *Rape of the Sabines*, by *N. Poussin*, now in the collection of Mr. *Hoare* at *Stourhead*; but the late Mr. *John Henderson* has often sportively assured his friends, that he stood to *Hogarth* for the sketch when he was with *Fournier* the drawing-master.

EVENING.

PLATE III.

IN the early impressions of this plate, the face and neck of the woman are coloured with red, to express her extreme heat; and the hands of the man are tinged with blue, to intimate that he was a dyer. Fatigue was never better delineated than in the representation of this amiable pair. The lady's aspect at once acquaints us with her genuine character: we are, at the first glance, convinced that she was born to command. Her husband, crowned with horns by the generosity of his superior half, appears, by the simplicity of his countenance, to be perfectly at home in the character allotted to him. *Venus* and *Adonis* appear to advantage on the fan of the fair lady. The heir apparent, with a cockade in his hat, and taking an evening's ride on papa's gilt-headed cane, seems less under the controul of the lady than his venerable sire. The face of a shrew, though but in embryo, is happily imagined in that of the daughter.

The group enveloped by their own smoke in the alehouse window is well conceived, and as completely executed. Anxious to enjoy a refreshing walk in the country, and inhale the salubrious air, they have seated themselves in a dismal lumber-closet, with a low ceiling; where, in the true energy of smoking, every man casts his periwig from his head; and, substituting a pocket-handkerchief in its stead, has the sublime satisfaction of swallowing the pure dust from the adjacent road, the fumes of ardent spirits, and the clouds of smoke which issue from half a dozen pipes.

The old gentleman in a black bag-wig, and the two women near him, form a contrast to the sweltering party by placing themselves in the open air. From the woman milking the cow, it may be reasonably supposed that the hour is about five in the afternoon. The animal, while she is producing the liquid aliment for the sustenance of man, seems also to feel the inconvenience of heat, by her whisking off the tormenting flies; and the dog surveys with pleasure the crystal rivulet, in which his own shadow is reflected; a hot summer is manifested by the luxuriant foliage of a vine which creeps along an ale-house window.

On the margin of the New River, where the scene is represented, we behold a wooden pipe, to inform us that the delicious stream of water now before us is transmitted to the metropolis by such conductors; furnishing wealth to a very opulent and respectable company, and the means of cleanliness, health, happiness, and convenience to the inhabitants of the greatest city in the universe. To Sir Hugh Middleton, mankind are principally indebted for the completion of this project; of whom no other memorial seems to have appeared than a sign of his head, which is still retained in this portraiture of Evening, opposite to *Sadler's Wells*.

Some further notice of this public-spirited man will not, it is supposed, be thought impertinent by our readers.

He was a native of *Denbigh*, in *North Wales*, and a citizen and goldsmith of *London*.

Though there were three acts of parliament, empowering the freemen of *London* to cut through lands, and bring a river from any part of *Middlesex* or *Hertfordshire*, the project had always been thought impracticable, till Sir *Hugh Middleton* undertook it. He made choice of two springs, one in the parish of *Amwell*, in *Hertfordshire*; the other in *Ware*, in the same county. Having united their streams, with immense labour and expense, he conveyed them to *London*. This arduous undertaking was begun on the 20th of *February* 1608, and brought into the reservoir at *Islington*, on *Michaelmas-day* 1613. He exhausted his private fortune in this grand enterprise; but *James the First* created him a baronet, which honour has been enjoyed by his descendants, as a kind of consideration for the loss of a very handsome fortune.

The seventy-two shares, into which this liquid property was originally divided, sold at first for one hundred pounds each; and hardly any advantage was derived from it to the proprietors for almost thirty years. In 1780, however, shares were sold at nine or ten thousand pounds each; and their price is increasing in proportion to the increase of the dividends, by which their value is regulated.

NIGHT.

PLATE IV.

THOUGH Mr. *Walpole* (afterwards earl of Orford) observes, that this print is inferior to the other three, it is generally admitted that there is genuine broad humour in many of the figures. Mr. *Walpole*, however, was too good a judge of the productions of art to expect to find in any two pictures an *equal* degree of merit; still less could he suppose that, among four excellent compositions, it was a matter of surprise that a connoisseur should, according to the standard of his taste and judgment, select a *best* and a *worst*, though all are capital in a great degree. His opinion, therefore, cannot cast a shade on the reputation of our artist.

The wounded freemason, who in zeal of brotherly love, and for the honour of masonry, has swallowed such copious draughts of invigorating juice that he is unable to stagger home, is under convoy of the waiter. This figure has been generally considered as intended for Sir *Thomas de Veil*, and many who have seen an authenticated portrait of the knight, are still of that opinion; though Sir *John Hawkins* asserts, that "he could discover no resemblance." He might, perhaps, have been seen by Sir *John*, when he sat sedately in his magisterial capacity; but he is here represented as a little out of the line of sobriety. The exasperated vixen showering her favours from the window upon his head, convinces us that the inmates of such a house as the Rummer-tavern, have experienced the harsh

punishments of over-vigilant justices of the peace, and therefore she embraces the glorious opportunity of taking a small portion of revenge.

De Veil was appointed, in February 1738, inspector-general of the imports and exports; in which situation he acted with such severity against the retailers of spirituous liquors, that a gang of rioters, headed by one *Allen*, engaged in the task of pulling down his house, and bringing to summary punishment two informers who were therein concealed. For this offence *Allen* was tried and acquitted, the jury considering him as under the influence of insanity. The waiter who supports his worship, bears a patch upon his forehead, a very significant type of having been lately in a fray.

The Salisbury flying coach, oversetting near the bonfire, is said to have an allusion to a noble peer, who frequently amused himself by driving his own carriage over hedges, ponds, and rivers; and has been sometimes known to drive three or four of his female servants into a deep water, and leave them there in the vehicle to shift for themselves. The butcher and little fellow who assist the terrified passengers, are perhaps freemasons. One of them appears to have a mop in his hand;—the pail is not to be seen. To crown the joys of the populace, a man with a pipe in his mouth is filling a capacious hogshead with British burgundy.

The joint operation of shaving and bleeding is performed by a drunken apprentice. The miserable wretches under the barber's bench, display a melancholy prospect of penury and wretchedness; a cart at a distance, laden with furniture, is perhaps conveying a poor tenant's goods out of the reach of the landlord's execution. There is humour in the barber's sign and inscription:—"Shaving, bleeding, and teeth drawn with a touch. ECCE SIGNUM."

The oaken boughs on the sign, and the leaves from the same loyal tree in the freemasons' hats, inform us that the time of this rejoicing night is the twenty-ninth of May, the anniversary of our second Charles's restoration. It is perhaps on this account that the artist laid his scene in sight of the beautiful equestrian statue to the memory of the *first Charles*. A house on fire at a distance reminds us that accidents of such a kind are far from uncommon on such rejoicing nights.

The original pictures of *Morning* and *Noon* were purchased of Mrs. Hogarth by the *Duke of Ancaster*, for fifty-seven guineas: *Evening* and *Night* were sold to Sir *William Heathcote* for sixty-four guineas.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

TO the evils of poverty, the *Enraged Musician* is now a perfect stranger. His *adagios* and *cantabiles* have procured him the protection of the *most noble* and *right honourable*; and, unlike the poor shirtless mendicant of the muses, whom he left pining in a garret, he is gorgeously apparelled; his garment is embellished with glittering frogs, and a bag-wig, solitaire, and ruffled shirt, unite in the decoration of this disseminator of harmony: attending in the anti-chamber of a man of fashion, whom he graciously condescends to instruct in the most divine of all sciences, he tunes his instrument, opens his book of airs, gracefully shoulders his violin, and flourishes the fiddlestick, which

"Sooths his soul to pleasure."

But this sublime delight is suddenly interrupted with the horrid din of all the infernal ministers of discord; which occasions the musical hero to start from his seat, and precipitately open the window. Such a combination of noises bursts upon the auricular nerve, that he is compelled to stop his ears, though it is impossible to stop the distracting torrent of confusion. The prince of crotchets is delineated in this striking situation; and who that contemplates the figures which are before him, can wonder at his rage?

Of the *dramatis personæ* who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow, who with a loud infernal tone, and ear-piercing shriek, bellows out DUST, HO! DUST, HO, DUST! Next to him, a kind of amphibious animal, who nightly reposes on the sedgy bosom of old Thames, emulates the roaring of a cataract, and bellows *Flounders*, flound-a-a-a-rs, as if issuing from the mouths of a score of eighteen-pounders. A daughter of *May-day*, who deals in an article called milk, and is consequently denominated a milk-maid, exalts her croaking voice in vociferating BELAW! The female ballad-singer dolefully and sonorously entertains us with the lamentable story of The Lady's Fall. The infant in her arms assists the shrill efforts of the parrot, seated on the lamp-iron over her head. Two amorous cats on the roof of an opposite house seem to be on the point of consummating their noisy, boisterous, and unhallowed loves. The little French drummer, accompanying his rub-a-dub with his voice, and the captivating yell of a dog, whose leg is crushed by a grinder's wheel, complete the vocal melody.

Among the instrumental performers, a fellow blowing a shrill horn demands notice and attention: next to him the dustman, by the ceaseless clamour of his bell, renders the sense of hearing a dire misfortune. The intervals are filled up by the paviour; who to every stroke of the ponderous hammer, adds a significant *haugh!* The poor animal, who more resembles a monkey than he perhaps imagines, piping harsh discords upon a hautboy, the girl whirling her rattle, and the boy labouring upon his drum, form together a most harmonious band.

All this we may almost be said to hear; and a flag displayed at the church convinces us that a party of college youths are performing a round of double bob-majors in the belfry. "John Long, Pewterer," is inscribed over a door, to intimate that a parcel of hammers are probably engaged in forming and fabricating that sonorous metal.

The scene is so well represented, that no one can be surprised at the observation made by an *amateur*, that "it deafens one to look at it." The roar of the fisherman, with one hand so placed as to become a sort of sounding-board, and produce reverberation, is admirably depicted. The scene seems to be taken from the lower part of St. *Martin*'s Lane; it is certainly intended to represent the steeple of St. Martin's church.

A play-bill on the wall acquaints us with the unaccountable run of that very popular performance, The Beggar's Opera, which was no less than sixty-two nights. In a copy of this piece, published in 1729, the *dramatis personæ* appear as here written: and the good fortune which attended Miss *Fenton*'s attractions in Polly, is too generally known to require a repetition.

The figures are well grouped, and most excellently described.

Of the immense fortunes realized by Italian professors of music, we have many examples in this country; but the success of *Lully* in France, far exceeded what any of his countrymen ever experienced here. By birth a Florentine, his fiddle and his impudence raised him from the queen of France's kitchen, to be chief of the band of music; and he carried the art to a degree of perfection till then unknown in that kingdom. Louis XIV. gave him letters of nobility, and on his account decreed, that the profession of music should consist with the quality of a gentleman. Excessive drinking put a period to his life, after having acquired a fortune that was immense.

THE DISTREST POET.

Furnish'd with paper, pen, and ink,
He gravely sat him down to think:
He bit his nails, and scratch'd his head;
But fancy, wit, and taste were fled.

SUCH is the state of many miserable rhymers, who, to procure a scanty maintenance, engage to furnish poetry by the yard; who, inattentive to the quality of their compositions, make out a bill for the quantity, and, like brick-makers, estimate their fabrications at a certain rate *per* thousand. Unfortunately, these poets of London are almost wholly unacquainted with pastoral life, and therefore know little of *purling* and *meandering streams, love-inviting bowers, waving woods*, and *shady groves*; they have never tasted of the calm delights of *rural simplicity*. Instead of breathing the pure air of a village, they swallow the suffocating and putrid smoke of the metropolis; and from their garrets observe no *verdant meads* and *glittering dew-drops*; nor are they cheered with the reviving fragrance of the damask rose.

The poet, who may be considered as the hero of the piece, considering independence as the most valuable ingredient in human life, has wisely determined to produce a *poem upon riches*, a subject to which he has hitherto been totally a stranger. Seated on the side of his bed, and defended from inclemency only by an ancient night-gown; imagination glowing with the sublime; he seems inspired and delighted with his subject; when unluckily a nymph from the milky way, like a ghost, comes

stalking in, and destroys his high-soaring ideas. Her shrill-sounding voice on the magnitude of the score, accompanied with reiterated threats of giving no further credit, alarms the female partner of the bard, and obliterates from his memory some of the noblest of stanzas which his fancy had created.

Recovered from his shock, his ruffled mind grows calm, and he still conceives himself in possession of the Peruvian mines, a prospect of which is visible over his head, though far above his reach. *Bysche's* Art of Poetry, lying on the table, shows that our versifier is unacquainted with the art of jingling, and is a stranger even to the mechanical part of poesy. From the *Grub-street Journal* on the floor, it seems natural to suppose that he may have been a contributor to that valuable repository of genius and erudition. His pipe and tobacco-box, the friends and promoters of cogitation, seem to intimate that opaque clouds of smoke may occasionally envelop and obscure his talents.

By the sloping roof and projecting chimney, we learn that the throne of this inspired bard is far above the multitude. A garret is the height of his ambition, and he is happy in the possession of such an elevated habitation. The chimney is embellished with a dare of larks, a loaf, a book, a saucepan, and the utensils necessary for tea.

His sword lies peaceably on the floor; for our professor of poetry deals in no other instruments of war than sarcastic words; but in 1740 a sword was a necessary appendage to every thing which called itself a gentleman. At the feet of his domestic help-mate, the full-dress coat performs the humble office of furnishing repose for a cat and two half-starved kittens: one stocking is also seen on the same spot, and another half immersed in the washing-pan. The broom, mop, and bellows, are scattered on the floor. A fencing foil is degraded into a poker, and submits to the mean employment of stirring a half-extinguished fire. The open door exposes an unfurnished cupboard, in which a starving solitary mouse is in vain endeavouring to discover a morsel of provision.

The cracking plastering of the walls, the broken window, and the irregular floor, remind us of the artist's strict attention to the propriety of scenery in this wretched abode of the fabricator of heroic verse.

The long cloak, hanging in the corner, is finely calculated to conceal the tattered wardrobe of the heroine of the tale.

The original picture is in the possession of Lord *Grosvenor*.

When this composition was first engraved and published, the following quotation from *Pope's Dunciad* was inscribed under the print:

> " Studious he sate, with *all his books* around,
> " Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound:
> " Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
> " Then wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair."

" All his books,"—when only one appeared, shows that our artist was not at first aware of the impropriety of introducing those lines as explanatory of his subject; but upon mature consideration, he judiciously erased them.

ROAST BEEF AT THE GATE OF CALAIS.

MR. WALPOLE observes, that in this piece, though it has *great* merit, " the caricatura is carried to excess." That this is not the general opinion, a thousand proofs might be adduced. The thought on which this highly characteristic print is founded, originated in *Calais*, to which place Mr. *Hogarth*, accompanied by some of his friends, made an excursion in 1747. Mr. *Pine*, the engraver, sat for the portrait of the friar, a circumstance of which he afterwards repented; for, thereby obtaining the nick-name of *Friar Pine*, and being much persecuted and jeered upon the occasion, he strove to prevail on *Hogarth* to give his ghostly father another face. Indeed, when he sat to our artist, he did not know to what purpose his similitude would afterwards be applied.

The original picture is in the possession of *Lord Charlemont*. Soon after it was finished, it fell down by accident, and a nail ran through the cross on the top of the gate. *Hogarth* endeavoured in vain to mend it with the same colour, so as to conceal the blemish: he, therefore, introduced a starved crow, looking down on the roast-beef, and thus effectually covered the defect.

Full of national partiality, and ignorant of French customs, *Hogarth* considered the *Gate of Calais* merely as a piece of ancient architecture, and began to make a sketch of it. This was soon discovered; he was taken immediately as a spy who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musqueteers to *M. le Commandant*. His sketch-book was minutely examined, but none of the drawings which it contained had any sort of relation to military tactics. The governor, however, politely assured him, that had not a treaty between the nations been actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts. As the case now stood, he must be permitted the privilege of providing him a few *military* attendants, who should do themselves the honour of waiting upon him while he resided in the dominions of the Grand Monarque.

Two centinels were then ordered to convey him to his hotel, and afterwards to the vessel; nor did they lose sight of their prisoner till he was about a league from shore, when, seizing him by the shoulders, and twirling him round upon the deck, they pronounced him at liberty to pursue his voyage without any further molestation.

Though he never relished the recital of this mortifying adventure, he has in this engraving recorded the circumstance which led to it. In one corner we see a portrait of *Hogarth* making the drawing; and, to show the moment of arrest, the hand of a serjeant is seen upon his shoulder.

The French centinel is so placed as to convey some idea of a figure hanging in chains. The resemblance between an old woman and the fish which she is pointing at, is wonderfully striking. The abundance of parsnips and other vegetables, not only shows what are the principal ingredients which compose French feasts, but forms a kind of contrast to the substantial surloin exhibited in the same scene.

A wooden representation of the starved centinel has frequently decorated the top of advertisements for recruits, where it is opposed to the figure of a well-fed *gourmand*, characteristically entitled a valiant British soldier.

THE MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

SOME time after the publication of this plate, the following inscription was engraved on it:

> " Think not to find one *meant* resemblance here;
> " We lash the vices, but the persons spare.
> " Prints should be priz'd as authors should be read,
> " Who sharply smile prevailing folly dead.
> " So *Rabelais* laugh'd, and so *Cervantes* thought;
> " So Nature dictated what Art has taught."

It is certain, however, that most of these figures are intended for individual portraits; but Hogarth was not ambitious of appearing as a personal satirist; fearful of making enemies among his contemporaries, he never would acknowledge who were the characters. Some of the world might probably mistake; for, though the author was faithful in his delineations, inebriation so completely alters the countenance, that, according to the trite and familiar proverb, " the man is *not himself*." His portrait, though a striking likeness for the moment, would hardly be recognised by those who had not been accustomed to see him in this disguise.

Upon the authority of Sir *John Hawkins*, we are enabled to pronounce the divine to be intended for *Henley*, the *Clare-market* Orator; and Sir John's opinion is corroborated by an original sketch of that Orator baptizing a child, in the possession of Mr. *Samuel Ireland*: it has that clerical rubicundity of face which is observable in our smoking parson, who is here characteristically exhibited with a cork-screw, serving also for a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger.

The singular propriety of the appearance of the cork-screw in such a situation, may be illustrated by the following anecdote:—*Lord Sandwich*, not very eminent for his reverence of the clerical habit, being once in company where there were several clergymen, offered, in a whisper, to lay a considerable wager with the gentleman who sat next him, that among the *ten* parsons there was not one prayer-book. The wager was accepted, and a pretended dispute gave him occasion to ask for a prayer-book to decide it—they had not one. He soon after privately offered to lay another wager with the same gentleman, That among the *ten parsons* there was *half a score* cork-screws. This also was accepted; and the butler, being previously instructed, coming into the room with a bottle of claret,

and a broken cork-screw, requested any gentleman to lend him one. In an instant it appeared that every parson present was furnished with a cork-screw.

Our reverend smoker, almost enveloped in the clouds of his own making,

" No loftier theme his thought pursues,
" Than punch, good company, and dues.
" Easy and careless what may fall,
" He hears, assents, and fills to all;
" Proving it plainly by his face,
" That cassocks are no signs of grace."

The accomplished Bacchanalian standing next him, waving his bumper in the air, having thrown aside his sweltering wig, is zealously anointing the head of the Divine with the oil of cheerfulness. He is evidently drinking destruction to fanatics, and success to mother church; or a mitre and lawn sleeves to his spirit-loving neighbour.

The next is known to be a representation of one *Kettleby*, a vociferous bar-orator; who, though an utter barrister, is remarkable for wearing a full-bottomed wig, in which we here behold him. A diabolical squint, accompanied with a satanic smile, make horror still more horrible.

The maudlin wretch who is addressing him is finely depicted; a vacuity of thought, and imbecility of expression, is visible in every feature of his face. He is probably explaining to the counsellor some knotty point of the law, or informing him that he has been most cruelly cheated by the long-robed fraternity; that his attorney is an infernal villain, and that he *lost* his cause when he certainly ought to have *got* it. His tale may perhaps be founded upon fact; for his appearance indicates that he has certainly been among thieves. The barrister, deprived by practice of every tender feeling, grins horribly at his misfortunes; declaring, that he deserved the treatment he had received, for not employing a *gentleman* in the business. Had you, *says he*, given me the management of your cause, right or wrong I should have brought you through the piece.

His neighbour, in a black wig, politely turns his back upon the company, that he may enjoy a *sociable* pipe unnoticed and undisturbed.

The justice, to prevent incumbrance, has discharged his hat, cloak, and periwig, for which he has substituted a night-cap, and sits in solemn cogitation, with a capacious goblet rearing its lofty head before him. He is, perhaps, determining to enforce the statutes for the punishment of tippling. His left elbow is supported by the table, and his right by the back of a chair, each hand busily employed with the implements of smoking: he puffs the narcotic fumes over the apartment, and seems to feel the importance of a magistrate of the quorum.

With mouth extended, and close-folded arms, another leans, asleep and motionless, in the chair. His wig has forsook his head, and speech has forsook his tongue: but though deficient in articulation, we perceive he is sonorous; and the artist has so admirably represented him, that we almost think we hear his nasal harmony.

The vanquished hero on the floor appears to be a military officer; his forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. A gentleman in the corner, in whose pocket may be seen the Craftsman and the London Evening Post, is doubtless a politician. Under the influence of the juice of the bowl, he very naturally, though unfortunately, mistakes his ruffle for the capacious end of the pipe, and sets it in a blaze.

The person bedizened with a bag-wig and solitaire, was probably a fine gentleman in 1735. We may surely venture to hazard a pun upon this occasion—he seems literally *sick* of his company.

The company consists of eleven, and twenty-three empty bottles are seen on the chimney-piece, floor, and table. These, added to that which the apothecary is pouring the nectar from to wash the wounds and cool the head of the disciple of Mars, prove that this select society have not been indolent. The flowing bowl, full goblets, and charged glasses, show that they are not weary of the sport, though the clock announces the hour of four in the morning—

" What have we with day to do?
" Sons of Care, 'twas made for you."

The clock takes a part in the irregularity of the proceedings, for the hour-hand and the minute figure display a spirit of contradiction.

Why this select company consists of exactly eleven, cannot easily be conjectured, unless we suppose them to have been cricketers; and then there should have been eleven on each side. In the most important matters respecting human affairs, we are accustomed to have recourse to *dozens* instead of *elevens*. We have *twelve judges* to expound the laws, and *twelve jurors* to apply those laws; *twelve pence* make a shilling sterling, and *twelve ounces* are equal to a pound troy; *twelve calendar months* compose the circling year; and we have heard of the *twelve apostles*. *A propos*, an anecdote which I have heard of poor *Mortimer* the painter occurs to me. Though possessing great convivial talents, he had a strong aversion to *large* companies, and used jocularly to say, that " if he invited the twelve " apostles to supper, he would certainly take two evenings to receive them, " six being a sufficient number, be the society ever so good."

Over the chimney-piece a picture is to be seen, which, perhaps, has been a landscape; but, like the understandings of the gentlemen present, is so obscured by smoke and vapour, as to seem a chaos. The fumes of the punch and tobacco, with the effluvia of snuffs of candles sunk into the sockets, must certainly produce a most delightful fragrance.

The several stages of drunkenness are here finely discriminated, and its effects emphatically pointed out. The simpleton who is weeping out his woes to the honest lawyer, is rendered almost a driveller by the operation of the potent fluid; the beau sickens under its intoxicating qualities; and the politician seems arriving at the last stage of stupidity; one is boisterous and noisy; another sinks quietly into the arms of slumber. It makes justice what it should be, blind; and lays prostrate on the floor the pride and glory of his country.

As Orator Henley is rather a conspicuous character in the engraving before us, it is necessary that we should do his memory justice, by acquitting him of the charge of ignorance, of which he has been frequently accused. He adopted absurdities, indeed, to please and amuse his auditors, in order to induce them to make him frequent visits; for his emoluments arose from the pecuniary rewards which were the consequence of his eccentric and singular exertions. The following genuine dialogue, which happened between him and another at the *Grecian* Coffee-house, will clearly show that his understanding was far above mediocrity.

Henley. Pray what is become of our old friend *Dick Smith*? I have not seen him for several years.

Gentleman. I really don't know; the last time I heard of him he was at *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the West Indies.

Henley, (with some surprise.) At *Ceylon*, or some of our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in *one* sentence there are *two* mistakes. *Ceylon* is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is situated not in the West, but in the East Indies.

Gentleman, (with some heat.) That I deny!

Henley. More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.

Gentleman, (in a cooler tone of voice.) Well—be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things.

Henley. What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?

Gentleman, (in a violent rage.) I do, Sir—what then?

Henley. Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for.

Having endeavoured to describe the individuals of which this print is composed, a few reflections on the vice it is intended to satirize may not be inexpedient. Considered in a moral point of view, it may have as good an effect as the sight of an intoxicated slave had on the youth of *Sparta*. This people sometimes caused a slave to drink to excess, that their sons, disgusted by the degrading sight, might equally detest and avoid such an abominable practice.

On taking our leave of this truly excellent composition, the following tale has been selected as extremely applicable to our subject. It appeared in a volume published about a century and an half ago; but though the orthography may be deemed obsolete, the instruction it conveys is so important, that we fear we should weaken its effect by attempting to modernize the language—take it, therefore, in its original state.

" Once uponne a tyme, the divelle was permitted to tempte a yong " manne. Sathanne had noe sooner power gyven hym, than hee didde appeere " in the guyze of a grave bencher of *Graie's Inne*, and didde tell himme that " hee was impoweryd to compelle hys doing one of theese three thinges; " eyther he shoulde morthere hys fathere, lie wythe his mothere, or gette " dronke. The young manne, shockyd atte the two first proposycions, " didde ymbrace the laste. He gotte verie dronke, and in thatte state, " havyng neyther the use of reasonne nor the dredde of sinne, hee was " guyltie offe bothe the unaturalle deedes he hadde before soe shudderydde " atte, and for hys naughtinesse and wyckednesse he was hangydde."

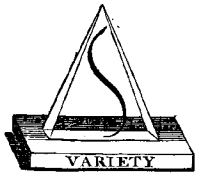
A new scene, called " A Modern Midnight Conversation," taken from this print, was acted at Covent-garden theatre, for the benefit of Mr. *Hippesley*, in which he performed the part of the Drunken Man.

THE

ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

WRITTEN WITH A VIEW OF

FIXING THE FLUCTUATING IDEAS OF TASTE.



So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye—— MILTON.

PREFACE.

IF a preface was ever necessary, it may very likely be thought so to the following work; the title of which (in the proposals published some time since) hath much amused and raised the expectation of the curious, though not without a mixture of doubt, that its purpose could ever be satisfactorily answered. For though beauty is seen and confessed by all, yet, from the many fruitless attempts to account for the cause of its being so, inquiries on this head have almost been given up, and the subject generally thought to be a matter of too high and too delicate a nature to admit of any true or intelligible discussion. Something therefore introductory ought to be said at the presenting a work with a face so entirely new; especially as it will naturally encounter with, and perhaps may overthrow several long received and thorough established opinions: and since controversies may arise how far, and after what manner this subject hath hitherto been considered and treated, it will also be proper to lay before the reader what may be gathered concerning it, from the works of the ancient and modern writers and painters.

It is no wonder this subject should have so long been thought inexplicable, since the nature of many parts of it cannot possibly come within the reach of mere men of letters; otherwise those ingenious gentlemen who have lately published treatises upon it (and who have written much more learnedly than can be expected from one who never took up the pen before) would not so soon have been bewildered in their accounts of it, and obliged so suddenly to turn into the broad and more beaten path of moral beauty, in order to extricate themselves out of the difficulties they seem to have met with in this: and, withal, forced for the same reasons to amuse their readers with amazing (but often misapplied) encomiums on deceased painters and their performances, wherein they are continually discoursing of effects instead of developing causes, and after many prettinesses, in very pleasing language, do fairly set you down just where they first took you up, honestly confessing that as to GRACE, the main point in question, they do not even pretend to know any thing of the matter. And, indeed, how should they? when it actually requires a practical knowledge of the whole art of painting (sculpture alone not being sufficient), and that too to some degree of eminence, in order to enable any one to pursue the chain of this inquiry through all its parts; which I hope will be made to appear in the following work.

It will then naturally be asked, why the best painters within these two centuries, who, by their works, appear to have excelled in grace and beauty, should have been so silent in an affair of such seeming importance to the imitative arts and their own honour? To which I answer, that it is probable they arrived at that excellence in their works, by the mere dint of imitating with great exactness the beauties of nature, and by often copying and retaining strong ideas of graceful antique statues, which might sufficiently serve their purposes as painters, without their troubling themselves with a farther inquiry into the particular causes of the effects before them. It is not indeed a little strange, that the great Leonardo da Vinci (amongst the many philosophical precepts which he hath at random laid down in his treatise on Painting) should not have given the least hint of any thing tending to a system of this kind; especially as he was cotemporary with Michael Angelo, who is said to have discovered a certain principle in the trunk only of an antique statue (well known from this circumstance by the name of Michael Angelo's Torso, or Back, fig. *), which principle gave his works a grandeur of gusto equal to the best antiques. Relative to which tradition, Lamozzo, who wrote about painting at the same time, hath this remarkable passage, vol. i. book 1.

"And because in this place there falleth out a certaine precept of "*Michael Angelo* much for our purpose, I wil not conceale it, leaving the "farther interpretation and vnderstanding thereof to the iudicious reader. "It is reported then that *Michael Angelo* vpon a time gaue this observa- "tion to the painter *Marcus de Sciena* his scholler; *that he should alwaies* "*make a figure pyramidall, serpentlike, and multiplied by one, two, and three.* "In which precept (in mine opinion) the whole mysterie of the arte con- "sisteth. For the greatest grace and life that a picture can haue, is that "it expresse *motion*; which the painters call the *spirite* of a picture. "Nowe there is no forme so fitte to expresse this *motion*, as that of the "flame of fire, which, according to *Aristotle* and the other philosophers, is "an elemente most actiue of all others, because the forme of the flame "thereof is most apt for motion: for it hath a *conus* or sharpe pointe, "wherewith it seemeth to divide the aire, that so it may ascende to his "proper sphere. So that a picture having this forme will bee most beauti- "full †."

Many writers since Lamozzo have in the same words recommended the observing this rule also, without comprehending the meaning of it: for

* Fig. 64. p. 1.

† See Haydock's translation, printed at Oxford, 1598.

unless it were known systematically, the whole business of grace could not be understood.

Du Fresnoy, in his Art of Painting, says, "large flowing, gliding "outlines, which are in waves, give not only a grace to the part, but to the "whole body, as we see in the Antinous, and in many other of the antique "figures: a fine figure and its parts ought always to have a serpent-like "and flaming form: naturally those sort of lines have I know not what of "life and seeming motion in them, which very much resembles the activity "of the flame and of the serpent." Now if he had understood what he had said, he could not, speaking of grace, have expressed himself in the following contradictory manner:—"But to say the truth, this is a difficult "undertaking, and a rare present, which the artist rather receives from the "hand of heaven than from his own industry and studies *." But De Piles, in his Lives of the Painters, is still more contradictory, where he says, "that a painter can only have it (meaning grace) from nature, and doth "not know that he hath it, nor in what degree, nor how he communicates "it to his works; and that grace and beauty are two different things; beauty "pleases by the rules, and grace without them."

All the English writers on this subject have echoed these passages; hence *je ne sçai quoi* is become a fashionable phrase for grace.

By this it is plain, that this precept which Michael Angelo delivered so long ago in an oracle-like manner, hath remained mysterious down to this time, for aught that has appeared to the contrary. The wonder that it should do so, will in some measure lessen when we come to consider that it must all along have appeared as full of contradiction as the most obscure quibble ever delivered at Delphos, because *winding lines are as often the cause of deformity as of grace*, the solution of which, in this place, would be an anticipation of what the reader will find at large in the body of the work.

There are also strong prejudices in favour of straight lines, as constituting true beauty in the human form, where they never should appear. A middling connoisseur thinks no profile has beauty without a very straight nose, and if the forehead be continued straight with it, he thinks it is still more sublime. I have seen miserable scratches with the pen, sell at a considerable rate for only having in them a side face or two, like that between fig. 22, and fig. 105, plate 1, which was made, and any one might do the same, with the eyes shut. The common notion that a person should be straight as an arrow, and perfectly erect, is of this kind. If a dancing-master were to see his scholar in the easy and gracefully turned attitude of the Antinous (fig. 6, plate 1), he would cry shame on him, and tell him he looked as crooked as a ram's horn, and bid him hold up his head as he himself did. See fig. 7, plate 1.

The painters, in like manner, by their works, seem to be no less divided upon the subject than the authors. The French, except such as have imitated the antique, or the Italian school, seem to have studiously avoided the serpentine line in all their pictures, especially Anthony Coypel, history painter, and Rigaud, principal portrait painter to Lewis the fourteenth.

Rubens, whose manner of designing was quite original, made use of a large flowing line as a principle, which runs through all his works, and gives a noble spirit to them; but he did not seem to be acquainted with what we call the *precise line*; which hereafter we shall be very particular upon, and which gives the delicacy we see in the best Italian masters; but he rather charged his contours in general with too bold and S-like swellings.

Raphael, from a straight and stiff manner, on a sudden changed his taste of lines at sight of Michael Angelo's works, and the antique statues; and so fond was he of the serpentine line, that he carried it into a ridiculous excess, particularly in his draperies: though his great observance of nature suffered him not long to continue in this mistake.

Peter de Cortone formed a fine manner in his draperies of this line.

We see this principle no where better understood than in some pictures of Corregio, particularly his Juno and Ixion: yet the proportions of his figures are sometimes such as might be corrected by a common sign-painter.

Whilst Albert Durer, who drew mathematically, never so much as deviated into grace, which he must sometimes have done in copying the life, if he had not been fettered with his own impracticable rules of proportion.

But that which may have puzzled this matter most, may be, that Vandyke, one of the best portrait-painters in most respects, ever known, plainly appears not to have had a thought of this kind. For there seems not to be the least grace in his pictures more than what the life chanced to bring before him. There is a print of the Dutchess of Wharton (fig. 52, plate 2), engraved by Van Gunst, from a true picture by him, which is thoroughly divested of every elegance. Now, had he known this line as a principle, he could no more have drawn all the parts of this picture so contrary to it, than Mr. Addison could have wrote a whole Spectator in false grammar, unless it were done on purpose. However, on account of his other great excellencies, painters choose to style this want of grace in his attitudes, &c. *simplicity*, and indeed they do often very justly merit that epithet.

Nor have the painters of the present times been less uncertain and contradictory to each other, than the masters already mentioned, whatever they may pretend to the contrary. Of this I had a mind to be certain, and therefore in the year 1745 published a frontispiece to my engraved works, in which I drew a serpentine line lying on a painter's pallet, with these words under it, THE LINE OF BEAUTY. The bait soon took, and no Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time; painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people, till it came to have some explanation; then, indeed, but not till then, some found it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs, though the account they could give of its properties was very near as satisfactory as that which a day-labourer who constantly uses the lever, could give of that machine as a mechanical power.

Others, as common face-painters and copiers of pictures, denied that there could be such a rule either in art or nature, and asserted it was all stuff and madness; but no wonder that these gentlemen should not be ready in comprehending a thing they have little or no business with. For though the *picture-copier* may sometimes to a common eye seem to vie with the original he copies, the artist himself requires no more ability, genius, or knowledge of nature, than a journeyman weaver at the goblins, who in working after a piece of painting, bit by bit, scarcely knows what he is about, whether he is weaving a man or a horse, yet at last almost insensibly turns out of his loom a fine piece of tapestry, representing, it may be, one of Alexander's battles painted by Le Brun.

As the above-mentioned print thus involved me in frequent disputes by explaining the qualities of the line, I was extremely glad to find it (which I had conceived as only part of a system in my mind) so well supported by the above precept of Michael Angelo; which was first pointed out to me by Dr. Kennedy, a learned antiquarian and connoisseur, of whom I afterwards purchased the translation, from which I have taken several passages to my purpose.

Let us now endeavour to discover what light antiquity throws upon the subject in question.

Egypt first, and afterward Greece, have manifested, by their works, their great skill in arts and sciences, and, among the rest, painting and sculpture, all which are thought to have issued from their great schools of philosophy. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, seem to have pointed out the right road in nature for the study of the painters and sculptors of those times (which they in all probability afterwards followed through those nicer paths that their particular professions required them to pursue), as may be reasonably collected from the answers given by Socrates to Aristippus his disciple, and Parrhasius the painter, concerning FITNESS, the first fundamental law in nature with regard to beauty.

I am in some measure saved the trouble of collecting an historical account of these arts among the ancients, by accidentally meeting with a preface to a tract called the *Beau Ideal:* this treatise † was written by Lambert Hermanson Ten Kate, in French, and translated into English by James Christopher le Blon; who in that preface says, speaking of the author, "His "superior knowledge, that I am now publishing, is the product of the ana-"logy of the ancient Greeks, or the true key for finding all harmonious "proportions in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, &c. brought "home to Greece by Pythagoras. For after this great philosopher had "travelled into Phœnicia, Egypt, and Chaldea, where he conversed

* See Dryden's translation of his Latin poem on painting, verse 28, and the remarks on these very lines, page 155, which run thus: "It is difficult to say what this grace of painting is; it is to be conceived and "understood much more easy than to be expressed by words; it proceeds from the illuminations of an "excellent mind (but not to be acquired), by which we give a certain turn to things, which makes them "pleasing."

† Published in 1732, and sold by A. Millar.

" with the learned, he returned into Greece about Anno Mundi 3484, before " the Christian æra 520, and brought with him many excellent discoveries " and improvements for the good of his countrymen, among which the ana- " logy was one of the most considerable and useful.

" After him the Grecians, by the help of this analogy, began (and not " before) to excel other nations in sciences and arts; for whereas before " this time they represented their *divinities* in plain human figures, the Gre- " cians now began to enter into the Beau Ideal; and Pamphilus (who " flourished A. M. 3641, before the Christian æra 368, who taught that no " man could excel in painting without mathematics), the scholar of Pausias " and master of Apelles, was the first who artfully applied the said ana- " logy to the art of painting; as much about the same time the sculpturers, " the architects, &c. began to apply it to their several arts, without which " science, the Grecians had remained as ignorant as their forefathers.

" They carried on their improvements in drawing, painting, architec- " ture, sculpture, &c. till they became the wonders of the world; especially " after the Asiatics and Egyptians (who had formerly been the teachers of " the Grecians) had, in process of time, and by the havoc of war, lost all " the excellency in sciences and arts; for which all other nations were after- " wards obliged to the Grecians, without being able so much as to imitate " them.

" For when the Romans had conquered Greece and Asia, and had " brought to Rome the best paintings and the finest artists, we don't find " they discovered the great key of knowledge, the analogy I am now speak- " ing of; but their best performances were conducted by Grecian artists, " who, it seems, cared not to communicate their secret of the analogy; " because either they intended to be necessary at Rome, by keeping the " secret among themselves; or else the Romans, who principally affected " universal dominion, were not curious enough to search after the secret, " not knowing the importance of it, nor understanding that, without it, " they could never attain to the excellency of the Grecians: though never- " theless it must be owned that the Romans used well the proportions " which the Grecians long before had reduced to certain fixed rules, ac- " cording to their ancient analogy; and the Romans could arrive at the " happy use of the proportions, without comprehending the analogy itself."

This account agrees with what is constantly observed in Italy, where the Greek and Roman works, both in medals and statues, are as distinguishable as the characters of the two languages.

As the preface had thus been of service to me, I was in hopes from the title of the book (and the assurance of the translator, that the author had, by his great learning, discovered the secret of the ancients) to have met with something there that might have assisted, or confirmed the scheme I had in hand; but was much disappointed in finding nothing of that sort, and no explanation, or even after mention of what at first agreeably alarmed me, the word *analogy*. I have given the reader a specimen, in his own words, how far the author has discovered this grand secret of the ancients, or *great key of knowledge*, as the translator calls it.

" The sublime part that I so much esteem, and of which I have begun " to speak, is a real *Je ne sçai quoi*, or an unaccountable something to most " people, and it is the most important part to all the connoisseurs. I shall " call it an harmonious propriety, which is a touching or moving unity, or a " pathetic agreement or concord, not only of each member to its body, but " also of each part to the member of which it is a part: *it is also an infinite* " *variety of parts*, however conformable with respect to each different sub- " ject, so that all the attitude, and all the adjustment of the draperies of " each figure ought to answer or correspond to the subject chosen. Briefly, " it is a true decorum, a bienseance, or a congruent disposition of ideas, as " well for the face and stature, as for the attitudes. A bright genius, in my " opinion, who aspires to excel in the ideal, should propose this to himself, " as what has been the principal study of the most famous artists. 'Tis in " this part that the great masters cannot be imitated or copied but by " themselves, or by those that are advanced in the knowledge of the ideal, " and who are as knowing as those masters in the rules or laws of the pit- " toresque and poetical nature, although inferior to the masters in the high " spirit of invention."

The words in this quotation, " *It is also an infinite variety of parts*," seem at first to have some meaning in them, but it is entirely destroyed by the rest of the paragraph; and all the other pages are filled, according to custom, with descriptions of pictures.

Now, as every one has a right to conjecture what this discovery of the ancients might be, it shall be my business to show it was a key to the thorough knowledge of variety, both in form and movement. Shakespeare, who had the deepest penetration into nature, has summed up all the charms of beauty in two words, INFINITE VARIETY; where, speaking of Cleopatra's power over Anthony, he says,

> ——Nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety. *Act II. Scene iii.*

It has been ever observed, that the ancients made their doctrines mysterious to the vulgar, and kept them secret from those who were not of their particular sects and societies, by means of symbols and hieroglyphics. Lamozzo says, chap. xxix. book 1. " The Grecians in imitation of antiquity " searched out the truly renowned proportion, wherein the exact perfec- " tion of most exquisite beauty and sweetness appeareth; dedicating the " same in a triangular glass unto Venus the goddess of divine beauty, from " whence all the beauty of inferior things is derived."

If we suppose this passage to be authentic, may we not also imagine it probable, that the cymbol in the triangular glass might be similar to the line Michael Angelo recommended? especially, if it can be proved, that the triangular form of the glass, and the serpentine line itself, are the two most expressive figures that can be thought of to signify not only beauty and grace, but the whole *order of form*.

There is a circumstance in the account Pliny gives of Apelles's visit to Protogenes, which strengthens this supposition. I hope I may have leave to repeat the story. Apelles having heard of the fame of Protogenes, went to Rhodes to pay him a visit, but not finding him at home asked for a board on which he drew a *line*, telling the servant-maid, that line would signify to her master who had been to see him. We are not clearly told what sort of a line it was that could so particularly signify one of the first of his profession: if it was only a stroke (though as fine as a hair, as Pliny seems to think), it could not possibly, by any means, denote the abilities of a great painter. But if we suppose it to be a line of some extraordinary quality, such as the serpentine line will appear to be, Apelles could not have left a more satisfactory signature of the compliment he had paid him. Protogenes, when he came home, took the hint, and drew a finer *or rather more expressive line* within it, to show Apelles, if he came again, that he understood his meaning. He, soon returning, was well pleased with the answer Protogenes had left for him, by which he was convinced that fame had done him justice, and so correcting the line again, perhaps by making it more precisely elegant, he took his leave. The story thus may be reconciled to common sense, which, as it has been generally received, could never be understood but as a ridiculous tale.

Let us add to this, that there is scarce an Egyptian, Greek, or Roman deity, but hath a twisted serpent, twisted cornucopia, or some symbol winding in this manner to accompany it. The two small heads (over the busto of the Hercules, fig. 4, in plate 1) of the goddess Isis, one crowned with a globe between two horns, the other with a lily *, are of this kind. Harpocrates, the god of silence, is still more remarkably so, having a large twisted horn growing out of the side of his head, one cornucopia in his hand, and another at his feet, with his finger placed on his lips, indicating secrecy (see Montfaucon's Antiquities): and it is as remarkable, that the deities of barbarous and Gothic nations never had, nor have to this day, any of these elegant forms belonging to them. How absolutely void of these turns are the pagods of China, and what a mean taste runs through most of their attempts in painting and sculpture, notwithstanding they finish with such excessive neatness; the whole nation in these matters seem to have but one eye: this mischief naturally follows from the prejudices they imbibe by copying one another's works, which the ancients seem seldom to have done.

Upon the whole, it is evident, that the ancients studied these arts very differently from the moderns: Lamozzo seems to be partly aware of this, by what he says in the division of his work, page 9: " There is a " two-folde proceeding in all artes and sciences: the one is called the or- " der of nature, and the other of teaching. Nature proceedeth ordinarily, " beginning with the unperfect, as the particulars, and ending with the " perfect, as the universals. Now if in searching out the nature of things, " our understanding shall proceede after that order, by which they are " brought forth by nature, doubtlesse it will be the most absolute and

* The leaves of this flower as they grow, twist themselves various ways in a pleasing manner, as may be better seen by figure 43, in plate 1; but there is a curious little flower called the autumn syclamen, fig. 47, the leaves of which elegantly twist one way only.

"ready method that can bee imagined. For we beginne to know things "by their first and immediate principles, &c. and this is not only mine "opinion, but Aristotle's also;" yet, mistaking Aristotle's meaning, and absolutely deviating from his advice, he afterward says, "all which if "we could comprehend within our understanding, we should be most "wise; but it is *impossible*;" and after having given some dark reasons why he thinks so, he tells you "he resolves to follow the order of teach-"ing," which all the writers on painting have in like manner since done.

Had I observed the foregoing passage, before I undertook this essay, it probably would have put me to a stand, and deterred me from venturing upon what Lamozzo calls an impossible task: but observing in the forementioned controversies that the torrent generally ran against me; and that several of my opponents had turned my arguments into ridicule, yet were daily availing themselves of their use, and venting them even to my face as their own; I began to wish the publication of something on this subject; and accordingly applied myself to several of my friends, whom I thought capable of taking up the pen for me, offering to furnish them with materials by word of mouth: but finding this method not practicable, from the difficulty of one man's expressing the ideas of another, especially on a subject which he was either unacquainted with, or was new in its kind, I was therefore reduced to an attempt of finding such words as would best answer my own ideas, being now too far engaged to drop the design. Hereupon, having digested the matter as well as I could, and thrown it into the form of a book, I submitted it to the judgment of such friends whose sincerity and abilities I could best rely on, determining, on their approbation or dislike, to publish or destroy it: but their favourable opinion of the manuscript being publicly known, it gave such a credit to the undertaking, as soon changed the countenances of those who had a better opinion of my pencil than my pen, and turned their sneers into expectation; especially when the same friends had kindly made me an offer of conducting the work through the press. And here I must acknowledge myself particularly indebted to one gentleman for his corrections and amendment of at least a third part of the wording. Through his absence and avocations, several sheets went to the press without any assistance, and the rest had the occasional inspection of one or two other friends. If any inaccuracies shall be found in the writing, I shall readily acknowledge them all my own, and am, I confess, under no great concern about them, provided the matter in general may be found useful and answerable in the application of it to truth and nature; in which material points, if the reader shall think fit to rectify any mistakes, it will give me a sensible pleasure, and be doing great honour to the work.

INTRODUCTION.

I NOW offer to the public a short essay, accompanied with two explanatory prints, in which I shall endeavour to show what the principles are in nature, by which we are directed to call the forms of some bodies beautiful, others ugly; some graceful, and others the reverse; by considering more minutely than has hitherto been done, the nature of those lines, and their different combinations, which serve to raise in the mind the ideas of all the variety of forms imaginable. At first, perhaps, the whole design, as well as the prints, may seem rather intended to trifle and confound, than to entertain and inform: but I am persuaded that when the examples in nature, referred to in this essay, are duly considered and examined upon the principles laid down in it, it will be thought worthy of a careful and attentive perusal: and the prints themselves too will, I make no doubt, be examined as attentively, when it is found, that almost every figure in them (how oddly soever they may seem to be grouped together) is referred to singly in the essay, in order to assist the reader's imagination, when the original examples in art, or nature, are not themselves before him.

And in this light I hope my prints will be considered, and that the figures referred to in them will never be imagined to be placed there by me as examples themselves, of beauty or grace, but only to point out to the reader what sorts of objects he is to look for and examine in nature, or in the works of the greatest masters. My figures, therefore, are to be considered in the same light with those a mathematician makes with his pen, which may convey the idea of his demonstration, though not a line in them is either perfectly straight, or of that peculiar curvature he is treating of. Nay, so far was I from aiming at grace, that I purposely chose to be least accurate, where most beauty might be expected, that no stress might be laid on the figures to the prejudice of the work itself. For I must confess, I have but little hopes of having a favourable attention given to my design in general, by those who have already had a more fashionable introduction into the mysteries of the arts of painting and sculpture. Much less do I expect, or in truth desire, the countenance of that set of people, who have an interest in exploding any kind of doctrine, that may teach us to *see with our own eyes*.

It may be needless to observe, that some of the last-mentioned are not only the dependents on, but often the only instructors and leaders of the former; but in what light they are so considered abroad, may be partly seen by * a burlesque representation of them, taken from a print published by Mr. Pond, designed by Cavalier Ghezzi at Rome.

To those, then, whose judgments are unprejudiced, this little work is submitted with most pleasure; because it is from such that I have hitherto received the most obligations, and now have reason to expect most candour.

Therefore I would fain have such of my readers be assured, that, however they may have been awed and overborn by pompous terms of art, hard names, and the parade of seemingly magnificent collections of pictures and statues; they are in a much fairer way, ladies, as well as gentlemen, of gaining a perfect knowledge of the elegant and beautiful in artificial as well as natural forms, by considering them in a systematical, but at the same time familiar way, than those who have been prepossessed by dogmatic rules, taken from the performances of art only: nay, I will venture to say, sooner, and more rationally, than even a tolerable painter, who has imbibed the same prejudices.

The more prevailing the notion may be, the painters and connoisseurs are the only competent judges of things of this sort; the more it becomes necessary to clear up and confirm, as much as possible, what has only been asserted in the foregoing paragraph: that no one may be deterred, by the want of such previous knowledge, from entering into this inquiry.

The reason why gentlemen, who have been inquisitive after knowledge in pictures, have their eyes less qualified for our purpose, than others, is because their thoughts have been entirely and continually employed and incumbered with considering and retaining the various *manners* in which pictures are painted, the histories, names, and characters of the masters, together with many other little circumstances belonging to the mechanical part of the art; and little or no time has been given for perfecting the ideas they ought to have in their minds, of the objects themselves in nature: for by having thus espoused and adopted their first notions from nothing but *imitations*, and becoming too often as bigotted to their faults, as their beauties, they at length, in a manner, totally neglect, or at least disregard the works of nature, merely because they do not tally with what their minds are so strongly prepossessed with.

Were not this a true state of the case, many a reputed capital picture, that now adorns the cabinets of the curious in all countries, would long ago have been committed to the flames: nor would it have been possible for the Venus and Cupid, represented by the figure †, to have made its way into the principal apartment of a palace.

It is also evident that the painter's eye may not be a bit better fitted to receive these new impressions, who is in like manner too much captivated with the works of art; for he also is apt to pursue the shadow, and drop the substance. This mistake happens chiefly to those who go to Rome for the accomplishment of their studies; as they naturally will, without the utmost care, take the infectious turn of the connoisseur, instead of the painter: and in proportion as they turn by those means bad proficients in their own arts, they become the more considerable in that of a connoisseur. As a confirmation of this seeming paradox, it has ever been observed at all auctions of pictures, that the very worst painters sit as the most profound judges, and are trusted only, I suppose, on account of their *disinterestedness*.

I apprehend a good deal of this will look more like resentment, and a design to invalidate the objections of such as are not likely to set the faults of this work in the most favourable light, than merely for the encouragement, as was said above, of such of my readers, as are neither

* Fig. 1. T. p. I.

† Under Fig. 49. T. p. 1.

painters nor connoisseurs: and I will be ingenuous enough to confess something of this may be true; but, at the same time, I cannot allow that this alone would have been a sufficient motive to have made me risk giving offence to any; had not another consideration, besides that already alleged, of more consequence to the purpose in hand, made it necessary: I mean the setting forth, in the strongest colours, the surprising alterations objects seemingly undergo through the prepossessions and prejudices contracted by the mind—Fallacies strongly to be guarded against by such as would learn to see objects truly!

Although the instances already given are pretty flagrant, yet it is certainly true (as a farther confirmation of this, and for the consolation of those who may be a little piqued at what may be said), that painters of every condition are stronger instances of the almost unavoidable power of prejudice, than any people whatever.

What are all the *manners*, as they are called, of even the greatest masters, which are known to differ so much from one another, and all of them from nature, but so many strong proofs of their inviolable attachment to falsehood, converted into established truth in their own eyes, by self-opinion? Rubens would, in all probability, have been as much disgusted at the dry manner of Poussin, as Poussin was at the extravagant of Rubens. The prejudices of inferior proficients in favour of the imperfections of their own performances, is still more amazing. Their eyes are so quick in discerning the faults of others, at the same time they are so totally blind to their own! Indeed it would be well for us all, if one of Gulliver's flappers could be placed at our elbows to remind us at every stroke how much prejudice and self-opinion perverts our sight.

From what has been said, I hope it appears that those, who have no bias of any kind, either from their own practice, or the lessons of others, are fittest to examine into the truth of the principles laid down in the following pages. But as every one may not have had an opportunity of being sufficiently acquainted with the instances that have been given, I will offer one of a familiar kind, which may be a hint for their observing a thousand more. How gradually does the eye grow reconciled even to a disagreeable dress, as it becomes more and more the fashion; and how soon return to its dislike of it, when it is left off, and a new one has taken possession of the mind? So vague is taste, when it has no solid principles for its foundation!

Notwithstanding I have told you my design of considering minutely the variety of lines, which serve to raise the ideas of bodies in the mind, and which are undoubtedly to be considered as drawn on the surfaces only of solid or opake bodies: yet the endeavouring to conceive as accurate an idea as is possible, of the *inside* of those surfaces, if I may be allowed the expression, will be a great assistance to us in the pursuance of our present inquiry.

In order to my being well understood, let every object under our consideration be imagined to have its inward contents scooped out so nicely, as to have nothing of it left but a thin shell, exactly corresponding, both in its inner and outer surface, to the shape of the object itself: and let us likewise suppose this thin shell to be made up of very fine threads, closely connected together, and equally perceptible, whether the eye is supposed to observe them from without, or within; and we shall find the ideas of the two surfaces of this shell will naturally coincide. The very word, shell, makes us seem to see both surfaces alike.

The use of this conceit, as it may be called by some, will be seen to be very great, in the process of this work: and the oftener we think of objects in this shell-like manner, we shall facilitate and strengthen our conception of any particular part of the surface of an object we are viewing, by acquiring thereby a more perfect knowledge of the whole, to which it belongs: because the imagination will naturally enter into the vacant space within this shell, and there at once, as from a centre, view the whole form within, and mark the opposite corresponding parts so strongly, as to retain the idea of the whole, and make us masters of the meaning of every view of the object, as we walk round it, and view it from without.

Thus the most perfect idea we can possibly acquire of a sphere, is by conceiving an infinite number of straight rays of equal lengths, issuing from the centre, as from the eye, spreading every way alike; and circumscribed or wound about at their other extremities with close connected circular threads, or lines, forming a true spherical shell.

But in the common way of taking the view of any opake object, that part of its surface which fronts the eye, is apt to occupy the mind alone, and the opposite, nay even every other part of it whatever, is left unthought of at that time; and the least motion we make to reconnoitre any other side of the object, confounds our first idea, for want of the connexion of the two ideas, which the complete knowledge of the whole would naturally have given us, if we had considered it in the other way before.

Another advantage of considering objects thus merely as shells composed of lines, is, that by these means we obtain the true and full idea of what is called the *outlines* of a figure, which has been confined within too narrow limits, by taking it only from drawings on paper; for in the example of the sphere given above, every one of the imaginary circular threads has a right to be considered as an outline of the sphere, as well as those which divide the half that is seen, from that which is not seen; and if the eye be supposed to move regularly round it, these threads will each of them as regularly succeed one another in the office of outlines (in the narrow and limited sense of the word): and the instant any one of these threads, during this motion of the eye, comes into sight on one side, its opposite thread is lost, and disappears on the other. He who will thus take the pains of acquiring perfect ideas of the distances, bearings, and oppositions of several material points and lines in the surfaces of even the most irregular figures, will gradually arrive at the knack of recalling them into his mind when the objects themselves are not before him: and they will be as strong and perfect as those of the most plain and regular forms, such as cubes and spheres; and will be of infinite service to those who invent and draw from fancy, as well as enable those to be more correct who draw from the life.

In this manner, therefore, I would desire the reader to assist his imagination as much as possible, in considering every object, as if his eye were placed within it. As straight lines are easily conceived, the difficulty of following this method in the most simple and regular forms will be less than may be first imagined; and its use in the more compounded will be greater: as will be more fully shown when we come to speak of composition.

But as fig. * may be of singular use to young designers in the study of the human form, the most complex and beautiful of all, in showing them a mechanical way of gaining the opposite points in its surface, which never can be seen in one and the same view; it will be proper to explain the design of it in this place, as it may at the same time add some weight to what has been already said.

It represents the trunk of a figure cast in soft wax, with one wire passed perpendicularly through its centre, another perpendicularly to the first, going in before and coming out in the middle of the back, and as many more as may be thought necessary, parallel to and at equal distances from these, and each other; as is marked by the several dots in the figure. Let these wires be so loose as to be taken out at pleasure, but not before all the parts of them, which appear out of the wax, are carefully painted close up to the wax, of a different colour from those that lie within it. By these means the horizontal and perpendicular *contents* of these parts of the body (by which I mean the distances of opposite points in the surface of these parts) through which the wires have passed, may be exactly known and compared with each other; and the little holes, where the wires have pierced the wax, remaining on its surface, will mark out the corresponding opposite points on the external muscles of the body; as well as assist and guide us to a readier conception of all the intervening parts. These points may be marked upon a marble figure with calibers properly used.

The known method, many years made use of, for the more exactly and expeditiously reducing drawings from large pictures for engravings, or for enlarging designs for painting ceilings and cupolas (by striking lines perpendicular to each other, so as to make an equal number of squares on the paper designed for the copy, that hath been first made on the original; by which means the situation of every part of the picture is mechanically seen, and easily transferred), may truly be said to be somewhat of the same kind with what has been here proposed, but that one is done upon a flat surface, the other upon solid; and that the new scheme differs in its application, and may be of a much more useful and extensive nature than the old one.

But it is time now to have done with the introduction: and I shall proceed to consider the fundamental principles, which are generally

* Fig. 2. I. p. 1.

allowed to give elegance and beauty, when duly blended together, to compositions of all kinds whatever; and point out to my readers the particular force of each, in those compositions in nature and art, which seem most to *please and entertain the eye*, and give that grace and beauty which is the subject of this inquiry. The principles I mean, are FITNESS, VARIETY, UNIFORMITY, SIMPLICITY, INTRICACY, and QUANTITY;—*all which co-operate in the production of beauty, mutually correcting and restraining each other occasionally.*

THE ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

CHAPTER I.

OF FITNESS.

FITNESS of the parts to the design for which every individual thing is formed, either by art or nature, is first to be considered, as it is of the greatest consequence to the beauty of the whole. This is so evident, that even the sense of seeing, the great inlet of beauty, is itself so strongly biassed by it, that if the mind, on account of this kind of value in a form, esteem it beautiful, though on all other considerations it be not so, the eye grows insensible of its want of beauty, and even begins to be pleased, especially after it has been a considerable time acquainted with it.

It is well known, on the other hand, that forms of great elegance often disgust the eye by being improperly applied. Thus twisted columns are undoubtedly ornamental; but as they convey an idea of weakness, they always displease, when they are improperly made use of as supports to any thing that is bulky, or appears heavy.

The bulks and proportions of objects are governed by fitness and propriety. It is this that has established the size and proportion of chairs, tables, and all sorts of utensils and furniture. It is this that has fixed the dimensions of pillars, arches, &c. for the support of great weight, and so regulated all the orders in architecture, as well as the sizes of windows and doors, &c. Thus, though a building were ever so large, the steps of the stairs, the seats in the windows, must be continued of their usual heights, or they would lose their beauty with their fitness: and in ship-building, the dimensions of every part are confined and regulated by fitness for sailing. When a vessel sails well, the sailors always call her a beauty; the two ideas have such a connexion!

The general dimensions of the parts of the human body are adapted thus to the uses they are designed for. The trunk is the most capacious on account of the quantity of its contents, and the thigh is larger than the leg, because it hath both the leg and foot to move, the leg only the foot, &c.

Fitness of parts also constitutes and distinguishes, in a great measure, the characteristics of objects; as for example, the race-horse differs as much in quality, or character, from the war-horse, as to its figure, as the Hercules from the Mercury.

The race-horse, having all its parts of such dimensions as best fit the purposes of speed, acquires on that account a consistent character of one sort of beauty. To illustrate this, suppose the beautiful head and gracefully turned neck of the war-horse were placed on the shoulders of the race-horse, instead of his own awkward straight one; it would disgust and deform, instead of adding beauty, because the judgment would condemn it as unfit.

The Hercules, by Glicon *, hath all its parts finely fitted for the purposes of the utmost strength, the texture of the human form will bear: the back, breast, and shoulders, have huge bones, and muscles adequate to the supposed active strength of its upper parts; but as less strength was required for the lower parts, the judicious sculptor, contrary to all modern rule of enlarging every part in proportion, lessened the size of the muscles gradually down towards the feet; and for the same reason made the neck larger in circumference than any part of the head; otherwise the figure † would have been burdened with an unnecessary weight, which would have been a drawback from his strength, and, in consequence of that, from its characteristic beauty.

* Fig. 3. p. 1. † Fig. 4. p. 1.

These seeming faults, which show the superior anatomical knowledge as well as judgment of the ancients, are not to be found in the leaden imitations of it near Hyde-park. These saturnine geniuses imagined they knew how to correct such apparent *disproportions*.

These few examples may be sufficient to give an idea of what I mean (and would have understood) by the beauty of fitness, or propriety.

CHAPTER II.

OF VARIETY.

HOW great a share variety has in producing beauty may be seen in the ornamental part of nature.

The shapes and colours of plants, flowers, leaves, the paintings in butterflies wings, shells, &c. seem of little other intended use, than that of entertaining the eye with the pleasure of variety.

All the senses delight in it, and equally are averse to sameness. The ear is as much offended with one even continued note, as the eye is with being fixed to a point, or to the view of a dead wall.

Yet when the eye is glutted with a succession of variety, it finds relief in a certain degree of sameness; and even plain space becomes agreeable, and properly introduced, and contrasted with variety, adds to it more variety.

I mean here, and every where indeed, a composed variety; for variety uncomposed, and without design, is confusion and deformity.

Observe, that a gradual lessening is a kind of varying that gives beauty. The pyramid diminishing from its basis to its point, and the scroll or voluta, gradually lessening to its centre, are beautiful forms. So also objects that only seem to do so, though in fact they do not, have equal beauty: thus perspective views, and particularly those of buildings, are always pleasing to the eye.

The little ship, between figure 47 and 88, plate 1. supposed moving along the shore even with the eye, might have its top and bottom bounded by two lines at equal distances all the way, as A; but if the ship puts out to sea, these lines at top and bottom would seem to vary and meet each other by degrees, as B in the point C, which is in the line where the sky and water meet, called the horizon. Thus much of the manner of perspectives adding beauty, by seemingly varying otherwise unvaried forms, I thought might be acceptable to those who have not learnt perspective.

CHAPTER III.

OF UNIFORMITY, REGULARITY, OR SYMMETRY.

IT may be imagined, that the greatest part of the effects of beauty results from the symmetry of parts in the object which is beautiful; but I am very well persuaded, this prevailing notion will soon appear to have little or no foundation:

It may indeed have properties of greater consequence, such as propriety, fitness, and use, and yet but little serve the purposes of pleasing the eye, merely on the score of beauty.

We have, indeed, in our nature a love of imitation from our infancy, and the eye is often entertained, as well as surprised, with mimicry, and delighted with the exactness of counterparts; but then this always gives way to its superior love of variety, and soon grows tiresome.

If the uniformity of figures, parts, or lines, were truly the chief cause of beauty, the more exactly uniform their appearances were kept, the more pleasure the eye would receive: but this is so far from being the case, that when the mind has been once satisfied that the parts answer one another with so exact an uniformity, as to preserve to the whole the character of fitness to stand, to move, to sink, to swim, to fly, &c. without losing the balance, the eye is rejoiced to see the object turned and shifted so as to vary these uniform appearances.

Thus the profiles of most objects, as well as faces, are rather more pleasing than their full fronts.

Whence it is clear, the pleasure does not arise from seeing the exact resemblance which one side bears the other, but from the knowledge that they do so on account of fitness, with design, and for use. For when the

head of a fine woman is turned a little to one side, which takes off from the exact similarity of the two halves of the face, and somewhat reclining, so varying still more from the straight and parallel lines of a formal front face, it is always looked upon as most pleasing. This is accordingly said to be a graceful air of the head.

It is a constant rule in composition in painting to avoid regularity. When we view a building, or any other object in life, we have it in our power, by shifting the ground, to take that view of it which pleases us best; and in consequence of this, the painter, if he is left to his choice, takes it on the angle rather than in front, as most agreeable to the eye, because the regularity of the lines is taken away by their running into perspective, without losing the idea of fitness; and when he is of necessity obliged to give the front of a building, with all its equalities and parallelisms, he generally breaks (as it is termed) such disagreeable appearances, by throwing a tree before it, or the shadow of an imaginary cloud, or some other object that may answer the same purpose of adding variety, which is the same with taking away uniformity.

If uniform objects were agreeable, why is there such care taken to contrast and vary all the limbs of a statue?

The picture of Henry the Eighth* would be preferable to the finely contrasted figures of Guido or Correggio; and the Antinous's easy sway† must submit to the stiff and straight figure of the dancing-master‡; and the uniform outlines of the muscles in the figure§ taken from Albert Durer's book of proportions, would have more taste in them than those in the famous part of an antique figure‖ from which Michael Angelo acquired so much of his skill in grace.

In short, whatever appears to be fit and proper to answer great purposes ever satisfies the mind, and pleases on that account. Uniformity is of this kind. We find it necessary, in some degree, to give the idea of rest and motion without the possibility of falling; but when any such purposes can be as well effected by more irregular parts, the eye is always better pleased on the account of variety.

How pleasingly is the idea of firmness in standing conveyed to the eye by the three elegant claws of a table, the three feet of a tea-lamp, or the celebrated tripod of the ancients?

Thus you see regularity, uniformity, or symmetry, please only as they serve to give the idea of fitness.

CHAPTER IV.

OF SIMPLICITY OR DISTINCTNESS.

SIMPLICITY without variety is wholly insipid, and at best does only not displease; but when variety is joined to it, then it pleases, because it enhances the pleasure of variety, by giving the eye the power of enjoying it with ease.

There is no object composed of straight lines that has so much variety, with so few parts, as the pyramid; and it is its constantly varying from its base gradually upwards in every situation of the eye (without giving the idea of sameness as the eye moves round it), that has made it been esteemed in all ages in preference to the cone, which, in all views, appears nearly the same, being varied only by light and shade.

Steeples, monuments, and most compositions in painting and sculpture, are kept within the form of the cone or pyramid, as the most eligible boundary, on account of their simplicity and variety. For the same reason equestrian statues please more than the single figures.

The authors (for there were three concerned in the work) of as fine a group of figures in sculpture as ever was made, either by ancients or moderns (I mean Laocoon and his two sons), chose to be guilty of the absurdity of making the sons of half the father's size, though they have every other mark of being designed for men, rather than not bring their composition within the boundary of a pyramid¶. Thus, if a judicious workman were employed to make a case of wood, for preserving it from the injuries of the weather, or for the convenience of carriage, he would soon find by his eye, the whole composition would readily fit and be easily packed up in one of a pyramidal form.

Steeples, &c. have generally been varied from the cone, to take off from their too great simplicity, and instead of their circular bases, polygons of different, but even numbers of sides, have been substituted, I suppose for the sake of uniformity. These forms, however, may be said to have been chosen by the architect with a view to the cone, as the whole compositions might be bounded by it.

Yet, in my mind, odd numbers have the advantage over the even ones, as variety is more pleasing than uniformity, where the same end is answered by both; as in this case, where both polygons may be circumscribed by the same circle, or, in other words, both compositions bounded by the same cone.

And I cannot help observing, that nature, in all her works of fancy, if I may be allowed the expression, where it seems immaterial whether even or odd numbers of divisions were preferred, most frequently employs the odd; as for example, in the indenting of leaves, flowers, blossoms, &c.

The oval also, on account of its variety with simplicity, is as much to be preferred to the circle, as the triangle to the square, or the pyramid to the cube, and this figure lessened at one end, like the egg, thereby being more varied, is singled out by the author of all variety, to bound the features of a beautiful face.

When the oval has a little more of the cone added to it than the egg has, it becomes more distinctly a compound of those two most simple varied figures. This is the shape of the pine-apple**, which nature has particularly distinguished by bestowing ornaments of rich mosaic upon it, composed of contrasted serpentine lines; and the pips††, as the gardeners call them, are still varied by two cavities and one round eminence in each.

Could a more elegant simple form than this have been found; it is probable that judicious architect, Sir Christopher Wren, would not have chosen the pine-apples for the two terminations of the sides of the front of St. Paul's; and perhaps the globe and cross, though a finely varied figure, which terminates the dome, would not have had the preference of situation, if a religious motive had not been the occasion.

Thus we see simplicity gives beauty even to variety, as it makes it more easily understood, and should be ever studied in the works of art, as it serves to prevent perplexity in forms of elegance, as will be shown in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

OF INTRICACY.

THE active mind is ever bent to be employed. Pursuing is the business of our lives, and, even abstracted from any other view, gives pleasure. Every arising difficulty, that for a while attends and interrupts the pursuit, gives a sort of spring to the mind, enhances the pleasure, and makes what would else be toil and labour, become sport and recreation.

Wherein would consist the joys of hunting, shooting, fishing, and many other favourite diversions, without the frequent turns, and difficulties, and disappointments, that are daily met with in the pursuit?—how joyless does the sportsman return when the hare has not had fair play? how lively, and in spirits, even when an old cunning one has baffled and out-run the dogs?

This love of pursuit, merely as pursuit, is implanted in our natures, and designed, no doubt, for necessary and useful purposes: animals have it evidently by instinct: the hound dislikes the game he so eagerly pursues; and even cats will risk the losing of their prey to chase it over again. It is a pleasing labour of the mind to solve the most difficult problems; allegories and riddles, trifling as they are, afford the mind amusement; and with what delight does it follow the well-connected thread of a play, or novel, which ever increases as the plot thickens, and ends most pleased when that is most distinctly unravelled?

The eye hath this sort of enjoyment in winding walks, and serpentine rivers, and all sorts of objects, whose forms, as we shall see hereafter, are composed principally of what I call the *waving* and *serpentine* lines.

Intricacy in form, therefore, I shall define to be that peculiarity in the lines which compose it, that *leads the eye a wanton kind of chase*, and from the pleasure that gives the mind, entitles it to the name of beautiful:

* Fig. 72. p. 2. † Fig 6. p. 1. ‡ Fig. 7. p. 1. § Fig. 55. p. 2. ‖ Fig. 54. ¶ Fig. 9. T. p. 1. ** Fig. 10. T. p. 1. †† Fig. 11. T. p. 1.

and it may be justly said, that the cause of the idea of grace more immediately resides in this principle than in the other five, except variety; which indeed includes this, and all the others.

That this observation may appear to have a real foundation in nature, every help will be required, which the reader himself can call to his assistance, as well as what will here be suggested to him.

To set this matter in somewhat a clearer light, the familiar instance of a common jack, with a circular fly, may serve our purpose better than a more elegant form: preparatory to which let the figure * be considered, which represents the eye, at a common reading distance, viewing a row of letters, but fixed with most attention to the middle letter A.

Now as we read, a ray may be supposed to be drawn from the centre of the eye to that letter it looks at first, and to move successively with it from letter to letter, the whole length of the line: but if the eye stops at any particular letter, A, to observe it more than the rest, these other letters will grow more and more imperfect to the sight, the farther they are situated on either side of A, as is expressed in the figure: and when we endeavour to see all the letters in a line equally perfect at one view, as it were, this imaginary ray must course it to and fro with great celerity. Thus though the eye, strictly speaking, can only pay due attention to these letters in succession, yet the amazing ease and swiftness with which it performs this task, enables us to see considerable spaces with sufficient satisfaction at one sudden view.

Hence we shall always suppose some such principal ray moving along with the eye, and tracing out the parts of every form we mean to examine in the most perfect manner: and when we would follow with exactness the course any body takes that is in motion, this ray is always to be supposed to move with the body.

In this manner of attending to forms, they will be found, whether *at rest* or *in motion*, to give *movement* to this imaginary ray; or, more properly speaking, to the eye itself, affecting it *thereby* more or less *pleasingly*, according to their different *shapes* and *motions*. Thus, for example, in the instance of the jack, whether the eye (with this imaginary ray) moves slowly down the line, to which the weight is fixed, or attends to the slow motion of the weight itself, the mind is equally fatigued: and whether it swiftly courses round the circular rim of the flyer, when the jack stands, or nimbly follows one point in its circularity whilst it is whirling about, we are almost equally made giddy by it. But our sensation differs much from either of these unpleasant ones, when we observe the curling worm, into which the worm-wheel is fixed †: for this is always pleasing, either at rest or in motion, and whether that motion is slow or quick.

That it is accounted so, when it is *at rest*, appears by the riband twisted round a stick (represented on one side of this figure), which has been a long-established ornament in the carvings of frames, chimney-pieces, and door-cases, and called by the carvers, *the stick and riband ornament:* and when the stick through the middle is omitted, it is called the *riband edge*; both to be seen in almost every house of fashion.

But the pleasure it gives the eye is still more lively when *in motion*. I never can forget my frequent strong attention to it when I was very young, and that its beguiling movement gave me the same kind of sensation then, which I since have felt at seeing a country-dance, though, perhaps, the latter might be somewhat more engaging, particularly when my eye eagerly pursued a favourite dancer, through all the windings of the figure, who then was bewitching to the sight, as the imaginary ray we were speaking of, was dancing with her all the time.

This single example might be sufficient to explain what I mean by *the beauty of a composed intricacy of form;* and how it may be said, with propriety, to *lead* the eye a *kind of chase*.

But the hair of the head is another very obvious instance, which, being designed chiefly as an ornament, proves more or less so, according to the form it naturally takes, or is put into by art: the most amiable in itself is the flowing curl; and the many waving and contrasted turns of naturally intermingling locks ravish the eye with the pleasure of the pursuit, especially when they are put in motion by a gentle breeze; the poet knows it, as well as the painter, and has described the wanton ringlets waving in the wind.

And yet to show how excess ought to be avoided in intricacy, as well as in every other principle, the very same head of hair, wisped and matted together, would make the most disagreeable figure, because the eye would be perplexed, and at a fault, and unable to trace such a confused number of uncomposed and entangled lines; and yet notwithstanding this, the present fashion the ladies have gone into, of wearing a part of the hair of their heads braided together from behind, like intertwisted serpents, arising thickest from the bottom, lessening as it is brought forward, and naturally conforming to the shape of the rest of the hair it is pinned over, is extremely picturesque. Their thus interlacing the hair in distinct varied quantities is an artful way of preserving as much of intricacy as is beautiful.

* Fig. 14. T. p. 1.

† Fig. 15. T. p. 1.

CHAPTER VI.

OF QUANTITY.

FORMS of magnitude, although ill-shaped, will however, on account of their vastness, draw our attention and raise our admiration.

Huge shapeless rocks have a pleasing kind of horror in them, and the wide ocean awes us with its vast contents; but when forms of beauty are presented to the eye in large quantities, the pleasure increases on the mind, and horror is softened into reverence.

How solemn and pleasing are groves of high-grown trees, great churches, and palaces! Has not even a single spreading oak, grown to maturity, acquired the character of the venerable oak?

Windsor Castle is a noble instance of the effect of quantity; the hugeness of its few distinct parts strikes the eye with uncommon grandeur at a distance, as well as nigh: it is quantity, with simplicity, which makes it one of the finest objects in the kingdom, though void of any regular order of architecture.

The façade of the old Louvre at Paris is also remarkable for its quantity. This fragment is allowed to be the finest piece of building in France, though there are many equal, if not superior, to it in all other respects, except that of quantity.

Who does not feel a pleasure when he pictures in his mind the immense buildings which once adorned the lower Egypt, by imagining the whole complete, and ornamented with colossal statues?

Elephants and whales please us with their unwieldy greatness. Even large personages, merely for being so, command respect: nay, quantity is an addition to the person which often supplies a deficiency in his figure.

The robes of state are always made large and full, because they give a grandeur of appearance, suitable to the offices of the greatest distinction. The judge's robes have an awful dignity given them by the quantity of their contents; and when the train is held up, there is a noble waving line descending from the shoulders of the judge to the hand of his train-bearer. So when the train is gently thrown aside, it generally falls into a great variety of folds, which again employ the eye, and fix its attention.

The grandeur of the Eastern dress, which so far surpasses the European, depends as much on quantity as on costliness.

In a word, it is quantity which adds greatness to grace. But then excess is to be avoided, or quantity will become clumsy, heavy, or ridiculous.

The full-bottom wig, like the lion's mane, hath something noble in it, and adds not only dignity, but sagacity to the countenance ‡: but were it to be worn as large again, it would become a burlesque; or was an improper person to put it on, it would then too be ridiculous.

When improper or *incompatible* excesses meet, they always excite laughter; more especially when the forms of those excesses are inelegant, that is, when they are composed of unvaried lines.

For example, the figure referred to in the margin §, represents a fat grown face of a man, with an infant's cap on, and the rest of the child's dress stuffed, and so well placed under his chin, as to seem to belong to that face. This is a contrivance I have seen at Bartholomew-fair, and always occasioned a roar of laughter. The next ‖ is of the same kind, a child with a man's wig and cap on. In these you see the ideas of youth and age jumbled together, in forms without beauty.

So a Roman general ¶, dressed by a modern taylor and perukemaker, for tragedy, is a comic figure. The dresses of the times are mixed, and the lines which compose them are straight or only round.

‡ Fig. 16. p. 1. § Fig. 17. p. 1. ‖ Fig. 18. T. p. 1. ¶ Fig. 19. T. p. 1.

Dancing-masters, representing deities, in their grand ballets on the stage, are no less ridiculous. See the Jupiter*.

Nevertheless custom and fashion will, in length of time, reconcile almost every absurdity whatever, to the eye, or make it overlooked.

It is from the same joining of opposite ideas that makes us laugh at the owl and the ass, for under their awkward forms, they seem to be gravely musing and meditating, as if they had the sense of human beings.

A monkey too, whose figure, as well as most of his actions, so oddly resembles the human, is also very comical; and he becomes more so when a coat is put on him, as he then becomes a greater burlesque on the man.

There is something extremely odd and comical in the rough shock dog. The ideas here connected are the inelegant and inanimate figure of a thrum mop, or muff, and that of a sensible, friendly animal; which is as much a burlesque of the dog, as the monkey when his coat is on, is of the man.

What can it be but this inelegance of the figure, joined with impropriety, that makes a whole audience burst into laughter, when they see the miller's sack, in Dr. Faustus, jumping cross the stage? was a well-shaped vase to do the same, it would equally surprise, but not make every body laugh, because the elegance of the form would prevent it.

For when the forms, thus joined together, are each of them elegant, and composed of agreeable lines, they will be so far from making us laugh, that they will become entertaining to the imagination, as well as pleasing to the eye. The sphinx and siren have been admired and accounted ornamental in all ages. The former represents strength and beauty joined; the latter, beauty and swiftness, in pleasing and graceful forms.

The griffin, a modern hieroglyphic, signifying strength and swiftness, united in the two noble forms of the lion and eagle, is a grand object. So the antique centaur hath a savage greatness as well as beauty.

These may be said to be monsters, it is true; but then they convey such noble ideas, and have such elegance in their forms as greatly compensates for their being unnaturally joined together.

I shall mention but one more instance of this sort, and that the most extraordinary of all, which is an infant's head of about two years old, with a pair of duck's wings placed under his chin, supposed always to be flying about, and singing psalms†.

A painter's representation of heaven would be nothing without swarms of these little inconsistent objects, flying about, or perching on the clouds; and yet there is something so agreeable in their form, that the eye is reconciled, and overlooks the absurdity, and we find them in the carving and painting of almost every church. St. Paul's is full of them.

As the foregoing principles are the very ground-work of what is to follow; we will, in order to make them the more familiar to us, just speak of them in the way they are daily put in practice, and may be seen, in every dress that is worn; and we shall find not only that ladies of fashion, but that women of every rank, who are said to dress prettily, have known their force, without considering them as principles.

Fitness is first considered by them, as knowing that their dresses should be useful, commodious, and fitted to their different ages; or rich, airy, and loose, agreeable to the character they would give out to the public by their dress.

II. Uniformity is chiefly complied with in dress on account of fitness, and seems to be extended not much farther than dressing both arms alike, and having the shoes of the same colour. For when any part of the dress has not the excuse of fitness or propriety for its uniformity of parts, the ladies always call it *formal*.

For which reason, when they are at liberty to make what shapes they please in ornamenting their persons, those of the best taste choose the irregular as the more engaging; for example, no two patches are ever chosen of the same size, or placed at the same height; nor a single one in the middle of a feature, unless it be to hide a blemish. So a single feather, flower, or jewel, is generally placed on one side of the head; or, if ever put in front, it is turned awry to avoid formality.

It was once the fashion to have two curls of equal size, stuck at the same height close upon the forehead, which probably took its rise from seeing the pretty effect of curls falling loosely over the face.

A lock of hair falling thus cross the temples, and by that means breaking the regularity of the oval, has an effect too alluring to be strictly decent, as is very well known to the loose and lowest class of women: but being paired in so stiff a manner, as they formerly were, they lost the desired effect, and ill deserved the name of favourites.

III. Variety in dress, both as to colour and form, is the constant study of the young and gay—But then,

IV. That taudriness may not destroy the proper effect of variety, simplicity is called in to restrain its superfluities, and is often very artfully made use of to set native beauty off to more advantage. I have not known any set of people, that have more excelled in this principle of simplicity, or plainness, than the Quakers.

V. Quantity, or fulness in dress, has ever been a darling principle; so that sometimes those parts of dress, which would probably admit of being extended to a great degree, have been carried into such strange excesses, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a law was made to put a stop to the growth of ruffs: nor is the enormous size of the hoop at present, a less sufficient proof of the extraordinary love of quantity in dress, beyond that of convenience or elegance.

VI. The beauty of intricacy lies in contriving winding shapes, such as the antique lappets belonging to the head of the sphinx‡, or as the modern lappet when it is brought before. Every part of dress, that will admit of the application of this principle, has an air (as it is termed) given to it thereby; and although it requires dexterity and a taste to execute these windings well, we find them daily practised with success.

This principle also recommends modesty in dress, to keep up our expectations, and not suffer them to be too soon gratified. Therefore the body and limbs should all be covered, and little more than certain hints be given of them through the clothing.

The face indeed will bear a constant view, yet always entertain and keep our curiosity awake, without the assistance either of a mask or veil; because vast variety of changing circumstances keeps the eye and the mind in constant play, in following the numberless turns of expression it is capable of. How soon does a face that wants expression, grow insipid, though it be ever so pretty? The rest of the body, not having these advantages in common with the face, would soon satiate the eye, were it to be as constantly exposed; nor would it have more effect than a marble statue. But when it is artfully clothed and decorated, the mind at every turn resumes its imaginary pursuits concerning it. Thus, if I may be allowed a simile, the angler chooses not to see the fish he angles for, until it is fairly caught.

CHAPTER VII.

OF LINES.

IT may be remembered that in the introduction the reader is desired to consider the surfaces of objects as so many shells of lines, closely connected together; which idea of them it will now be proper to call to mind, for the better comprehending not only this, but all the following chapters on composition.

The constant use made of lines by mathematicians, as well as painters, in describing things upon paper, hath established a conception of them, as if actually existing on the real forms themselves. This likewise we suppose, and shall set out with saying in general—that *the straight line*, and *the circular line*, together with their different combinations and variations, &c. bound and circumscribe all visible objects whatsoever, thereby producing such endless variety of forms, as lays us under the necessity of dividing and distinguishing them into general classes; leaving the intervening mixtures of appearances to the reader's own farther observation.

First§, objects composed of straight lines only, as the cube, or of circular lines, as the sphere, or of both together, as cylinders and cones, &c.

Secondly‖, those composed of straight lines, circular lines, and of lines partly straight and partly circular, as the capitals of columns, and vases, &c.

Thirdly¶, those composed of all the former, together with an addition of the waving line, which is a line more productive of beauty than any of the former, as in flowers, and other forms of the ornamental kind: for which reason we shall call it the line of beauty.

* Fig. 20. T. p. 1. † Fig. 22. R. p. 1. ‡ Fig. 21. p. 1. § Fig. 23. T. p. 1. ‖ Fig. 24. T. p. 1. ¶ Fig. 25. T. p. 1.

Fourthly*, those composed of all the former, together with the serpentine line, as the human form, which line hath the power of superadding grace to beauty. Note, forms of most grace have least of the straight line in them.

It is to be observed, that straight lines vary only in length, and therefore are least ornamental.

That curved lines, as they can be varied in their degrees of curvature as well as in their lengths, begin on that account to be ornamental.

That straight and curved lines joined, being a compound line, vary more than curves alone, and so become somewhat more ornamental.

That the waving line, or line of beauty, varying still more, being composed of two curves contrasted, becomes still more ornamental and pleasing, insomuch that the hand takes a lively movement in making it with pen or pencil.

And that the serpentine line, by its waving and winding at the same time different ways, leads the eye in a pleasing manner along the continuity of its variety, if I may be allowed the expression; and which, by its twisting so many different ways, may be said to enclose (though but a single line) varied contents; and therefore all its variety cannot be expressed on paper by one continued line, without the assistance of the imagination, or the help of a figure; see† where that sort of proportioned, winding line, which will hereafter be called the precise serpentine line, or *line of grace*, is represented by a fine wire, properly twisted round the elegant and varied figure of a cone.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF WHAT SORT OF PARTS, AND HOW PLEASING FORMS ARE COMPOSED.

THUS far having endeavoured to open as large an idea as possible of the power of variety, by having partly shown that those lines which have most variety in themselves, contribute most towards the production of beauty; we may next show how lines may be put together, so as to make pleasing figures or compositions.

In order to be as clear as possible, we will give a few examples of the most familiar and easy sort, and let them serve as a clue to be pursued in the imagination: I say in the imagination chiefly, for the following method is not meant always to be put in practice, or followed in every case, for indeed that could hardly be, and in some it would be ridiculously losing time if it could.—Yet there may be cases where it may be necessary to follow this method minutely; as for example, in architecture.

I am thoroughly convinced in myself, however it may startle some, that a completely new and harmonious order of architecture in all its parts, might be produced by the following method of composing, but hardly with certainty without it; and this I am the more apt to believe, as, upon the strictest examination, those four orders of the ancients, which are so well established for beauty and true proportion, perfectly agree with the scheme we shall now lay down.

This way of composing pleasing forms is to be accomplished by making choice of variety of lines, as to their shapes and dimensions; and then again by varying their situations with each other, by all the different ways that can be conceived: and at the same time (if a solid figure be the subject of the composition) the contents or space that is to be enclosed within those lines, must be duly considered and varied too, as much as possible, with propriety. In a word, it may be said, the art of composing well is the art of varying well. It is not expected that this should at first be perfectly comprehended, yet I believe it will be made sufficiently clear by the help of the examples following.

The figure‡ represents the simple and pleasing figure of a bell; this shell, as we may call it, is composed of waving lines, encompassing, or bounding within it, the varied space marked with dotted lines: here you see the variety of the space within is equal to the beauty of its form without: and if the space, or contents, were to be more varied, the outward form would have still more beauty.

As a proof, see a composition of more parts, and a way by which those parts may be put together by a certain method of varying: *i. e.* how the one half of the socket of the candlestick A‖, may be varied as the other half B. Let a convenient and fit height be first given for a candlestick, as§, then let the necessary size of the socket be determined, as at (a)¶; after which, in order to give it a better form, let every *distance* or length of divisions differ from the length of the socket, as also vary in their distances from each other, as is seen by the points on the line under the socket (a): that is, let any two points *signifying distance*, be placed farthest from any other two near points, observing always that there should be one distance or part larger than all the rest; and you will readily see that variety could not be so complete without it. In like manner, let the horizontal distances (always keeping within the bounds of fitness) be varied both as to distances and situations, as on the opposite side of the same figure (b); then unite and join all the several distances into a complete shell, by applying several parts of curves and straight lines; varying them also by making them of different sizes, as (c): and apply them as at (d) in the same figure, and you have the candlestick**, and with still more variations on the other side. If you divide the candlestick into many more parts, it will appear crowded, as†† it will want distinctness of form on a near view, and lose the effect of variety at a distance; this the eye will easily distinguish on removing pretty far from it.

Simplicity in composition, or distinctness of parts, is ever to be attended to, as it is one part of beauty, as has been already said: but that what I mean by distinctness of parts in this place may be better understood, it will be proper to explain it by an example.

When you would compose an object of a great variety of parts, let several of those parts be distinguished by themselves, by their remarkable difference from the next adjoining, so as to make each of them, as it were, one well-shaped quantity or part, as is marked by the dotted lines in figure‡‡ (these are like what they call passages in music, and in writing paragraphs); by which means, not only the whole, but even every part, will be better understood by the eye: for confusion will hereby be avoided when the object is seen near, and the shapes will seem well varied, though fewer in number, at a distance; as figure‖‖ supposed to be the same as the former, but removed so far off that the eye loses sight of the smaller members.

The parsley-leaf§§, in like manner, from whence a beautiful foliage in ornament was originally taken, is divided into three distinct passages; which are again divided into other odd numbers; and this method is observed, for the generality, in the leaves of all plants and flowers, the most simple of which are the trefoil and cinquefoil.

Light and shade, and colours, also must have their distinctness to make objects completely beautiful; but of these in their proper places—only I will give you a general idea of what is here meant by the beauty of distinctness of forms, lights, shades, and colours, by putting you in mind of the reverse effects in all them together.

Observe the well-composed nosegay, how it loses all its distinctness when it dies; each leaf and flower then shrivels, and loses its distinct shape; and the firm colours fade into a kind of sameness: so that the whole gradually becomes a confused heap.

If the general parts of objects are preserved large at first, they will always admit of farther enrichments of a small kind, but then they must be so small as not to confound the general masses or quantities. Thus you see variety is a check upon itself when overdone, which of course begets what is called a *petit taste* and a confusion to the eye.

It will not be amiss next to show what effects an object or two will have, that are put together without, or contrary to these rules of composing variety. Figure¶¶ is taken from one of those branches fixt to the sides of common old-fashioned stove-grates by way of ornament, wherein you see how the parts have been varied by fancy only, and yet pretty well; close to which*** is another, with about the like number of parts; but as the shapes neither are enough varied as to their contents, nor in their situations with each other, but one shape follows its exacts likeness; it is therefore a disagreeable and tasteless figure, and for the same reason the candlestick, fig.††† is still worse, as there is less variety in it. Nay, it would be better to be quite plain, as figure‡‡‡, than with such poor attempts at ornament.

* Fig. 26. T. p. 1. † Fig. 26. T. p. 1. ‡ Fig. 29. T. p. 1.

‖ Fig. 30. T. p. 1. § Fig. 31. T. p. 1. ¶ Fig. 32. ** Fig. 33. T. p. 1. †† Fig. 34. T. p. 1.
‡‡ Fig. 35. T. p. 1. ‖‖ Fig. 36. T. p. 1. §§ Fig. 37. T. p. 1. ¶¶ Fig. 38. L. p. 1. *** Fig. 39. L. p. 1.
††† Fig. 40. T. p. 1. ‡‡‡ Fig. 41. T. p. 1.

These few examples, well understood, will, I imagine, be sufficient to put what was said at the beginning of this chapter out of all doubt, viz. that *the art of composing well* is no more than *the art of varying well;* and to show, that the method which has been here explained must consequently produce a pleasing proportion amongst the parts; as well as that all deviations from it will produce the contrary. Yet to strengthen this latter assertion, let the following figures, taken from the life, be examined by the above rules for composing, and it will be found that the Indian-fig or torch-thistle, figure*, as well as all that tribe of uncouth shaped exotics, have the same reasons for being ugly, as the candlestick, fig. 40; as also that the beauties of the lily† and the calcidonian iris‡, proceed from their being composed with great variety, and that the loss of variety, to a certain degree, in the imitations of those flowers underneath them (fig. 45 and 46), is the cause of the meanness of their shapes, though they retain enough to be called by the same names.

Hitherto, with regard to composition, little else but forms made up of straight and curved lines have been spoken of; and though these lines have but little variety in themselves, yet by reason of the great diversifications-that they are capable of in being joined with one another, great variety of beauty of the more useful sort is produced by them, as in necessary utensils and building: but in my opinion, buildings, as I before hinted, might be much more varied than they are; for, after *fitness* hath been strictly and mechanically complied with, any additional ornamental members, or parts, may, by the foregoing rules, be varied with equal elegance; nor can I help thinking, but that churches, palaces, hospitals, prisons, common houses, and summer houses, might be built more in distinct characters than they are, by contriving orders suitable to each; whereas were a modern architect to build a palace in Lapland, or the West Indies, Palladio must be his guide, nor would he dare to stir a step without his book.

Have not many Gothic buildings a great deal of consistent beauty in them? perhaps acquired by a series of improvements made from time to time by the natural persuasion of the eye, which often very near answers the end of working by principles; and sometimes begets them. There is at present such a thirst after variety, that even paltry imitations of Chinese buildings have a kind of vogue, chiefly on account of their novelty: but not only these, but any other new-invented characters of building might be regulated by proper principles. The mere ornaments of buildings, to be sure, at least might be allowed a greater latitude than they are at present; as capitals, frizes, &c. in order to increase the beauty of variety.

Nature, in shells and flowers, &c. affords an infinite choice of elegant hints for this purpose; as the original of the Corinthian capital was taken from nothing more, as is said, than some dock-leaves growing up against a basket. Even a capital composed of the awkward and confined forms of hats and periwigs, as fig. §, in a skilful hand might be made to have some beauty.

However, though the moderns have not made many additions to the art of building, with respect to mere beauty or ornament, yet it must be confessed, they have carried simplicity, convenience, and neatness of workmanship, to a very great degree of perfection, particularly in England; where plain good sense hath preferred these more necessary parts of beauty, which every body can understand, to that richness of taste which is so much to be seen in other countries, and so often substituted in their room.

St. Paul's cathedral is one of the noblest instances that can be produced of the most judicious application of every principle that has been spoken of. There you may see the utmost variety without confusion, simplicity without nakedness, richness without taudriness, distinctness without hardness, and quantity without excess. Whence the eye is entertained throughout with the charming variety of all its parts together; the noble projecting quantity of a certain number of them, which presents bold and distinct parts at a distance, when the lesser parts within them disappear; and the grand few, but remarkably well-varied parts that continue to please the eye as long as the object is discernible, are evident proofs of the superior skill of Sir Christopher Wren, so justly esteemed the prince of architects.

It will scarcely admit of a dispute, that the outside of this building is much more perfect than that of St. Peter's at Rome: but the inside, though as fine and noble, as the space it stands on, and our religion will allow of, must give way to the splendour, show, and magnificence of that of St. Peter's, on account of the sculptures and paintings, as well as the greater magnitude of the whole, which makes it excel as to quantity.

There are many other churches of great beauty, the work of the same architect, which are hid in the heart of the city, whose steeples and spires are raised higher than ordinary, that they may be seen at a distance above the other buildings; and the great number of them dispersed about the whole city, adorn the prospect of it, and give it an air of opulency and magnificence: on which account their shapes will be found to be particularly beautiful. Of these, and perhaps of any in Europe, St. Mary-le-bow is the most elegantly varied. St. Bride's in Fleet-street diminishes sweetly by elegant degrees; but its variations, though very curious when you are near them, not being quite so bold and distinct as those of Bow, it too soon loses variety at a distance. Some Gothic spires are finely and artfully varied, particularly the famous steeple of Strasburg.

Westminster Abbey is a good contrast to St. Paul's, with regard to simplicity and distinctness: the great number of its filligrean ornaments, and small divided and subdivided parts, appear confused when nigh, and are totally lost at a moderate distance; yet there is nevertheless such a consistency of parts altogether in a good Gothic taste, and such propriety relative to the gloomy ideas they were then calculated to convey, that they have at length acquired an established and distinct character in building. It would be looked upon as an impropriety and as a kind of profanation to build places for mirth and entertainment in the same taste.

CHAPTER IX.

OF COMPOSITION WITH THE WAVING LINE.

THERE is scarce a room in any house whatever, where one does not see the waving line employed in some way or other. How inelegant would the shapes of all our moveables be without it? how very plain and unornamental the mouldings of cornices, and chimney-pieces, without the variety introduced by the *ogee* member, which is entirely composed of waving lines?

Though all sorts of waving lines are ornamental, when properly applied; yet, strictly speaking, there is but one precise line, properly to be called the line of *beauty*, which in the scale of them‖ is number 4: the lines 5, 6, 7, by their bulging too much in their curvature, becoming gross and clumsy; and, on the contrary, 3, 2, 1, as they straighten, becoming mean and poor; as will appear in the next figure¶, where they are applied to the legs of chairs.

A still more perfect idea of the effects of the precise waving line, and of those lines that deviate from it, may be conceived by the row of stays, figure**, where number 4 is composed of precise waving lines, and is therefore the best shaped stay. Every whalebone of a good stay must be made to bend in this manner: for the whole stay, when put close together behind, is truly a shell of well-varied contents, and its surface of course a fine form; so that if a line, or the lace, were to be drawn, or brought from the top of the lacing of the stay behind, round the body, and down to the bottom peak of the stomacher; it would form such a perfect, precise, serpentine line, as has been shown, round the cone, figure 26 in plate 1.—For this reason all ornaments obliquely contrasting the body in this manner, as the ribands worn by the knights of the garter, are both genteel and graceful. The numbers 5, 6, 7, and 3, 2, 1, are deviations into stiffness and meanness on one hand, and clumsiness and deformity on the other. The reasons for which disagreeable effects, after what has been already said, will be evident to the meanest capacity.

It may be worth our notice however, that the stay, number 2, would better fit a well-shaped man than number 4; and that number 4 would better fit a well-formed woman, than number 2; and when on considering them, merely as to their forms, and comparing them together as you would do two vases, it has been shown by our principles, how much finer and more beautiful number 4 is, than number 2; does not this our determination enhance the merit of these principles, as it proves at the same time

* Fig. 42. T. p. 1. † Fig 43. T. p. 1. ‡ Fig. 44. T. p. 1. § Fig. 48. p. 1.

‖ Fig. 49. T. p. 1. ¶ Fig. 50. T. p. 1. ** Fig. 53. B. p. 1.

how much the form of a woman's body surpasses in beauty that of a man.

From the examples that have been given, enough may be gathered to carry on our observations from them to any other objects that may chance to come in our way, either animate or inanimate; so that we may not only *lineally* account for the ugliness of the toad, the hog, the bear, and the spider, which are totally void of this waving line, but also for the different degrees of beauty belonging to those objects that possess it.

CHAPTER X.

OF COMPOSITIONS WITH THE SERPENTINE LINE.

THE very great difficulty there is in describing this line, either in words, or by the pencil (as was hinted before, when I first mentioned it), will make it necessary for me to proceed very slowly in what I have to say in this chapter, and to beg the reader's patience whilst I lead him step by step into the knowledge of what I think the sublime in form, so remarkably displayed in the human body; in which, I believe, when he is once acquainted with the idea of them, he will find this species of lines to be principally concerned.

First, then, let him consider fig.*, which represents a straight horn, with its contents, and he will find, as it varies like the cone, it is a form of some beauty, merely on that account.

Next let him observe in what manner and in what degree the beauty of this horn is increased, in fig.†, where it is supposed to be bent two different ways.

And lastly, let him attend to the vast increase of beauty, even to grace and elegance, in the same horn, fig.‡, where it is supposed to have been twisted round, at the same time that it was bent two different ways (as in the last figure).

In the first of these figures, the dotted line down the middle expresses the straight lines of which it is composed: which, without the assistance of curve lines, or light and shade, would hardly show it to have contents.

The same is true of the second, though, by the bending of the horn, the straight dotted line is changed into the beautiful waving line.

But in the last, this dotted line, by the twisting as well as the bending of the horn, is changed from the waving into the serpentine line; which, as it dips out of sight behind the horn in the middle, and returns again at the smaller end, not only gives play to the imagination, and delights the eye, on that account; but informs it likewise of the quantity and variety of the contents.

I have chosen this simple example, as the easiest way of giving a plain and general idea of the peculiar qualities of these serpentine lines, and the advantages of bringing them into compositions, where the contents you are to express, admit of grace and elegance.

And I beg the same things may be understood of these serpentine lines, that I have said before of the waving lines. For as among the vast variety of waving lines that may be conceived, there is but one that truly deserves the name of *the line of beauty*, so there is only one precise serpentine line that I call *the line of grace*. Yet, even when they are made too bulging, or too tapering, though they certainly lose of their beauty and grace, they do not become so wholly void of it, as not to be of excellent service in compositions, where beauty and grace are not particularly designed to be expressed in their greatest perfection.

Though I have distinguished these lines so particularly as to give them the titles of *the lines of beauty and grace*, I mean that the use and application of them should still be confined by the principles I have laid down for composition in general; and that they should be judiciously mixt and combined with one another, and even with those I may term *plain* lines (in opposition to these), as the subject in hand requires. Thus the cornu-copia, fig.‖, is twisted and bent after the same manner as the last figure of the horn; but more ornamented, and with a greater number of other lines of the same twisted kind, winding round it with as quick returns as those of a screw.

This sort of form may be seen with yet more variations (and therefore more beautiful) in the goat's horn, from which, in all probability, the ancients originally took the extreme elegant forms they have given their cornu-copias.

There is another way of considering this last figure of the horn I would recommend to my reader, in order to give him a clearer idea of the use both of the waving and serpentine lines in composition.

This is to imagine the horn, thus bent and twisted, to be cut lengthways by a very fine saw into two equal parts; and to observe one of these in the same position the whole horn is represented in; and these two observations will naturally occur to him: First, that the edge of the saw must run from one end to the other of the horn in the line of beauty; so that the edges of this half of the horn will have a beautiful shape: and, secondly, that wherever the dotted serpentine line on the surface of the whole horn dips behind, and is lost to the eye, it immediately comes into sight on the hollow surface of the divided horn.

The use I shall make of these observations will appear very considerable in the application of them to the human form, which we are next to attempt.

It will be sufficient, therefore, at present only to observe, first, that the whole horn acquires a beauty by its being thus genteelly bent two different ways; secondly, that whatever lines are drawn on its external surface become graceful, as they must all of them, from the twist that is given the horn, partake, in some degree or other, of the shape of the serpentine line: and, lastly, when the horn is split, and the inner, as well as the outward surface of its shell-like form is exposed, the eye is peculiarly entertained and relieved in the pursuit of these serpentine lines, as in their twistings their concavities and convexities are alternately offered to its view. Hollow forms, therefore, composed of such lines are extremely beautiful and pleasing to the eye, in many cases more so, than those of solid bodies.

Almost all the muscles and bones of which the human form is composed, have more or less of these kind of twists in them; and give, in a less degree, the same kind of appearance to the parts which cover them, and are the immediate object of the eye: and for this reason it is that I have been so particular in describing these forms of the bent, and twisted, and ornamented horn.

There is scarce a straight bone in the whole body. Almost all of them are not only bent different ways, but have a kind of twist, which in some of them is very graceful; and the muscles annexed to them, though they are of various shapes, appropriated to their particular uses, generally have their component fibres running in these serpentine lines, surrounding and conforming themselves to the varied shape of the bones they belong to; more especially in the limbs. Anatomists are so satisfied of this, that they take a pleasure in distinguishing their several beauties. I shall only instance in the thigh-bone, and those about the hips.

The thigh-bone, fig.§, has the waving and twisted turn of the horn, 58: but the beautiful bones adjoining, called the ossa innominata¶, have, with greater variety, the same turns and twists of that horn when it is cut, and its inner and outward surfaces are exposed to the eye.

How ornamental these bones appear, when the prejudice we conceive against them, as being part of a skeleton, is taken off by adding a little foliage to them, may be seen in fig.**—such shell-like winding forms, mixt with foliage twisting about them, are made use of in all ornaments; a kind of composition calculated merely to please the eye. Divest these of their serpentine twinings, and they immediately lose all grace, and return to the poor Gothic taste they were in an hundred years ago††.

Fig.‡‡ is meant to represent the manner in which most of the muscles (those of the limbs in particular) are twisted round the bones, and conform themselves to their length and shape; but with no anatomical exactness. As to the running of their fibres, some anatomists have compared them to skains of thread, loose in the middle, and tight at each end, which, when they are thus considered as twisted contrary ways round the bone, give the strongest idea possible of a composition of serpentine lines.

Of these fine winding forms then are the muscles and bones of the human body composed, and which, by their varied situations with each other, become more intricately pleasing, and form a continued waving of winding forms from one into the other, as may be best seen by examining a good anatomical figure, part of which you have here represented, in the

* Fig. 56. B. p. 2. † Fig. 57. B. p. 2. ‡ Fig. 58. B. p. 2. ‖ Fig. 59. B. p. 2.

§ Fig. 62. B. p. 2. ¶ Fig. 60. B. p. 2. ** Fig 61. B. p. 2. †† Fig. 63. B. p. 2. ‡‡ Fig. 64. B. p. 2.

muscular leg and thigh, fig.*: which shows the serpentine forms and varied situations of the muscles, as they appear when the skin is taken off. It was drawn from a plaster of Paris figure cast off nature, the original of which was prepared for the mould by Cowper, the famous anatomist. In this last figure, as the skin is taken off the parts are too distinctly traced by the eye, for that intricate delicacy which is necessary to the utmost beauty; yet the winding figures of the muscles, with the variety of their situations, must always be allowed elegant forms: however, they lose in the imagination some of the beauty, which they really have, by the idea of their being flayed; nevertheless, by what has already been shown both of them and the bones, the human frame hath more of its parts composed of serpentine lines than any other object in nature; which is a proof both of its superior beauty to all others, and, at the same time, that its beauty proceeds from those lines: for although they may be required sometimes to be bulging in their twists, as in the thick swelling muscles of the Hercules, yet elegance and greatness of taste is still preserved; but when these lines lose so much of their twists as to become almost straight, all elegance of taste vanishes.

Thus fig.† was also taken from nature, and drawn in the same position, but treated in a more dry, stiff, and, what the painters call, *sticky manner*, than the nature of flesh is ever capable of appearing in, unless when its moisture is dried away: it must be allowed, that the parts of this figure are of as right dimensions, and as truly situated, as in the former; it wants only the true twist of the lines to give it taste.

To prove this further, and to put the mean effect of these plain or unvaried lines in a stronger light, see fig.‡, where, by the uniform, unvaried shapes and situation of the muscles, without so much as a waving line in them, it becomes so wooden a form, that he that can fashion the leg of a joint stool may carve this figure as well as the best sculptor. In the same manner, divest one of the best antique statues of all its serpentine winding parts, and it becomes, from an exquisite piece of art, a figure of such ordinary lines and unvaried contents, that a common stone-mason or carpenter, with the help of his rule, calipers, and compasses, might carve out an exact imitation of it: and were it not for these lines, a turner, in his lathe, might turn a much finer neck than that of the Grecian Venus, as, according to the common notion of a beautiful neck, it would be more truly round. For the same reason, legs much swoln with disease are as easy to imitate as a post, having lost their *drawing*, as the painters call it; that is, having their serpentine lines all effaced, by the skin's being equally puffed up, as figure‖.

If in comparing these three figures one with another, the reader, notwithstanding the prejudice his imagination may have conceived against them, as anatomical figures, has been enabled only to perceive that one of them is not so disagreeable as the others; he will easily be led to see further, that this tendency to beauty in one, is not owing to any greater degree of exactness in the *proportions* of its parts, but merely to the more *pleasing turns, and intertwistings of the lines*, which compose its external form: for in all the three figures the same proportions have been observed, and, on that account, they have all an equal claim to beauty.

And if he pursues this anatomical inquiry but a very little further, just to form a true idea of the elegant use that is made of the skin and fat beneath it, to conceal from the eye all that is hard and disagreeable, and at the same time to preserve to it whatever is necessary in the shapes of the parts beneath, to give grace and beauty to the whole limb; he will find himself insensibly led into the principles of that grace and beauty which is to be found in well-turned limbs, in fine, elegant, healthy life, or in those of the best antique statues; as well as into the reason why his eye has so often unknowingly been pleased and delighted with them.

Thus, in all other parts of the body, as well as these, wherever, for the sake of the necessary motion of the parts, with proper strength and agility, the insertions of the muscles are too hard and sudden, their swellings too bold, or the hollows between them too deep, for their outlines to be beautiful; nature most judiciously softens these hardnesses, and plumps up these vacancies with a proper supply of fat, and covers the whole with the soft, smooth, springy, and, in delicate life, almost transparent skin, which, conforming itself to the external shape of all the parts beneath, expresses to the eye the idea of its contents with the utmost delicacy of beauty and grace.

The skin, therefore, thus tenderly embracing, and gently conforming itself to the varied shapes of every one of the outward muscles of the body, softened underneath by the fat, where, otherwise, the same hard lines and furrows would appear, as we find come on with age in the face, and with labour in the limbs, is evidently a shell-like surface (to keep up the idea I set out with) formed with the utmost delicacy in nature; and therefore the most proper subject of the study of every one, who desires to imitate the works of nature, *as a master should do*, or to judge of the performances of others *as a real connoisseur ought*.

I cannot be too long, I think, on this subject, as so much will be found to depend upon it; and therefore shall endeavour to give a clear idea of the different effect such anatomical figures have on the eye, from what the same parts have, when covered by the fat and skin; by supposing a small wire (that has lost its spring, and so will retain every shape it is twisted into) to be held fast to the outside of the hip (figure 65, plate I.), and thence brought down the other side of the thigh obliquely over the calf of the leg, down to the outward ancle (all the while pressed so close as to touch and conform itself to the shape of every muscle it passes over), and then to be taken off. If this wire be now examined, it will be found that the general uninterrupted flowing twist, which the winding round the limbs would otherwise have given to it, is broke into little better than so many separate plain curves, by the sharp indentures it every where has received on being closely pressed in between the muscles.

Suppose, in the next place, such a wire was in the same manner twisted round a living well-shaped leg and thigh, or those of a fine statue; when you take it off you will find no such sharp indentures, nor any of those regular *engralings* (as the heralds express it), which displeased the eye before. On the contrary, you will see how *gradually* the changes in its shape are produced; how imperceptibly the different curvatures run into each other, and how easily the eye glides along the varied wavings of its sweep. To enforce this still further, if a line was to be drawn by a pencil exactly where these wires have been supposed to pass, the point of the pencil, in the muscular leg and thigh, would perpetually meet with stops and rubs, whilst in the others it would flow from muscle to muscle along the elastic skin, as pleasantly as the lightest skiff dances over the gentlest wave.

This idea of the wire, retaining thus the shape of the parts it passes over, seems of so much consequence, that I would by no means have it forgot; as it may properly be considered as one of the threads (or outlines) of the shell (or external surface) of the human form: and the frequently recurring to it will assist the imagination in its conceptions of those parts of it, whose shapes are most intricately varied: for the same sort of observations may be made, with equal justice, on the shapes of ever so many such wires twisted in the same manner in ever so many directions over every part of a well-made man, woman, or statue.

And if the reader will follow in his imagination the most exquisite turns of the chissel in the hands of a master, when he is putting the finishing touches to a statue; he will soon be led to understand what it is the real judges expect from the hand of such a master, which the Italians call, the little more, Il poco piu, and which in reality distinguishes the original masterpieces at Rome from even the best copies of them.

An example or two will sufficiently explain what is here meant; for as these exquisite turns are to be found, in some degree of beauty or other, all over the whole surface of the body and limbs; we may, by taking any one part of a fine figure (though so small a one that only a few muscles are expressed in it), explain the manner in which so much beauty and grace has been given to them, as to convince a skilful artist, almost at sight, that it must have been the work of a master.

I have chosen, for this purpose, a small piece of the body of a statue, fig.§, representing part of the left side under the arm, together with a little of the breast (including a very particular muscle, which, from the likeness its edges bear to the teeth of a saw, is, if considered by itself, void of beauty), as most proper to the point in hand, because this its regular shape more peculiarly requires the skill of the artist to give it a little more variety than it generally has, even in nature.

First, then, I will give you a representation of this part of the body, from an anatomical figure¶, to show what a sameness there is in the shapes of all the teeth-like insertions of this muscle; and how regularly the fibres,

* Fig. 65. p. 1. † Fig. 66. p. 1. ‡ Fig. 67. p. 1. ‖ Fig. 68.

§ Fig. 76. T. p. 2. ¶ Fig. 77. T. p. 2.

which compose it, follow the almost parallel outlines of the ribs they partly cover.

From what has been said before of the use of the natural covering of the skin, &c. the next figure* will easily be understood to mean so tame a representation of the same part of the body, that, though the hard and stiff appearance of the edges of this muscle is taken off by that covering, yet enough of its regularity and sameness remains to render it disagreeable.

Now as regularity and sameness, according to our doctrine, is want of elegance and true taste, we shall endeavour in the next place to show how this very part (in which the muscles take so very regular a form) may be brought to have as much variety as any other part of the body whatever. In order to this, though some alteration must be made in almost every part of it, yet it should be so inconsiderable in each, that no remarkable change may appear in the shape and situation of any.

Thus, let the parts marked 1, 2, 3, 4 (which appear so exactly similar in shape, and parallel in situation in the muscular figure 77, and not much mended in fig. 78), be first varied in their sizes, but not gradually from the uppermost to the lowest, as in fig. †, nor alternately one long and one short, as in fig. ‡, for in either of these cases there would still remain too great a formality. We should therefore endeavour, in the next place, to vary them every way in our power, without losing entirely the true idea of the parts themselves. Suppose them then to have changed their situations a little, and slipped beside each other irregularly (somehow as is represented in fig. ||, merely with regard to their situation), and the external appearance of the whole piece of the body, now under our consideration, will assume the more varied and pleasing form represented in fig. 76; easily to be discerned by comparing the three figures 76, 77, 78, one with another; and it will as easily be seen, that were lines to be drawn, or wires to be bent, over these muscles, from one to the other, and so on to the adjoining parts, they would have a continued waving flow, let them pass in any direction whatever.

The unskilful, in drawing these parts after the life, as their regularities are much more easily seen and copied than their fine variations, seldom fail of making them more regular and poor than they really appear even in a consumptive person.

The difference will appear evident by comparing fig. 78, purposely drawn in this tasteless manner, with fig. 76; but will be more perfectly understood by examining this part in the Torso of Michael Angelo§, whence this figure was taken.

Note, there are casts of a small copy of that famous trunk of a body to be had at almost every plaster figure maker's, wherein what has been here described may be sufficiently seen, not only in the part which figure 76 was taken from, but all over that curious piece of antiquity.

I must here again press my reader to a particular attention to the windings of these superficial lines, even in their passing over every joint, what alterations soever may be made in the surface of the skin by the various bendings of the limbs: and though the space allowed for it, just in the joints, be ever so small, and consequently the lines ever so short, the application of this principle of varying these lines, as far as their lengths will admit of, will be found to have its effect as gracefully as in the more lengthened muscles of the body.

It should be observed in the fingers, where the joints are but short, and the tendons straight; and where beauty seems to submit, in some degree, to use, yet not so much but you trace in a full-grown taper finger, these little winding lines among the wrinkles, or in (what is more pretty, because more simple) the dimples of the knuckles. As we always distinguish things best by seeing their reverse set in opposition with them; if fig. ¶, by the straightness of its lines, shows fig.** to have some little taste in it, though it is so slightly sketched; the difference will more evidently appear when you in like manner compare a straight coarse finger in common life with the taper dimpled one of a fine lady.

There is an elegant degree of plumpness peculiar to the skin of the softer sex, that occasions these delicate dimplings in all their other joints, as well as these of the fingers; which so perfectly distinguishes them from those even of a graceful man; and which, assisted by the more softened shapes of the muscles underneath, presents to the eye all the varieties in the whole figure of the body, with gentler and fewer parts more sweetly connected together, and with such a fine simplicity as will always give the turn of the female frame, represented in the Venus††, the preference to that of the Apollo‡‡.

Now whoever can conceive lines thus constantly flowing, and delicately varying over every part of the body, even to the fingers' ends, and will call to his remembrance what led us to this last description of what the Italians call, Il poco piu *(the little more* that is expected from the hand of a master), will, in my mind, want very little more than what his own observation on the works of art and nature will lead him to, to acquire a true idea of the word *Taste*, when applied to form; however inexplicable this word may hitherto have been imagined.

We have all along had recourse chiefly to the works of the ancients, not because the moderns have not produced some as excellent; but because the works of the former are more generally known: nor would we have it thought, that either of them have ever yet come up to the utmost beauty of nature. Who but a bigot, even to the antiques, will say that he has not seen faces and necks, hands and arms in living women, that even the Grecian Venus doth but coarsely imitate?

And what sufficient reason can be given why the same may not be said of the rest of the body?

CHAPTER XI.

OF PROPORTION.

IF any one should ask, what it is that constitutes a fine proportioned human figure? how ready and seemingly decisive is the common answer: *a just symmetry and harmony of parts with respect to the whole.* But as probably this vague answer took its rise from doctrines not belonging to form, or idle schemes built on them, I apprehend it will cease to be thought much to the purpose after a proper inquiry has been made.

Preparatory to which, it becomes necessary in this place, to mention one reason more, which may be added to those given in the introduction, for my having persuaded the reader to consider objects scooped out like thin shells; which is, that, partly by this conception, he may be the better able to separate and keep asunder the two following *general ideas*, as we will call them, belonging to form; which are apt to coincide and mix with each other in the mind, and which it is necessary (for the sake of making each more fully and particularly clear) should be kept apart, and considered singly.

First, the *general ideas* of what hath already been discussed in the foregoing chapters, which only comprehends the surface of form, viewing it in no other light than merely as being ornamental or not.

Secondly, that *general idea*, now to be discussed, which we commonly have of form altogether, as arising chiefly from a fitness to some designed purpose or use.

Hitherto our main drift hath been to establish and illustrate the first idea only, by showing, first the nature of variety, and then its effects on the mind; with the manner how such impressions are made by means of the different feelings given to the eye, from its movements in tracing and coursing over ||| surfaces of all kinds.

The surface of a piece of ornament, that hath every turn in it that lines are capable of moving into, and at the same time no way applied, nor of any manner of use, but merely to entertain the eye, would be such an object as would answer to this first idea alone.

The figure like a leaf, at the bottom of plate 1, near to fig. 67, is something of this kind; it was taken from an ash tree, and was a sort of lusus naturæ; growing only like an excrescence, but so beautiful in the lines of its shell-like windings, as would have been above the power of a Gibbons to have equalled, even in its own materials: nor could the graver of an Edlinck, or Drevet, have done it justice on copper.

Note, the present taste of ornaments seems to have been partly taken from productions of this sort, which are to be found about autumn among plants, particularly asparagus, when it is running to seed.

I shall now endeavour to explain what is included in what I have called, for distinction sake, the second *general idea* of form, in a much

* Fig. 78. T. p. 2. † Fig. 79. T. p. 2. ‡ Fig. 80. T. p. 2. || Fig. 81. T. p. 2.
§ Fig. 54. p. 1. ¶ Fig. 82. T. p. 2. ** Fig. 83. T. p. 2.
†† Fig. 13. p. 1. ‡‡ Fig. 12. p. 1. ||| See Chap. V.

fuller manner than was done in chapter I. of Fitness. And begin with observing, that though surfaces will unavoidably be still included, yet we must no longer confine ourselves to the particular notice of them as surfaces only, as we heretofore have done; we must now open our view to general, as well as particular bulk and solidity; and also look into what may have filled up, or given rise thereto, such as certain *given* quantities and dimensions of parts, for enclosing any substance, or for performing of *motion, purchase, stedfastness,* and other matters of use to living beings, which, I apprehend, at length, will bring us to a tolerable conception of the word *proportion*.

As to these *joint sensations* of bulk and motion, do we not at first sight almost, even without making trial, seem to *feel* when a lever of any kind is too weak, or not long enough to make such or such a purchase? or when a spring is not sufficient? and do not we find by experience, what weight or dimension should be given, or taken away, on this or that account? if so, as the general as well as particular bulks of form are made up of materials moulded together under mechanical directions, for some known purpose or other; how naturally, from these considerations, shall we fall into a judgment of *fit proportion?* which is one part of beauty to the mind, though not always so to the eye.

Our necessities have taught us to mould matter into various shapes, and to give them fit proportions, for particular uses, as bottles, glasses, knives, dishes, &c. Hath not offence given rise to the form of the sword, and defence to that of the shield? And what else but proper fitness of parts hath fixed the different dimensions of pistols, common guns, great guns, fowling-pieces, and blunderbusses? which differences as to figure, may as properly be called the different characters of fire-arms, as the different shapes of men are called characters of men.

We find also that the profuse variety of shapes, which present themselves from the whole animal creation, arise chiefly from the nice fitness of their parts, designed for accomplishing the peculiar movements of each.

And here I think will be the proper place to speak of a most curious difference between the living machines of nature, in respect of fitness, and such poor ones, in comparison with them, as men are only capable of making; by means of which distinction, I am in hopes of showing what particularly constitutes the utmost beauty of proportion in the human figure.

A clock, by the government's order, has been made, and another now making, by Mr. Harrison, for the keeping of true time at sea; which perhaps is one of the most exquisite movements ever made. Happy the ingenious contriver! although the form of the whole, or of every part of this curious machine, should be ever so confused, or displeasingly shaped to the eye; and although even its movements should be disagreeable to look at, provided it answers the end proposed; an ornamental composition was no part of his scheme, otherwise than as a polish might be necessary; if ornaments are required to be added to mend its shape, care must be taken that they are no obstruction to the movement itself, and the more as they would be superfluous, as to the main design. But in nature's machines, how wonderfully do we see beauty and use go hand in hand!

Had a machine for this purpose been nature's work, the whole and every individual part might have had exquisite beauty of form, without danger of destroying the exquisiteness of its motion, even as if ornament had been the sole aim: its movements too might have been graceful, without one superfluous tittle added for either of these lovely purposes. Now this is that curious difference between the fitness of nature's machines (one of which is man) and those made by mortal hands: which distinction is to lead us to our main point proposed; I mean, to the showing what constitutes the utmost beauty of proportion.

There was brought from France, some years ago, a little clock-work machine, with a duck's head and legs fixt to it, which was so contrived as to have some resemblance of that animal standing upon one foot, and stretching back its leg, turning its head, opening and shutting its bill, moving its wings, and shaking its tail; all of them the plainest and easiest directions in living movements: yet for the poorly performing of these few motions, this silly, but much extolled machine, being uncovered, appeared a most complicated, confused, and disagreeable object: nor would its being covered with a skin closely adhering to its parts, as that of a real duck's doth, have much mended its figure; at best, a bag of hob-nails, broken hinges, and patten rings, would have looked as well, unless by other means it had been stuffed out to bring it into form.

Thus again you see, the more variety we pretend to give to our trifling movements, the more confused and unornamental the forms become; nay, chance but seldom helps them. How much the reverse are nature's! the greater the variety her movements have, the more beautiful are the parts that cause them.

The finny race of animals, as they have fewer motions than other creatures, so are their forms less remarkable for beauty. It is also to be noted of every species, that the handsomest of each move best; birds of a clumsy make seldom fly well, nor do lumpy fish glide so well through the water as those of a neater make; and beasts of the most elegant form always excel in speed; of this, the horse and the greyhound are beautiful examples; and even among themselves, the most elegantly made seldom fail of being the swiftest.

The war-horse is more equally made for strength than the race-horse, which surplus of power in the former, if supposed added to the latter, as it would throw more weight into improper parts for the business of mere speed, so of course it would lessen, in some degree, that admirable quality, and partly destroy that delicate fitness of his make; but then a quality in movement, superior to that of speed, would be given to him by the addition, as he would be rendered thereby more fit to move with ease in such varied or graceful directions, as are so delightful to the eye in the carriage of the fine managed war-horse; and as at the same time, something stately and graceful would be added to his figure, which before could only be said to have an elegant neatness. This noble creature stands foremost amongst brutes; and it is but consistent with nature's propriety, that the most useful animal in the brute creation should be thus signalized also for the most beauty.

Yet, properly speaking, no living creatures are capable of moving in such truly varied and graceful directions, as the human species; and it would be needless to say how much superior in beauty their forms and textures likewise are. And surely also, after what has been said relating to figure and motion, it is plain and evident that nature has thought fit to make beauty of proportion, and beauty of movement, necessary to each other: so that the observation before made on animals, will hold equally good with regard to man: *i. e.* that he who is most exquisitely well proportioned is most capable of exquisite movements, such as ease and *grace in deportment*, or in dancing.

It may be a sort of collateral confirmation of what has been said of this method of nature's working, as well as otherwise worth our notice, that when any parts belonging to the human body are concealed, and not immediately concerned in movement, all such ornamental shapes, as evidently appear in the muscles and bones*, are totally neglected as unnecessary, for nature doth nothing in vain! This is plainly the case of the intestines, none of them having the least beauty, as to form, except the *heart;* which noble part, and indeed kind of first mover, is a simple and well-varied figure; conformable to which, some of the most elegant Roman urns and vases have been fashioned.

Now, thus much being kept in remembrance, our next step will be to speak of, first, general measurements; such as the whole height of the body to its breadth, or the length of a limb to its thickness: and, secondly, of such appearances of dimensions as are too intricately varied to admit of a description by lines.

The former will be confined to a very few straight lines, crossing each other, which will easily be understood by every one; but the latter will require somewhat more attention, because it will extend to the precision of every modification, bound, or limit of the human figure.

To be somewhat more explicit. As to the first part, I shall begin with showing what practicable sort of measuring may be used in order to produce the most proper variety in the proportions of the parts of any body. I say, *practicable*, because the vast variety of intricately situated parts, belonging to the human form, will not admit of measuring the distances of one part by another, by lines or points, beyond a certain degree or number, without great perplexity in the operation itself, or confusion to the imagination. For instance, say, a line representing one breadth and an half of the wrist, would be equal to the true breadth of the thickest part of the arm above the elbow; may it not then be asked, what part of the wrist is meant? for if you place a pair of calipers a little nearer or further from the hand, the distance of the points will differ, and

* See Chap. IX. on Compositions with the serpentine line.

so they will if they are moved close to the wrist all round, because it is flatter one way than the other: but suppose, for argument sake, one certain diameter should be fixed upon; may it not again be asked, how it is to be applied, if to the flattest side of the arm or the roundest, and how far from the elbow, and must it be when the arm is extended or when it is bent? for this also will make a sensible difference, because, in the latter position, the muscle called the biceps, in the front of that part of the arm, swells up like a ball one way, and narrows itself another: nay, all the muscles shift their appearances in different movements, so that whatever may have been pretended by some authors, no exact mathematical measurements by lines can be given for the true proportion of a human body.

It comes then to this, that no longer than whilst we suppose all the lengths and breadths of the body, or limbs, to be as regular figures as cylinders, or as the leg, figure 68 in plate 1, which is as round as a rolling-stone, are the measures of lengths to breadths practicable, or of any use to the knowledge of proportion: so that as all mathematical schemes are foreign to this purpose, we will endeavour to root them quite out of our way: therefore I must not omit taking notice, that Albert Durer, Lamozzo (see two tasteless figures* taken from their books of proportion), and some others, have not only puzzled mankind with a heap of minute unnecessary divisions, but also with a strange *notion* that those divisions are governed by the laws of music; which mistake they seem to have been led into, by having seen certain uniform and consonant divisions upon one string produce harmony to the ear, and by persuading themselves, that similar distances in lines belonging to form, would, in like manner, delight the eye. The very reverse of which has been shown to be true, in chap. iii. on Uniformity. "The length of the foot," say they, "in respect to the "breadth, makes a *double suprabipartient*, a *diapason* and a *diatesseron*†." which, in my opinion, would have been full as applicable to the ear, or to a plant, or to a tree, or any other form whatsoever: yet these sort of *notions* have so far prevailed by time, that the words, *harmony of parts*, seem as applicable to form, as to music.

Notwithstanding the absurdity of the above schemes, such measures as are to be taken from antique statues, may be of some service to painters and sculptors, especially to young beginners, but nothing nigh of such use to them, as the measures, taken the same way, from ancient buildings have been, and are, to architects and builders; because the latter have to do with little else but plain geometrical figures: which measures, however, serve only in copying what has been done before.

The few measures I shall speak of, for the setting out the general dimensions of a figure, shall be taken by straight lines only, for the more easy conception of what may indeed be properly called, *gauging the contents of the body*, supposing it solid like a marble statue, as the wires were described to do‡ in the introduction: by which plain method, clear ideas may be acquired of what *alone* seem to me to require measuring, of what certain lengths to what breadths make the most eligible proportions in general.

The most general dimensions of a body or limbs, are lengths, breadths, or thicknesses; now the whole gentility of a figure, according to its character, depends upon the first proportioning these lines or wires (which are its measures) properly one to another; and the more varied these lines are, with respect to each other, the more may the future divisions be varied likewise, that are to be made on them; and of course the less varied these lines are, the parts influenced by them, as they must conform themselves to them, must have less variety too. For example, the exact cross‖ of two equal lines, cutting each other in the middle, would confine the figure of a man, drawn conformably to them, to the disagreeable character of his being as broad as he is long. And the two lines crossing each other, to make the height and breadth of a figure, will want variety a contrary way, by one line being very short in proportion to the other, and therefore also incapable of producing a figure of tolerable variety. To prove this, it will be very easy for the reader to make the experiment, by drawing a figure or two (though ever so imperfectly) confined within such limits.

There is a medium between these, proper for every character, which the eye will easily and accurately determine.

Thus, if the lines, fig.§, were to be the measure of the extreme length and breadth, set out either for the figure of a man or a vase, the eye soon sees the longest of these is not quite sufficiently so, in proportion to the other, for a genteel man; and yet it would make a vase too taper to be elegant; no rule or compasses would decide this matter either so quickly or so precisely as a good eye. It may be observed, that minute differences in great lengths, are of little or no consequence as to proportion, because they are not to be discerned; for a man is half an inch shorter when he goes to bed at night, than when he rises in the morning, without the possibility of its being perceived. In case of a wager, the application of a rule or compasses may be necessary, but seldom on any other occasion.

Thus much I apprehend is sufficient for the consideration of general lengths to breadths. Where, by the way, I apprehend I have plainly shown, that there is no practicable rule, by lines, for minutely setting out proportions *for* the human body; and if there were, the eye alone must determine us in our choice of what is most pleasing to itself.

Thus having dispatched general dimensions, which we may say is almost as much of proportion, as is to be seen when we have our clothes on; I shall, in the second, and more extensive method proposed for considering it, set out in the familiar path of common observation, and appeal as I go on to our usual feeling, or joint sensation of figure and motion.

Perhaps by mentioning two or three known instances, it will be found that almost every one is farther advanced in the knowledge of this speculative part of proportion than he imagines; especially he who hath been used to observe naked figures doing bodily exercise, and more especially if he be any way interested in the success of them; and the better he is acquainted with the nature of the exercise itself, still the better judge he becomes of the figure that is to perform it. For this reason, no sooner are two boxers stript to fight, but even a butcher, thus skilled, shows himself a considerable critic in proportion; and on this sort of judgment, often gives, or takes the odds, at bare sight only of the combatants. I have heard a blacksmith harangue like an anatomist, or sculptor, on the beauty of a boxer's figure, though not perhaps in the same terms; and I firmly believe, that one of our common proficients in the athletic art would be able to instruct and direct the best sculptor living (who hath not seen, or is wholly ignorant of this exercise) in what would give the statue of an English boxer, a much better proportion, as to character, than is to be seen, even in the famous group of antique boxers (or, as some call them, Roman wrestlers) so much admired to this day.

Indeed, as many parts of the body are so constantly kept covered, the proportion of the whole cannot be equally known; but as stockings are so close and thin a covering, every one judges of the different shapes and proportions of legs with great accuracy. The ladies always speak skilfully of necks, hands, and arms; and often will point out such particular beauties or defects in their make, as might easily escape the observation of a man of science.

Surely, such determinations could not be made and pronounced with such critical truth, if the eye were not capable of measuring or judging of thicknesses by lengths, with great preciseness. Nay more, in order to determine so nicely as they often do, it must also, at the same time, trace with some skill those delicate windings upon the surface which have been described in page 30, which altogether may be observed to include the two general ideas mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

If so, certainly it is in the power of a man of science, with as observing an eye, to go still further, and conceive, with a very little turn of thought, many other necessary circumstances concerning proportion, as of what size and in what manner the bones help to make up the bulk, and support the other parts; as well as what certain weights or dimensions of muscles are proper (according to the principle of the steelyard) to move such or such a length of arm with this or that degree of swiftness or force.

But though much of this matter may be easily understood by common observation, assisted by science, still I fear it will be difficult to raise a very clear idea of what constitutes or composes the *utmost beauty of proportion;* such as is seen in the Antinous, which is allowed to be the

* Fig. 53. p. 1.

† Note, these authors assure you, that this curious method of measuring *will produce beauty far beyond any nature doth afford.* Lamozzo recommends also another scheme, with a triangle, to correct the *poverty of nature*, as they express themselves. These *nature-menders* put one in mind of Gulliver's taylor at Laputa, who, having taken measure of him for a suit of clothes, with a rule, quadrant, and compasses, after a considerable time spent, brought them home ill made.

‡ Fig. 2. p. 1. ‖ Fig. 69. R. p. 2.

§ Fig. 70. R. p. 2.

most perfect in this respect of any of the antique statues; and though the lovely likewise seems to have been as much the sculptor's aim as in the Venus, yet a manly strength in its proportion is equally expressed from head to foot in it.

Let us try, however, and as this masterpiece of art is so well known, we will set it up before us as a pattern, and endeavour to fabricate, or put together in the mind, such kind of parts as shall seem to build another figure like it. In doing which, we shall soon find that it is chiefly to be effected by means of the nice sensation we naturally have of what certain quantities or dimensions of parts are fittest to produce the utmost strength for moving or supporting great weights, and of what are most fit for the utmost light agility, as also for every degree between these two extremes.

He who hath best perfected his ideas of these matters by common observations, and by the assistance of arts relative thereto, will probably be most precisely just and clear, in conceiving the application of the various parts and dimensions, that will occur to him in the following descriptive manner of disposing of them, in order to form the idea of a fine proportioned figure.

Having set up the Antinous as our pattern, we will suppose there were placed on one side it, the unwieldy elephant-like figure of an Atlas, made up of such thick bones and muscles, as would best fit him for supporting a vast weight, according to his character of extreme heavy strength. And, on the other side, imagine the slim figure of a Mercury, every where neatly formed for the utmost light agility, with slender bones and taper muscles, fit for his nimble bounding from the ground. Both these figures must be supposed of equal height, and not exceeding six foot*.

Our *extremes* thus placed, now imagine the Atlas throwing off by degrees, certain portions of bone and muscle, proper for the attainment of light agility, as if aiming at the Mercury's airy form and quality; whilst on the other hand, see the Mercury augmenting his taper figure by equal degrees, and growing towards an Atlas in equal time, by receiving to the like places from whence they came, the very quantities that the other had been casting off, when, as they approach each other in weight, their forms of course may be imagined to grow more and more alike, till, at a certain point of time, they meet in just similitude; which being an exact medium between the two extremes, we may thence conclude it to be the precise form of exact proportion, fittest for perfect active strength or graceful movement; such as the Antinous we proposed to imitate and figure in the mind†.

I am apprehensive that this part of my scheme, for explaining exact proportion, may not be thought so sufficiently determinate as could be wished: be this as it will, I must submit to the reader, as my best resource in so difficult a case, and shall therefore beg leave to try to illustrate it a little more, by observing, that, in like manner, any two opposite colours in the *rainbow* form a third between them, by thus imparting to each other their peculiar qualities; as, for example, the brightest yellow, and the lively blue that is placed at some distance from it, visibly approach, and blend by interchangeable degrees, and, as above, *temper* rather than destroy each other's vigour, till they meet in one firm compound; whence, at a certain point, the sight of what they were originally, is quite lost; but in their stead, a most pleasing green is found, which colour nature hath chose for the vestment of the earth, and with the beauty of which the eye is never tired.

From the order of the ideas which the description of the above three figures may have raised in the mind, we may easily compose between them, various other proportions. And as the painter, by means of a certain order in the arrangement of the colours upon his pallet, readily mixes up what kind of tint he pleases, so may we mix up and compound in the imagination such fit parts as will be consistent with this or that particular character, or at least be able thereby to discover how such characters are composed when we see them either in art or nature.

But perhaps even the word *character, as it relates to form*, may not be quite understood by every one, though it is so frequently used; nor do I remember to have seen it explained any where. Therefore on this account —and also as it will farther show the use of thinking of form and motion together—it will not be improper to observe, that notwithstanding a character, in this sense, chiefly depends on a figure being remarkable as to its form, either in some particular part, or all together; yet surely no figure, be it ever so singular, can be perfectly conceived as a character, till we find it connected with some remarkable circumstance or cause, for such particularity of appearance; for instance, a fat bloated person doth not call to mind the character of a Silenus, till we have joined the idea of voluptuousness with it; so likewise strength to support, and clumsiness of figure, are united, as well in the character of an Atlas as in a porter.

When we consider the great weight chairmen often have to carry, do we not readily consent that there is a propriety and fitness in the Tuscan order of their legs, by which they properly become *characters* as to figure?

Watermen, too, are of a distinct cast, or character, whose legs are no less remarkable for their smallness: for as there is naturally the greatest call for nutriment to the parts that are most exercised, so of course these that lie so much stretched out, are apt to dwindle, or not grow to their full size. There is scarcely a waterman that rows upon the Thames, whose figure doth not confirm this observation. Therefore were I to paint the character of a Charon, I would thus distinguish his make from that of a common man's; and, in spite of the word *low*, venture to give him a broad pair of shoulders, and spindle shanks, whether I had the authority of an antique statue or basso-relievo for it or not.

May be, I cannot throw a stronger light on what has been hitherto said of proportion, than by animadverting on a remarkable beauty in the Apollo-belvedere, which hath given it the preference even to the Antinous: I mean a superaddition of *greatness*, to at least as much beauty and grace as is found in the latter.

These two masterpieces of art are seen together in the same palace at Rome, where the Antinous fills the spectator with admiration only, whilst the Apollo strikes him with surprise, and, as travellers express themselves, with an appearance of something *more than human;* which they *of course* are always at a loss to describe: and this effect, they say, is the more astonishing, as upon examination its disproportion is evident even to a common eye. One of the best sculptors we have in England, who lately went to see them, confirmed to me what has been now said, particularly as to the legs and thighs being too long and too large for the upper parts. And Andrea Sacchi, one of the great Italian painters, seems to have been of the same opinion, or he would hardly have given his Apollo, crowning Pasquilini, the musician, the exact proportion of the Antinous (in a famous picture of his now in England), as otherwise it seems to be a direct copy from the Apollo.

Although in very great works we often see an inferior part neglected, yet here it cannot be the case, because, in a fine statue, just proportion is one of its essential beauties: therefore it stands to reason, that these limbs must have been lengthened on purpose, otherwise it might easily have been avoided.

So that if we examine the beauties of this figure thoroughly, we may reasonably conclude, that what has been hitherto thought so unaccountably *excellent* in its general appearance, hath been owing to what hath seemed a *blemish* in a part of it: but let us endeavour to make this matter as clear as possible, as it may add more force to what has been said.

Statues by being bigger than life (as this is one, and larger than the Antinous) always gain some nobleness in effect, according to the principle of quantity‡: but this alone is not sufficient to give what is properly to be called *greatness* in proportion; for were figures 17 and 18, in plate 1, to be drawn or carved by a scale of ten feet high, they would still be but pigmy proportions, as, on the other hand, a figure of but two inches may represent a gigantic height.

Therefore *greatness* of proportion must be considered as depending on the application of *quantity* to those parts of the body where it can give more scope to its grace in movement, as to the neck, for the larger and swan-like turns of the head, and to the legs and thighs, for the more ample sway of all the upper parts together.

By which we find that the Antinous's being equally magnified to the Apollo's height, would not sufficiently produce that superiority of effect,

* If the scale of either of these proportions were to exceed six foot in the life, the quality of strength in one, and agility in the other, would gradually decrease, the larger the person grew. There are sufficient proofs of this, both from mechanical reasonings and common observation.

† The jockey who knows to an ounce what flesh or bone in a horse is fittest for speed or strength, will as easily conceive the like process between the strongest dray-horse and the fleetest racer, and soon conclude, that the fine war-horse must be the medium between the two extremes.

‡ See Chap. VI.

as to greatness, so evidently seen in the latter. The additions necessary to the production of this *greatness* in proportion, as it there appears added to grace, must then be by the proper application of them to the parts mentioned only.

I know not how further to prove this matter than by appealing to the reader's eye, and common observation, as before.

The Antinous being allowed to have the justest proportion possible, let us see what addition, upon the principle of quantity, can be made to it, without taking away any of its beauty.

If we imagine an addition of dimensions to the head, we shall immediately conceive it would only deform—if to the hands or feet, we are sensible of something gross and ungenteel—if to the whole lengths of the arms, we feel they would be dangling and awkward—if by an addition of length or breadth to the body, we know it would appear heavy and clumsy —there remains then only the *neck*, with the *legs* and *thighs*, to speak of; but to these we find, that not only certain additions may be admitted without causing any disagreeable effect, but that thereby *greatness*, the last perfection as to proportion, is given to the human form, as is evidently expressed in the Apollo; and may still be further confirmed by examining the drawings of Parmigiano, where these particulars are seen in excess; yet on this account his works are said, by all true connoisseurs, to have an inexpressible greatness of taste in them, though otherwise very incorrect.

Let us now return to the two general ideas we set out with at the beginning of this chapter, and recollect that under the first, on surface, I have shown in what manner and how far human proportion is measurable, by varying the contents of the body, conformable to the given proportion of two lines. And that under the second and more extensive general idea of form, as arising from fitness for movement, &c. I have endeavoured to explain, by every means I could devise, that every particular and minute dimension of the body should conform to such purposes of movement, &c. as have been first properly considered and determined: on which conjunctively, the true proportion of every character must depend; and is found so to do, by our joint sensation of bulk and motion. Which account of the proportion of the human body, however imperfect, may possibly stand its ground till one more plausible shall be given.

As the Apollo* has been only mentioned on account of the greatness of its proportion, I think, in justice to so fine a performance, and also as it is not foreign to the point we have been upon, we may subjoin an observation or two on its perfections.

Besides, what is commonly allowed, if we consider it by the rules here given for constituting or composing character, it will discover the author's great sagacity, in choosing a proportion for this deity, which has served two noble purposes at once; in that these very dimensions which appear to have given it so much dignity, are the same that are best fitted to produce the utmost speed. And what could characterise the god of day, either so strongly or elegantly, to be expressive in a statue, as superior swiftness and beauty dignified? and how poetically doth the action it is put into, carry on the allusion to speed †, as he is lightly stepping forward, and seeming to shoot his arrows from him; if the arrows may be allowed to signify the sun's rays? This at least may as well be supposed as the common surmise, that he is killing the dragon Python; which certainly is very inconsistent with so erect an attitude and benign an aspect‡.

Nor are the inferior parts neglected: the drapery also that depends from his shoulders, and folds over his extended arm, hath its treble office. As, first, it assists in keeping the general appearance within the boundary of a pyramid, which being inverted, is, for a single figure, rather more natural and genteel than one upon its basis. Secondly, it fills up the vacant angle under the arm, and takes off the straightness of the lines the arm necessarily makes with the body in such an action; and, lastly, spreading as it doth, in pleasing folds, it helps to satisfy the eye with a noble quantity in the composition altogether, without depriving the beholder of any part of the beauties of the naked: in short, this figure might serve, were a lecture to be read over it, to exemplify every principle that hath been hitherto advanced. We shall therefore close not only all we have to say on proportion with it, but our whole lineal account of form, except what we have particularly to offer as to the face, which it will be proper to defer, till we have spoken of *light* and *shade* and *colour*.

As some of the ancient statues have been of such singular use to me, I shall beg leave to conclude this chapter with an observation or two on them in general.

It is allowed by the most skilful in the imitative arts, that though there are many of the remains of antiquity that have great excellencies about them; yet there are not, moderately speaking, above twenty that may be justly called *capital*. There is one reason, nevertheless, besides the blind veneration that generally is paid to antiquity, for holding even many very imperfect pieces in some degree of estimation: I mean that *peculiar taste of elegance* which so visibly runs through them all, down to the most incorrect of their basso-relievos: which *taste*, I am persuaded, my reader will now conceive to have been entirely owing to the perfect knowledge the ancients must have had of the use of the precise serpentine line.

But this cause of *elegance* not having been since sufficiently understood, no wonder such effects should have appeared mysterious, and have drawn mankind into a sort of religious esteem, and even bigotry, to the works of antiquity.

Nor have there been wanting of artful people, who have made good profit of those whose unbounded admiration hath run them into enthusiasm. Nay there are, I believe, some who still carry on a comfortable trade in such originals as have been so defaced and maimed by time, that it would be impossible, without a pair of *double-ground* connoisseur spectacles, to see whether they have ever been good or bad: they deal also in cooked-up copies, which they are very apt to put off for originals. And whoever dares be bold enough to detect such impositions, finds himself immediately branded, and given out as one of low ideas, ignorant of the true sublime, self-conceited, envious, &c.

But as there are a great part of mankind that delight most in what they least understand; for aught I know, the emolument may be equal between the *bubbler* and the *bubbled:* at least this seems to have been Butler's opinion:

> Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated, as to cheat.

CHAPTER XII.

OF LIGHT AND SHADE, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH OBJECTS ARE EXPLAINED TO THE EYE BY THEM.

ALTHOUGH both this and the next chapter may seem more particularly relative to the art of painting, than any of the foregoing; yet as hitherto I have endeavoured to be understood by every reader, so here also I shall avoid, as much as the subject will permit, speaking of what would only be well conceived by painters.

There is such a subtle variety in the nature of appearances, that probably we shall not be able to gain much ground by this inquiry, unless we exert and apply the full use of every sense that will convey to us any information concerning them.

So far as we have already gone, the sense of feeling, as well as that of seeing, hath been applied to; so that perhaps a man born blind, may, by his better touch than is common to those who have their sight, together with the regular process that has been here given of lines, so feel out the nature of forms, as to make a tolerable judgment of what is beautiful to sight.

Here again our other senses must assist us, notwithstanding in this chapter we shall be more confined to what is communicated to the eye by rays of light; and though things must now be considered as appearances only; produced and made out merely by means of *lights*, *shades*, and *colours*.

By the various circumstances of which, every one knows we have represented on the flat surface of the looking-glass, pictures equal to the originals reflected by it. The painter too, by proper dispositions of lights, shades, and colours on his canvass, will raise the like ideas. Even prints, by means of lights and shades alone, will perfectly inform the eye of every shape and distance whatsoever, in which even lines must be considered as

* Fig. 12. p. 1.

† ——the sun: which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. Psalm xix. 5.

‡ The accounts given, in relation to this statue, make it so highly probable that it was the great Apollo of Delphos, that, for my own part, I make no manner of doubt of its being so.

narrow parts of shade; a number of them, drawn or engraved neatly, side by side, called *hatching*, serve as shades in prints, and when they are artfully managed, are a kind of pleasing *succedaneum* to the delicacy of nature's.

Could mezzotinto prints be wrought as accurately as those with the graver, they would come nearest to nature, because they are done without strokes or lines.

I have often thought that a landscape, in the process of this way of representing it, doth a little resemble the first coming on of day. The copper plate it is done upon, when the artist first takes it into hand, is wrought all over with an edged tool, so as to make it print one even black, like night: and his whole work after this, is merely introducing the lights into it, which he does by scraping off the rough grain according to his design, artfully smoothing it most where light is most required: but as he proceeds in burnishing the lights, and clearing up the shades, he is obliged to take off frequent impressions to prove the progress of the work, so that each proof appears like the different times of a foggy morning, till one becomes so finished as to be distinct and clear enough to imitate a day-light piece. I have given this description, because I think the whole operation, in the simplest manner, shows what lights and shades alone will do.

As light must always be supposed, I need only speak of such privations of it as are called shades or shadows, wherein I shall endeavour to point out and regularly describe a certain order and arrangement in their appearance, in which order we may conceive different kinds of softenings and modulations of the rays of light, which are said to fall upon the eye from every object it sees, and to cause those more or less pleasing vibrations of the optic nerves, which serve to inform the mind concerning every different shape or figure that presents itself.

The best light for seeing the shadows of objects truly, is that which comes in at a common sized window, where the sun doth not shine; I shall therefore speak of their order as seen by this kind of light: and shall take the liberty, in the present and following chapter, to consider colours but as variegated shades, which, together with common shades, will now be divided into two general parts or branches.

The first we shall call PRIME TINTS, by which is meant any colour or colours on the surfaces of objects; and the use we shall make of these different hues will be to consider them as shades to one another. Thus gold is a shade to silver, &c. exclusive of those additional shades which may be made in any degree by the privation of light.

The second branch may be called RETIRING SHADES, which gradate or go off by degrees, as fig.*. These shades, as they vary more or less, produce beauty, whether they are occasioned by the privation of light, or made by the pencilling of art or nature.

When I come to treat of colouring, I shall particularly show in what manner the gradating of prime tints serves to the making a beautiful complexion; in this place we shall only observe how nature hath by these gradating shades ornamented the surfaces of animals: fish generally have this kind of shade from their backs downward; birds have their feathers enriched with it; and many flowers, particularly the rose, show it by the gradually increasing colours of their leaves.

The sky always gradates one way or other, and the rising or setting sun exhibits it in great perfection, the imitating of which was Claude de Lorain's peculiar excellence, and is now Mr. Lambert's: there is so much of what is called harmony to the eye to be produced by this shade, that I believe we may venture to say,

In art it is the painter's gamut, which nature has sweetly pointed out to us in what we call the eyes of a peacock's tail: and the nicest needle-workers are taught to weave it into every flower and leaf, right or wrong, as if it was as constantly to be observed as it is seen in flames of fire; because it is always found to entertain the eye. There is a sort of needle-work called Irish-stitch, done in these shades only, which pleases still, though it has long been out of fashion.

There is so strict an analogy between shade and sound, that they may well serve to illustrate each other's qualities: for as sounds gradually decreasing and increasing, give the idea of progression from or to the ear, just so do retiring shades show progression, by figuring it to the eye. Thus, as by objects growing still fainter, we judge of distances in prospects, so by the decreasing noise of thunder, we form the idea of its moving further from us. And, with regard to their similitude in beauty, like as the gradating shade pleases the eye, so the increasing or swelling note delights the ear.

I have called it the retiring shade, because, by the successive or continual change in its appearance, it is equally instrumental with converging lines †, in showing how much objects, or any parts of them, retire or recede from the eye; without which, a floor or horizontal plane would often seem to stand upright like a wall. And notwithstanding all the other ways by which we learn to know at what distances things are from us, frequent deceptions happen to the eye on account of deficiencies in this shade: for if the light chances to be so disposed on objects as not to give this shade its true gradating appearance, not only spaces are confounded, but round things appear flat, and flat ones round.

But although the retiring shade hath this property, when seen with converging lines, yet if it describes no particular form, as none of those do in fig. 94, on top of plate 2, it can only appear as a flat pencilled shade: but being enclosed within some known boundary or outline, such as may signify a wall, a road, a globe, or any other form in perspective where the parts retire, it will then show its retiring quality: as for example, the retiring shade on the floor, in plate 2, which gradates from the dog's feet to those of the dancer's, shows, that by this means a level appearance is given to the ground: so when a cube is put into true perspective on paper, with lines only which do but barely hint the directions every face of it is meant to take, these shades make them seem to retire just as the perspective lines direct: thus mutually completing the idea of those recessions which neither of them alone could do.

Moreover, the outline of a globe is but a circle on the paper; yet, according to the manner of filling up the space within it, with this shade, it may be made to appear either flat, globular, or concave, in any of its positions with the eye; and as each manner of filling up the circle for those purposes must be very different, it evidently shows the necessity of distinguishing this shade into as many species or kinds as there are classes or species of lines, with which they may have a correspondence.

In doing which it will be found, that by their correspondency with, and conformity to objects either composed of straight, curved, waving, or serpentine lines, they of course take such appearances of variety as are adequate to the variety made by those lines; and by this conformity of shades we have the same ideas of any of the objects composed of the above lines in their front aspects, as we have of them by their profiles; which otherwise could not be without feeling them.

Now instead of giving engraved examples of each species of shade, as I have done of lines, I have found that they may be more satisfactorily pointed out and described by having recourse to the life.

But in order to the better and more precisely fixing upon what may be there seen, as the distinct species, of which all the shades of the retiring kind in nature partake, in some degree or other, the following scheme is offered, and intended as an additional means of making such simple impressions in the mind, as may be thought adequate to the four species of lines described in chapter xxvii.; wherein we are to suppose imperceptible degrees of shade gradating from one figure to another. The first species to be represented by, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5;
the second by, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5;
and the third by, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5;
gradating from the dots underneath, repeated either way.

As the first species varies or gradates but one way, it is therefore least ornamental, and equal only to straight lines.

The second gradating contrary ways, doubling the others' variety, is consequently twice as pleasing, and thereby equal to curved lines.

The third species gradating doubly contrary ways, is thereby still more pleasing in proportion to that quadruple variety which makes it become capable of conveying to the mind an equivalent in shade which expresses the beauty of the waving line, when it cannot be seen as a line.

The retiring shade, adequate to the serpentine line, now should follow; but as the line itself could not be expressed on paper, without the figure of a cone ‡, so neither can this shade be described without the assistance of a proper form, and therefore must be deferred a little longer.

* Fig. 34. T. p. 2.

† See p. 21. The two converging lines from the ship, to the point C, under fig. 47, plate 1.

‡ See fig. 26. p. 1.

When only the ornamental quality of shades is spoken of, for the sake of distinguishing them from retiring shades, let them be considered as pencillings only; whence another advantage will arise, which is, that then all the intervening mixtures, with their degrees of beauty between each species, may be as easily conceived as those have been between each class of lines.

And now let us have recourse to the experiments in life, for such examples as may explain the retiring power of each species; since, as has been before observed, they must be considered together with their proper forms, or else their properties cannot be well distinguished.

All the degrees of obliquity that planes, or flat surfaces, are capable of moving into, have their appearances of recession perfected by the first species of retiring shades, which may evidently be seen by sitting opposite a door, as it is opening outwards from the eye, and fronting one light.

But it will be proper to premise, that when it is quite shut, and flat, or parellel to the eye and window, it will only have a pencilling shade gradating upon it, and spreading all around from the middle, but which will not have the power of giving the idea of recession any way, as when it opens, and the lines run in perspective to a point; because the square figure or parallel lines of the door do not correspond with such shade: but let a door be circular in the same situation, and all without side, or round about it, painted of any other colour, to make its figure more distinctly seen, and it will immediately appear concave like a basin, the shade continually retiring: because this circular species of shade would then be accompanied by its corresponding form, a circle*.

But to return: we observed that all the degrees of obliquity in the moving of planes or flat surfaces, have the appearances of their recession perfected to the eye by the first species of retiring shade. For example, then, when the door opens, and goes from its parallel situation with the eye, the shade last spoken of may be observed to alter and change its round gradating appearance, into that of gradating one way only, as when a standing water takes a current upon the least power given it to descend.

Note, if the light should come in at the door-way, instead of the window, the gradation then would be reversed, but still the effect of recession would be just the same, as this shade ever complies with the perspective lines.

In the next place, let us observe the *ovolo*, or quarter-round in a cornice, fronting the eye in like manner, by which may be seen an example of the second species; where, on its most projecting part, a line of light is seen, from whence these shades retire contrary ways, by which the curvature is understood.

And, perhaps, in the very same cornice may be seen an example of the third species, in that ornamental member called by the architects *cyma recta*, or talon, which indeed is no more than a larger sort of waving or ogee moulding; wherein, by the convex parts gently gliding into the concave, you may see four contrasted gradating shades, showing so many varied recessions from the eye, by which we are made as sensible of its waving form as if we saw the profile outline of some corner of it, where it is mitred, as the joiners term it. Note, when these objects have a little gloss on them, these appearances are most distinct.

Lastly, the serpentine shade may be seen (light and situation as before) by the help of the following figure, as thus; imagine the horn, figure 57, plate 2, to be of so soft a nature, that, with the fingers only, it might be pressed into any shape; then beginning gently from the middle of the dotted line, but pressing harder and harder all the way up the lesser end, by such pressure there would be as much concave above as would remain convex below, which would bring it equal in variety or beauty to the ogee moulding; but after this, by giving the whole a twist, like figure 58, these shades must unavoidably change their appearances, and in some measure twist about as the concave and convex parts are twisted, and consequently thereby add that variety which of course will give this species of shade as much the preference to the foregoing, as forms composed of serpentine lines have to those composed only of the waving. See chap. ix. and chap. x.

I should not have given my reader the trouble of completing, by the help of his imagination, the foregoing figure, but as it may contribute to the more ready and particular conception of that intricate variety which twisted figures give to this species of shade, and to facilitate his understanding the cause of its beauty, wherever it may be seen on surfaces of ornament, when it will be found no where more conspicuous than in a fine face, as will be seen upon further inquiry.

The dotted line †, which begins from the concave part under the arch of the brow, near the nose, and from thence winding down by the corner of the eye, and there turning obliquely with the round of the cheek, shows the course of that twist of shades in a face, which was before described by the horn; and which may be most perfectly seen in the life, or in a marble busto, together with the following additional circumstances still remaining to be described.

As a face is for the most part round, it is therefore apt to receive reflected light on its shadowy side‡, which not only adds more beauty by another pleasing tender gradation, but also serves to distinguish the roundness of the cheeks, &c. from such parts as sink and fall in: because concavities do not admit of reflections, as convex forms do ‖.

I have now only to add, that, as before observed, chap. iv. page 23, the oval hath a noble simplicity in it, more equal to its variety than any other object in nature, and of which the general form of a face is composed; therefore, from what has been now shown, the general gradation-shade belonging to it must consequently be adequate thereto, and which evidently gives a delicate softness to the whole composition of a face; insomuch that every little dint, crack, or scratch, the form receives, its shadows also suffer with it, and help to show the blemish. Even the least roughness interrupts and damages that soft gradating play of shades which fall upon it. Mr. Dryden, describing the light and shades of a face, in his Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller the portrait-painter, seems, by the penetration of his incomparable genius, to have understood that language in the works of nature, which the latter, by means of an exact eye and a strict obeying hand, could only faithfully transcribe, when he says,

> Where light to shades descending, plays, not strives,
> Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF COMPOSITIONS WITH REGARD TO LIGHT, SHADE, AND COLOURS.

UNDER this head I shall attempt showing what it is that gives the appearance of that hollow or vacant space in which all things move so freely; and in what manner light, shade, and colours, mark or point out the distances of one object from another, and occasion an agreeable play upon the eye, called by the painters a fine keeping, and pleasing composition of light and shade. Herein my design is to consider this matter as a performance of nature *without*, or before the eye; I mean, as if the objects with their shades, &c. were in fact circumstanced as they appear, and as the unskilled in optics take them to be. And let it be remarked throughout this chapter, that the pleasure arising from composition, as in a fine landscape, &c. is chiefly owing to the dispositions and assemblages of light and shades, which are so ordered by the principles called OPPOSITION, BREADTH, and SIMPLICITY, as to produce a just and distinct perception of the objects before us.

Experience teaches us that the eye may be subdued and forced into forming and disposing of objects even quite contrary to what it would naturally see them, by the prejudgment of the mind from the better authority of feeling, or some other persuasive motive. But surely this extraordinary perversion of the sight would not have been suffered, did it not tend to great and necessary purposes, in rectifying some deficiencies

* Note, if the light were to come in at a very little hole not far from the door, so as to make the gradation sudden and strong, like what may be made with a small candle held near a wall or a wainscot, the basin would appear the deeper for it.

Note also, that when planes are seen parallel to the eye in open day-light, they have scarce any round gradating or pencilling shade at all, but appear merely as uniform plane tints, because the rays of light are equally diffused upon them. Nevertheless, give them but obliquity, they will more or less exhibit the retiring shade.

† Fig. 97. B. p. 1.

‡ Note, though I have advised the observing objects by a front light, for the sake of the better distinguishing our four fundamental species of shades, yet objects in general are more advantageously and agreeably seen by light coming sideways upon them, and therefore generally chose in paintings, as it gives an additional reflected softness, not unlike the gentle tone of an echo in music.

‖ As an instance that convex and concave would appear the same, if the forms were to have no reflection thrown upon it, observe the ovolo and cavetto, or channel in a cornice, placed near together, and seen by a front light, when they will each of them by turns appear either concave or convex, as fancy shall direct.

which it would otherwise be subject to (though we must own, at the same time, that the mind itself may be so imposed upon as to make the eye see falsely as well as truly): for example, were it not for this control over the sight, it is well known, that we should not only see things double, but upside down, as they are painted upon the retina, and as each eye has a distinct sight. And then as to distances; a fly upon a pane of glass is sometimes imagined a crow, or larger bird afar off, till some circumstance hath rectified the mistake, and convinced us of its real size and place.

Hence I would infer, that the eye generally gives its assent to such space and distances as have been first measured by the feeling, or otherwise calculated in the mind; which measurements and calculations are equally, if not more in the power of a blind man, as was fully experienced by that incomparable mathematician and wonder of his age, the late professor Sanderson.

By pursuing this observation on the faculties of the mind, an idea may be formed of the means by which we attain to the perception or appearance of an immense space surrounding us; which cavity being subject to divisions and subdivisions in the mind, is afterwards fashioned by the limited power of the eye, first into a hemisphere, and then into the appearance of different distances, which are pictured to it by means of such dispositions of light and shade as shall next be described. And these I now desire may be looked upon but as so many *marks* or *types* set upon these distances, and which are remembered and learnt by degrees, and when learnt are recurred to upon all occasions.

If permitted then to consider light and shades as *types of distinction*, they become, as it were, our materials, of which *prime tints* are the principal; by these, I mean the fixed and permanent colours of each object, as the green of trees, &c. which serve the purposes of separating and relieving the several objects by the different strengths or shades of them being opposed to each other*.

The other shades that have been before spoken of, serve and help to the like purposes when properly opposed; but as in nature they are continually fleeting and changing their appearances, either by our or their situations, they sometimes oppose and relieve, and sometimes not; as for instance, I once observed the tower part of a steeple so exactly the colour of a light cloud behind it, that, at the distance I stood, there was not the least distinction to be made, so that the spire (of a lead-colour) seemed suspended in the air; but had a cloud of the like tint with the steeple supplied the place of the white one, the tower would then have been relieved and distinct, when the spire would have been lost to the view.

Nor is it sufficient that objects are of different colours or shades, to show their distances from the eye, if one does not in part hide or lie over the other, as in fig. 86.

For as fig.† the two equal balls, though one were black and the other white, placed on the separate walls, supposed distant from each other twenty or thirty feet, nevertheless may seem both to rest upon one, if the tops of the walls are level with the eye; but when one ball hides part of the other, as in the same figure, we begin to apprehend they are upon different walls, which is determined by the perspective‡: hence you will see the reason why the steeple of Bloomsbury church, in coming from Hampstead, seems to stand upon Montague house, though it is several hundred yards distant from it.

Since then the opposition of one prime tint or shade to another, hath so great a share in marking out the recessions or distances in a prospect, by which the eye is led onward step by step, it becomes a principle of consequence enough to be further discussed with regard to the management of it in compositions of nature, as well as art. As to the management of it, when seen only from one point, the artist hath the advantage over nature, because such fixed dispositions of shades, as he hath artfully put together, cannot be displaced by the alteration of light; for which reason, designs done in two prime tints only, will sufficiently represent all those recessions, and give a just keeping to the representation of a prospect in a print; whereas the oppositions in nature depending, as has been before hinted, on accidental situations and uncertain incidents, do not always make such pleasing composition, and would therefore have been very often deficient, had nature worked in two colours only; for which reason she hath provided an infinite number of materials, not only by way of prevention, but to add lustre and beauty to her works.

By an infinite number of materials, I mean colours and shades of all kinds and degrees; some notion of which variety may be formed by supposing a piece of white silk by several dippings gradually died to a black; and carrying it in like manner through the prime tints of yellow, red, and blue; and then again, by making the like progress through all the mixtures that are to be made of these three original colours. So that when we survey this infinite and immense variety, it is no wonder, that, let the light or objects be situated or changed how they will, oppositions seldom miss: nor that even every incident of shade should sometimes be so completely disposed as to admit of no further beauty, as to composition; and from whence the artist hath by observation taken his principles of imitation, as in the following respect.

Those objects which are intended most to affect the eye, and come forwardest to view, must have large, strong, and smart oppositions, like the fore-ground in fig.‖, and what are designed to be thrown further off, must be made still weaker and weaker, as expressed in figures 86, 92, and 93, which receding in order make a kind of gradation of oppositions; to which, and all the other circumstances already described, both for recession and beauty, nature hath added what is known by the name of aerial perspective; being that interposition of air, which throws a general soft retiring tint over the whole prospect; to be seen in excess at the rising of a fog. All which again receives still more distinctness, as well as a greater degree of variety, when the sun shines bright, and casts broad shadows of one object upon another, which gives the skilful designer such hints for showing broad and fine oppositions of shades, as give life and spirit to his performances.

Breadth of shade is a principle that assists in making distinction more conspicuous; thus fig.§ is better distinguished by its breadth or quantity of shade, and viewed with more ease and pleasure at any distance, than fig.¶, which hath many, and these but narrow shades between the folds. And for one of the noblest instances of this, let Windsor castle be viewed at the rising or setting of the sun.

Let breadth be introduced how it will, it always gives great repose to the eye; as, on the contrary, when lights and shades in a composition are scattered about in little spots, the eye is constantly disturbed, and the mind is uneasy, especially if you are eager to understand every object in the composition; as it is painful to the ear when any one is anxious to know what is said in company, where many are talking at the same time.

Simplicity (which I am last to speak of) in the disposition of a great variety, is best accomplished by following nature's constant rule, of d...ing composition into three or five parts, or parcels (see chap. iv. on Simplicity); the painters accordingly divide theirs into fore-ground, middle-ground, and distance or back-ground; which simple and distinct quantities *mass* together that variety which entertains the eye; as the different parts of bass, tenor, and treble, in a composition in music, entertain the ear.

Let these principles be reversed or neglected, the light and shade will appear as disagreeable as fig.**; whereas, was this to be a composition of lights and shades only, properly disposed, though ranged under no particular figures, it might still have the pleasing effect of a picture. And here, as it would be endless to enter upon the different effects of lights and shades on lucid and transparent bodies, we shall leave them to the reader's observation, and so conclude this chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF COLOURING.

BY the beauty of colouring, the painters mean that disposition of colours on objects, together with their proper shades, which appear at the same time both distinctly varied and artfully united, in compositions of any kind; but, by way of pre-eminence, it is generally understood of flesh-colour, when no other composition is named.

* Fig. 86. T. p. 2. † Fig. 90. T. p. 2.

‡ The knowledge of perspective is no small help to the seeing objects truly; for which purpose, Dr. Brook Taylor's Linear Perspective made easy to those who are unacquainted with Geometry, proposed to be published soon by Mr. Kirby of Ipswich, may be of most service.

‖ Fig. 89. T. p. 2. § Fig. 87. L. p. 1. ¶ Fig. 88. L. p. 1. ** Fig. 91. T. p. 2.

To avoid confusion, and having already said enough of retiring shades, I shall now only describe the nature and effect of the prime tint of flesh: for the composition of this, when rightly understood, comprehends every thing that can be said of the colouring of all other objects whatever.

And herein (as has been shown in chap. viii. of the manner of composing pleasing forms) the whole process will depend upon the art of varying: *i. e.* upon an artful manner of varying every colour belonging to flesh, under the direction of the six fundamental principles there spoken of.

But before we proceed to show in what manner these principles conduce to this design, we shall take a view of nature's curious ways of producing all sorts of complexions, which may help to further our conception of the principles of varying colours, so as to see why they cause the effect of beauty.

1. It is well known, the fair young girl, the brown old man, and the negro, nay, all mankind, have the same appearance, and are alike disagreeable to the eye, when the upper skin is taken away: now to conceal so disagreeable an object, and to produce that variety of complexions seen in the world, nature hath contrived a transparent skin, called the cuticula, with a lining to it of a very extraordinary kind, called the cutis; both which are so thin, any little scald will make them blister and peel off. These adhering skins are more or less transparent in some parts of the body than in others, and likewise different in different persons. The cuticula alone is like gold-beater's skin, a little wet, but somewhat thinner, especially in fair young people, which would show the fat, lean, and all the blood-vessels, just as they lie under it, as through isinglass, were it not for its lining the cutis, which is so curiously constructed, as to exhibit those things beneath it which are necessary to life and motion, in pleasing arrangements and dispositions of beauty.

The cutis is composed of tender threads, like net-work filled with different coloured juices. The white juice serves to make the very fair complexion; yellow makes the brunette; brownish yellow, the ruddy brown; green yellow, the olive; dark brown, the mulatto; black, the negro. These different coloured juices, together with the different *meshes* of the net-work, and the size of its threads in this or that part, causes the variety of complexions.

A description of this manner of its showing the rosy colour of the cheek, and, in like manner, the bluish tints about the temple, &c. see the profile*, where you are to suppose the black strokes of the print to be the white threads of the net-work; and where the strokes are thickest, and the part blackest, you are to suppose the flesh would be whitest; so that the lighter part of it stands for the vermilion-colour of the cheek, gradating every way.

Some persons have the net-work so equally wove over the whole body, face and all, that the greatest heat or cold will hardly make them change their colour; and these are seldom seen to blush, though ever so bashful, while the texture is so fine in some young women, that they redden or turn pale, on the least occasion.

I am apt to think the texture of this net-work is of a very tender kind, subject to damage many ways, but able to recover itself again, especially in youth. The fair fat healthy child of three or four years old hath it in great perfection; most visible when it is moderately warm, but till that age somewhat imperfect.

It is in this manner, then, that nature seems to do her work. And now let us see how by art the like appearance may be made and pencilled on the surface of an uniform coloured statue of wax or marble; by describing which operation we shall still more particularly point out what is to our present purpose: I mean the reason why the order nature hath thus made use of should strike us with the idea of beauty; which by the way, perhaps, may be of more use to some painters than they will care to own.

There are but three original colours in painting besides black and white, viz. red, yellow, and blue. Green and purple are compounded; the first of blue and yellow, the latter of red and blue; however, these compounds being so distinctly different from the original colours, we will rank them as such. Fig.† represents mixt up, as on a painter's pallet, scales of these five original colours divided into seven classes, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.—4 is the medium and most brilliant class, being that which will appear a firm red, when those of 5, 6, 7, would deviate into white, and those of 1, 2, 3, would sink into black, either by twilight or at a moderate distance from the eye; which shows 4 to be brightest, and a more permanent colour than the rest. But as white is nearest to light, it may be said to be equal, if not superior in value, as to beauty, with class 4; therefore the classes 5, 6, 7, have also almost equal beauty with it too, because what they lose of their brilliancy and permanency of colour, they gain from the white or light; whereas 3, 2, 1, absolutely lose their beauty by degrees as they approach nearer to black, the representative of darkness.

Let us then, for distinction and pre-eminence sake, call class 4 of each colour, *bloom tints*; or, if you please, virgin tints, as the painters call them; and once more recollect, that in the disposition of colours as well as of forms, variety, simplicity, distinctness, intricacy, uniformity, and quantity, direct in giving beauty to the colouring of the human frame, especially if we include the face, where uniformity and strong opposition of tints are required, as in the eyes and mouth, which call most for our attention. But for the general hue of flesh now to be described, variety, intricacy, and simplicity, are chiefly required.

The value of the degrees of colouring being thus considered and ranged in order upon the pallet, figure 94, let us next apply them to a busto, fig.‡, of white marble, which may be supposed to let every tint sink into it, like as a drop of ink sinks in and spreads itself upon coarse paper, whereby each tint will gradate all around.

If you would have the neck of the busto tinged of a very florid and lively complexion, the pencil must be dipt in the bloom tints of each colour as they stand one above another at No. 4—if for a less florid, in those of No. 5—if for a very fair, from No. 6—and so on till the marble would scarce be tinged at all: let therefore No. 6 be our present choice, and begin with pencilling on the red, as at r, the yellow tint at y, the blue tint at b, and the purple or lake tint at p.

These four tints thus laid on, proceed to covering the whole neck and breast, but still changing and varying the situations of the tints with one another, also causing their shapes and sizes to differ as much as possible; red must be oftenest repeated, yellow next often, purple red next, and blue but seldom, except in particular parts, as the temples, backs of the hands, &c. where the larger veins show their branching shapes (sometimes too distinctly), still varying those appearances. But there are, no doubt, infinite variations in nature from what may be called the most beautiful order and disposition of the colours in flesh, not only in different persons, but in different parts of the same, all subject to the same principles in some degree or other.

Now if we imagine this whole process to be made with the tender tints of class 7, as they are supposed to stand, red, yellow, blue, green, and purple, underneath each other; the general hue of the performance will be a seeming uniform prime tint, at any little distance, that is, a very fair, transparent, and pearl-like complexion; but never quite uniform, as snow, ivory, marble, or wax, like a poet's mistress; for either of these in living flesh would in truth be hideous.

As in nature, by the general yellowish hue of the cuticula, the gradating of one colour into another appears to be more delicately softened and united together; so will the colours we are supposed to have been laying upon the busto appear to be more united and mellowed by the oil they are ground in, which takes a yellowish cast after a little time, but is apt to do more mischief hereby than good; for which reason care is taken to procure such oil as is clearest and will best keep its colour‖ in oil-painting.

* Fig. 93. T. p. 2.

† Fig. 94. T. p. 2.

‡ Fig. 95. R. p. 2.

‖ Notwithstanding the deep-rooted notion, even amongst the majority of painters themselves, that time is a great improver of good pictures, I will undertake to show that nothing can be more absurd. Having mentioned above the whole effect of the oil, let us now see in what manner time operates on the colours themselves; in order to discover if any changes in them can give a picture more union and harmony than has been in the power of a skilful master, with all his rules of art, to do. When colours change at all, it must be somewhat in the manner following, for as they are made some of metal, some of earth, some of stone, and others of more perishable materials, time cannot operate on them otherwise than as by daily experience we find it does, which is, that one changes darker, another lighter, one quite to a different colour, whilst another, as ultramarine, will keep its natural brightness even in the fire. Therefore how is it possible that such different materials, ever variously changing (visibly after a certain time), should accidentally coincide with the artist's intention, and bring about the greater harmony of the piece, when it is manifestly contrary to their nature? for do we not see in most collections that much time discolours, untunes, blackens, and by degrees destroys even the best preserved pictures?

But if, for argument sake we suppose, that the colours were to fall equally together, let us see what advantage this would give to any sort of composition. We will begin with a flower-piece: when a master hath painted a rose, a lily, an African, a gentianella, or violet, with his best art and brightest colours, how far short do they fall of the freshness and rich brilliancy of nature! and shall we wish to see them fall still

Upon the whole of this account we find, that the utmost beauty of colouring depends on the great principle of varying by all the means of varying, and on the proper and artful union of that variety; which may be farther proved by supposing the rules here laid down, all or any part of them reversed.

I am apt to believe, that the not knowing nature's artful and intricate method of uniting colours for the production of the variegated composition, or prime tint of flesh, hath made colouring in the art of painting a kind of mystery in all ages; insomuch that it may fairly be said, out of the many thousands who have laboured to attain it, not above ten or twelve painters have happily succeeded therein. Corregio (who lived in a country village, and had nothing but the life to study after) is said almost to have stood alone for this particular excellence. Guido, who made beauty his chief aim, was always at a loss about it. Poussin scarce ever obtained a glimpse of it, as is manifest by his many different attempts: indeed France hath not produced one remarkable good colourist*.

Rubens boldly, and in a masterly manner, kept his bloom tints bright, separate, and distinct, but sometimes too much so for easel or cabinet pictures; however, his manner was admirably well calculated for great works, to be seen at a considerable distance, such as his celebrated ceiling at Whitehall chapel†: which, upon a nearer view, will illustrate what I have advanced with regard to the separate brightness of the tints; and show, what indeed is known to every painter, that had the colours there seen so bright and separate, been all smoothed and absolutely blended together, they would have produced a dirty gray instead of flesh-colour. The difficulty then lies in bringing *blue*, the third original colour, into flesh, on account of the vast variety introduced thereby; and this omitted, all the difficulty ceases, and a common sign-painter that lays his colours smooth, instantly becomes, in point of colouring, a Rubens, a Titian, or a Corregio.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE FACE.

HAVING thus spoken briefly of light, shade, and colour, we now return to our lineal account of form, as proposed (page 34) with regard to the face. It is an observation, that out of the great number of faces that have been formed since the creation of the world, no two have been so exactly alike, but that the usual and common discernment of the eye would discover a difference between them: therefore it is not unreasonable to suppose, that this discernment is still capable of further improvements by instructions from a methodical inquiry, which the ingenious Mr. Richardson, in his Treatise on Painting, terms *the art of seeing*.

1. I shall begin with a description of such lines as compose the features of a face of the highest taste, and the reverse. See fig.‡, taken from an antique head, which stands in the first rank of estimation: in proof of this, Raphael Urbin, and other great painters and sculptors, have imitated it for the characters of their heroes and other great men; and the old man's head, fig.‖, was modelled in clay, by Fiamingo (and not inferior in its taste of lines, to the best antique), for the use of Andrea Sacchi, after which model he painted all the heads in his famous picture of St. Romoaldo's dream; and this picture hath the reputation of being one of the best pictures in the world§.

These examples are here chosen to exemplify and confirm the force of serpentine lines in a face; and let it also be observed, that in these masterpieces of art, all the parts are otherwise consistent with the rules heretofore laid down: I shall therefore only show the effects and use of the line of beauty. One way of proving in what manner the serpentine line appears to operate in this respect, may be by pressing several pieces of wire close up and down the different parts of the face and features of those casts; which wires will all come off so many serpentine lines, as is partly marked in figure 97, B. p. 1. by the dotted lines. The beard and hair of the head, fig. 98, being a set of loose lines naturally, and therefore disposable at the painter's or sculptor's pleasure, are remarkably composed in this head of nothing else but a varied play of serpentine lines, twisting together in a flame-like manner.

But as imperfections are easier to be imitated than perfections, we shall now have it in our power to explain the latter more fully, by showing the reverse in several degrees, down to the most contemptible meanness that lines can be formed into.

Figure 99 is the first degree of deviation from figure 97; where the lines are made straighter, and reduced in quantity; deviating still more in figure 100, more yet in figure 101, and yet more visibly in 102; figure 103, still more so; figure 104 is totally divested of all lines of elegance, like a barber's block; and 105 is composed merely of such plain lines as children make, when of themselves they begin to imitate in drawing a human face. It is evident the inimitable Butler was sensible of the mean and ridiculous effect of such kind of lines, by the description he gives of the shape of Hudibras's beard, fig.¶

> In cut and die so like a tile,
> A sudden view it would beguile.

2. With regard to character and expression, we have daily many instances which confirm the common received opinion, that the face is the index of the mind; and this maxim is so rooted in us, we can scarce help (if our attention is a little raised) forming some particular conception of the person's mind whose face we are observing, even before we receive information by any other means. How often is it said, on the slightest view, that such a one looks like a good-natured man, that he hath an honest open countenance, or looks like a cunning rogue; a man of sense, or a fool, &c. And how are our eyes rivetted to the aspects of kings and heroes, murderers and saints; and as we contemplate their deeds, seldom fail making application to their looks. It is reasonable to believe that aspect to be a true and legible representation of the mind, which gives every one the same idea at first sight, and is afterwards confirmed in fact: for instance, all concur in the same opinion, at first sight, of a downright idiot.

There is but little to be seen by children's faces, more than that they are heavy or lively; and scarcely that, unless they are in motion. Very handsome faces of almost any age, will hide a foolish or a wicked mind till they betray themselves by their actions or their words: yet the frequent awkward movements of the muscles of the fool's face, though

lower, more faint, sullied, and dirtied by the hand of time, and then admire them as having gained an additional beauty, and call them mended and heightened, rather than fouled, and in a manner destroyed? How absurd! Instead of mellow and softened, therefore, always read yellow and sullied; for this is doing fine the destroyer but common justice. Or shall we desire to see complexions, which in life are often, literally, as brilliant as the flowers above mentioned, served in the like ungrateful manner? In a landscape, will the water be more transparent, or the sky shine with a greater lustre, when embrowned and darkened by decay? Surely no. I own it would be a pity that Mr. Addison's beautiful description of Time at work in the gallery of pictures, and the following lines of Mr. Dryden, should want a sufficient foundation:—

> For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
> Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
> Mellow your colours, and imbrown the tint;
> Add every grace which Time alone can grant;
> To future ages shall your fame convey,
> And give more beauties than he takes away— *Dryden to Kneller.*

were it not that the error they are built upon, hath been a continual blight to the growth of the art, by misguiding both the proficient and the encourager; and often compelling the former, contrary to his judgment, to imitate the damaged hue of decayed pictures; so that when his works undergo the like injuries, they must have a double remove from nature, which puts it in the power of the meanest observer to see his deficiencies. Whence another absurd notion hath taken rise, viz. that the colours now-a-days do not stand so well as formerly; whereas colours well prepared, in which there is but little art or expense, have, and will always have the same properties in every age; and without accidents, as damps, bad varnish, and the like (being laid separate and pure), will stand and keep together for many years in defiance of time itself.

In proof of this, let any one take a view of the ceiling at Greenwich hospital, painted by Sir James Thornhill, forty years ago, which still remains fresh, strong, and clear, as if it had been finished but yesterday: and although several French writers have so learnedly and philosophically proved that the air of this island is too thick, or—too something, for the genius of a painter, yet France in all her palaces can hardly boast of a nobler, more judicious, or richer performance of its kind. Note, the upper end of the hall where the royal family is painted, was left chiefly to the pencil of Mr. Andrea a foreigner, after the payment originally agreed upon for the work was so much reduced as made it not worth Sir James's while to finish the whole with his own more masterly hand.

* The like excuse writers on painting have made for the many great masters that have failed in this particular, is, that they purposely deadened their colours, and kept them, what they affectedly called *chaste*, that the correctness of their outlines might be seen to greater advantage. Whereas colours cannot be too brilliant if properly disposed, because the distinction of the parts is thereby made more perfect; as may be seen by comparing a marble buste with the variegated colours of the face, either in the life, or one well painted: it is true, uncomposed variety, either in the features or the limbs, as being daubed with many, or one colour, will so confound the parts as to render them unintelligible.

† The front of this building, by Inigo Jones, is an additional exemplification of the principles for varying the parts in building (explained by the candlesticks, &c. chap. viii.); which would appear to be a stronger proof still, were a building formed of squares on squares; with squares uniformly cut in each square to be opposed to it, to show the reverse.

‡ Fig. 97. B. p. 1.

‖ Fig. 98. L. p. 1.

§ Note, I must refer the reader to the casts of both these pieces of sculpture, which are to be found in the hands of the curious; because it is impossible to express all that I intend, with sufficient accuracy, in a print of this size, whatever pains might have been taken with it; or indeed in any print, were it ever so large.

¶ Fig. 105. L. p. 1.

ever so handsome, are apt in time to leave such traces up and down it, as will distinguish a defect of mind upon examination: but the bad man, if he be an hypocrite, may so manage his muscles, by teaching them to contradict his heart, that little of his mind can be gathered from his countenance, so that the character of an hypocrite is entirely out of the power of the pencil, without some adjoining circumstance to discover him, as smiling and stabbing at the same time, or the like.

It is by the natural and unaffected movements of the muscles, caused by the passions of the mind, that every man's character would in some measure be written in his face, by that time he arrives at forty years of age, were it not for certain accidents which often, though not always, prevent it. For the ill-natured man, by frequently frowning, and pouting out the muscles of his mouth, doth in time bring those parts to a constant state of the appearance of ill-nature, which might have been prevented by the constant affectation of a smile; and so of the other passions: though there are some that do not affect the muscles at all simply of themselves, as love and hope.

But lest I should be thought to lay too great a stress on outward show, like a physiognomist, take this with you, that it is acknowledged there are so many different causes which produce the same kind of movements and appearances of the features, and so many thwartings by accidental shapes in the make of faces, that the old adage, *fronti nulla fides*, will ever stand its ground upon the whole; and for very wise reasons nature hath thought fit it should. But, on the other hand, as in many particular cases, we receive information from the expressions of the countenance, what follows is meant to give a lineal description of the language written therein.

It may not be amiss just to look over the passions of the mind, from tranquillity to extreme despair, as they are in order described in the common drawing-book, called Le Brun's Passions of the Mind, selected from that great master's works for the use of learners, where you may have a compendious view of all the common expressions at once. And although these are but imperfect copies, they will answer our purpose in this place better than any other thing I can refer you to; because the passions are there ranged in succession, and distinctly marked with lines only, the shadows being omitted.

Some features are formed so as to make this or that expression of a passion more or less legible; for example, the little narrow Chinese eye suits a loving or laughing expression best, as a large full eye doth those of fierceness and astonishment; and round rising muscles will appear with some degree of cheerfulness, even in sorrow. The features thus suiting with the expressions that have been often repeated in the face, at length mark it with such lines as sufficiently distinguish the character of the mind.

The ancients in their lowest characters have shown as much judgment, and as great a degree of taste in the management and twisting of the lines of them, as in their statues of a sublimer kind; in the former varying only from the precise line of grace in some part where the character or action required it. The dying gladiator and the dancing faun, the former a slave, the latter a wild clown, are sculptured in as high a taste of lines as the Antinous or the Apollo; with this difference, that the precise line of grace abounds more in the two last: notwithstanding which, it is generally allowed there is equal merit in the former, as there is near as much judgment required for the execution of them. Human nature can hardly be represented more debased than in the character of the Silenus, fig.*, where the bulging line, fig. 49, No. 7, runs through all the features of the face, as well as the other parts of this swinish body: whereas in the satyr of the wood, though the ancients have joined the brute with the man, we still see preserved an elegant display of serpentine lines, that make it a graceful figure.

Indeed the works of art have need of the whole advantage of this line to make up for its other deficiencies: for though in nature's works the line of beauty is often neglected, or mixt with plain lines, yet so far are they from being defective on this account, that by this means there is exhibited that infinite variety of human forms which always distinguishes the hand of nature from the limited and insufficient one of art; and as thus she for the sake of variety upon the whole, deviates sometimes into plain and inelegant lines, if the poor artist is but able now and then to correct and give a better taste to some particular part of what he imitates, by having learnt so to do from her more perfect works, or copying from those that have, ten to one he grows vain upon it, and fancies himself a nature-mender; not considering, that even in these, the meanest of her works, she is never wholly destitute of such lines of beauty and other delicacies, as are not wholly beyond his narrow reach, but are seen wanting even in the most celebrated attempts to rival her. But to return.

As to what we call plain lines, there is this remarkable effect constantly produced by them, that being more or less conspicuous in any kind of character or expression of the face, they bring along with them certain degrees of a foolish or ridiculous aspect.

It is the inelegance of these lines which more properly belonging to inanimate bodies, and being seen where lines of more beauty and taste are expected, that renders the face silly and ridiculous. See chap. vi. p. 24.

Children in infancy have movements in the muscles of their faces peculiar to their age, as an uninformed and unmeaning stare, an open mouth, and simple grin: all which expressions are chiefly formed of plain curves, and these movements and expressions idiots are apt to retain; so that in time they mark their faces with these uncouth lines; and when the lines coincide and agree with the natural forms of the features, it becomes a more apparent and confirmed character of an idiot. These plain shapes last mentioned, sometimes happen to people of the best sense, to some when the features are at rest, to others when they are put into motion; which a variety of constant regular movements proceeding from a good understanding, and fashioned by a genteel education, will often by degrees correct into lines of more elegance.

That particular expression likewise of the face, or movement of a feature, which becomes one person, shall be disagreeable in another, just as such expressions or turns chance to fall in with the lines of beauty, or the reverse; for this reason there are pretty frowns and disagreeable smiles: the lines that form a pleasing smile about the corners of the mouth have gentle windings, as fig.†, but lose their beauty in the full laugh, as fig. ‡. The expression of excessive laughter, oftener than any other, gives a sensible face a silly or disagreeable look, as it is apt to form regular plain lines about the mouth, like a parenthesis, which sometimes appears like crying: as, on the contrary, I remember to have seen a beggar who had clouted up his head very artfully, and whose visage was thin and pale enough to excite pity, but his features were otherwise so unfortunately formed for his purpose, that what he intended for a grin of pain and misery, was rather a joyous laugh.

It is strange that nature hath afforded us so many lines and shapes to indicate the deficiencies and blemishes of the mind, whilst there are none at all that point out the perfections of it beyond the appearance of common sense and placidity. Deportment, words, and actions, must speak the good, the wise, the witty, the humane, the generous, the merciful, and the brave. Nor are gravity and solemn looks always signs of wisdom: the mind much occupied with trifles will occasion as grave and sagacious an aspect, as if it was charged with matters of the utmost moment; the balance-master's attention to a single point, in order to preserve his balance, may look as wise at that time as the greatest philosopher in the depth of his studies. All that the ancient sculptors could do, notwithstanding their enthusiastic endeavours to raise the characters of their deities to aspects of sagacity above human, was to give them features of beauty. Their god of wisdom hath no more in his look than a handsome manliness: the Jupiter is carried somewhat higher, by giving it a little more severity than the Apollo, by a larger prominency of brow gently bending in seeming thoughtfulness, with an ample beard, which being added to the noble quantity of its other lines, invests that capital piece of sculpture with uncommon dignity, which, in the mysterious language of a profound connoisseur, is styled a divine idea, inconceivably great, and above nature.

Thirdly and lastly, I shall show in what manner the lines of the face alter from infancy upwards, and specify the different ages. We are now to pay most attention to *simplicity*, as the difference of ages we are about to speak of, turns chiefly upon the use made of this principle in a greater or less degree, in the form of the lines.

From infancy till the body has done growing, the contents both of the body and the face, and every part of their surface, are daily changing into more variety, till they obtain a certain medium (see page 32, on

* Fig. 107. p. 1.

† Fig. 108. L. p. 2.

‡ Fig. 109. L. p. 2.

Proportion); from which medium, as fig.*, if we return back to infancy, we shall see the variety decreasing, till by degrees that simplicity in the form, which gave variety its due limits, deviates into sameness; so that all the parts of the face may be circumscribed in several circles, as fig.†.

But there is another very extraordinary circumstance (perhaps never taken notice of before in this light), which nature hath given us to distinguish one age from another by; which is, that though every feature grows larger and longer, till the whole person has done growing, the sight of the eye still keeps its original size; I mean the pupil, with its iris or ring; for the diameter of this circle continues still the same, and so becomes a fixt measure, by which we, as it were, insensibly compare the daily perceived growings of the other parts of the face, and thereby determine a young person's age. You may sometimes find this part of the eye in a new-born infant, full as large as in a man of six foot; nay, sometimes larger: see fig.‡, and‖.

In infancy the faces of boys and girls§ have no visible difference; but as they grow up, the features of the boy get the start, and grow faster in proportion to the ring of the eye than those of the girl, which shows the distinction of the sex in the face. Boys who have larger features than ordinary, in proportion to the rings of their eyes, are what we call manly-featured children; as those who have the contrary, look more childish and younger than they really are. It is this proportion of the features with the eyes that makes women, when they are dressed in men's clothes, look so young and boyish: but as nature doth not always stick close to these particulars, we may be mistaken both in sexes and ages.

By these obvious appearances, and the differences of the whole size, we easily judge of ages till twenty, but not with such certainty afterwards; for the alterations from that age are of a different kind, subject to other changes by growing fatter or leaner, which, it is well known, often give a different turn to the look of the person, with regard to his age.

The hair of the head, which encompasses a face as a frame doth a picture, and contrasts with its uniform colour, the variegated enclosed composition, adding more or less beauty thereto, according as it is disposed by the rules of art, is another indication of advanced age.

What remains to be said on the different appearances of ages, being less pleasing than what has gone before, shall be described with more brevity. In the age from twenty to thirty, barring accidents, there appears but little change, either in the colours or the lines of the face: for though the bloom tints may go off a little, yet, on the other hand, the make of the features often attain a sort of settled firmness in them, aided by an air of acquired sensibility, which makes ample amends for that loss, and keeps beauty till thirty pretty much upon a par; after this time, as the alterations grow more and more visible, we perceive the sweet simplicity of many rounding parts of the face begin to break into dented shapes, with more sudden turns about the muscles, occasioned by their many repeated movements; as also by dividing the broad parts, and thereby taking off the large sweeps of the serpentine lines; the shades of beauty also consequently suffering in their softnesses. Something of what is here meant between the two ages of thirty and fifty, see in figures¶, and what further havoc time continues to make after the age of fifty, is too remarkable to need describing: the strokes and cuts he then lays on are plain enough; however, in spite of all his malice, those lineaments that have once been elegant, retain their flowing turns in venerable age, leaving to the last a comely piece of ruins.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF ATTITUDE.

SUCH dispositions of the body and limbs as appear most graceful when seen at rest, depend upon gentle winding contrasts, mostly governed by the precise serpentine line, which, in attitudes of authority, are more extended and spreading than ordinary, but reduced somewhat below the medium of grace, in those of negligence and ease; and as much exaggerated in insolent and proud carriage, or in distortions of pain (see figure 9, plate 1.), as lessened and contracted into plain and parallel lines, to express meanness, awkwardness, and submission.

The general idea of an action, as well as of an attitude, may be given with a pencil in very few lines. It is easy to conceive that the attitude of a person upon the cross, may be fully signified by the true straight lines of the cross; so the extended manner of St. Andrew's crucifixion is wholly understood by the X-like cross.

Thus, as two or three lines at first are sufficient to show the intention of an attitude, I will take this opportunity of presenting my reader (who may have been at the trouble of following me thus far) with the sketch of a country dance, in the manner I began to set out the design, in order to show how few lines are necessary to express the first thoughts, as to different attitudes; see fig.**, which describe in some measure the several figures and actions, mostly of the ridiculous kind, that are represented in the chief part of plate 2.

The most amiable person may deform his general appearance by throwing his body and limbs into plain lines; but such lines appear still in a more disagreeable light in people of a particular make: I have therefore chose such figures as I thought would agree best with my first score of lines, fig. 71.

The two parts of curves next to 71, served for the figures of the old woman and her partner at the farther end of the room. The curve and two straight lines at right angles, gave the hint for the fat man's sprawling posture. I next resolved to keep a figure within the bounds of a circle, which produced the upper part of the fat woman, between the fat man and the awkward one in the bag wig, for whom I had made a sort of an X. The prim lady, his partner, in the riding-habit, by pecking back her elbows, as they call it, from the waist upwards, made a tolerable D, with a straight line under it, to signify the scanty stiffness of her petticoat; and a Z stood for the angular position the body makes with the legs and thighs of the affected fellow in the tie wig; the upper part of his plump partner was confined to an O, and this changed into a P, served as a hint for the straight lines behind. The uniform diamond of a card was filled up by the flying dress, &c. of the little capering figure in the spencer wig; whilst a double L marked the parallel position of his poking partner's hands and arms: and lastly, the two waving lines were drawn for the more genteel turns of the two figures at the hither end.

The best representation in a picture, of even the most elegant dancing, as every figure is rather a suspended action in it than an attitude, must be always somewhat unnatural and ridiculous; for were it possible in a real dance to fix every person at one instant of time, as in a picture, not one in twenty would appear to be graceful, though each were ever so much so in their movements; nor could the figure of the dance itself be at all understood.

The dancing-room is also ornamented purposely with such statues and pictures as may serve to a farther illustration. Henry the eighth, fig. ††, makes a perfect X with his legs and arms; and the position of Charles the first, fig. ‡‡, is composed of less varied lines than the statue of Edward the sixth, fig. ‖‖; and the medal over his head is in the like kind of lines; but that over queen Elizabeth, as well as her figure, is in the contrary; so are also the two other wooden figures at the end. Likewise the comical posture of astonishment (expressed by following the direction of one plain curve, as the dotted line in a French print of Sancho, where Don Quixote demolishes the puppet-show, fig. §§), is a good contrast to the effect of the serpentine lines in the fine turn of the Samaritan woman, fig.¶¶, taken from one of the best pictures Annibal Carrache ever painted.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF ACTION.

TO the amazing variety of forms made still infinitely more various in appearance by light, shade, and colour, nature hath added another way

* Fig. 113. B. p. 2. † Fig. 116. L. p. 2. ‡ Fig. 110. B. p. 2. ‖ Fig. 114. B. p. 2.

§ Fig. 105. T. p. 1.—which represents three different sizes of the pupil of the eye; the least was exactly taken from the eye of a large featured man, aged 105, the biggest from one of twenty, who had this part larger than ordinary, and the other is the common size. If this part of the eye in the pictures of Charles II. and James II. painted by Vandyke at Kensington, were to be measured with a pair of compasses, and compared with their pictures painted by Lilly when they were men, the diameters would be found in both pictures respectively the same.

¶ Fig. 117. and fig. 118. B. p. 2.

** Fig. 71. T. p. 2. †† Fig. 72. p. 2. ‡‡ Fig. 5. B. p. 2.

‖‖ Fig. 73. p. 2. §§ Fig. 75. R. p. 2. ¶¶ Fig. 74. B. p. 2.

of increasing that variety, still more to enhance the value of all her compositions. This is accomplished by means of action; the fullest display of which is put into the power of the human species, and which is equally subject to the same principles with regard to the effects of beauty, or the reverse, as govern all the former compositions; as is partly seen in chapter xi. on Proportion. My business here shall be, in as concise a manner as possible, to particularize the application of these principles to the movement of the body, and therewith finish this *system* of variety in forms and actions.

There is no one but would wish to have it in his power to be genteel and graceful in the carriage of his person, could it be attained with little trouble and expense of time. The usual methods relied on for this purpose among well-bred people, take up a considerable part of their time: nay, even those of the first rank have no other recourse in these matters, than to dancing-masters and fencing-masters. Dancing and fencing are undoubtedly proper, and very necessary accomplishments; yet are they frequently very imperfect in bringing about the business of graceful deportment. For although the muscles of the body may attain a pliancy by these exercises, and the limbs, by the elegant movement in dancing, acquire a facility in moving gracefully, yet for want of knowing the meaning of every grace, and whereon it depends, affectations and misapplications often follow.

Action is a sort of language which perhaps, one time or other, may come to be taught by a kind of grammar-rules; but, at present, is only got by rote and imitation: and contrary to most other copyings or imitations, people of rank and fortune generally excel their originals, the dancing-masters, in easy behaviour and unaffected grace; as a sense of superiority makes them act without constraint, especially when their persons are well turned. If so, what can be more conducive to that freedom and necessary courage which make acquired grace seem easy and natural, than the being able to demonstrate *when* we are actually just and proper in the least movement we perform? whereas, for want of such certainty in the mind, if one of the most finished gentlemen at court was to appear as an actor on the public stage, he would find himself at a loss how to move properly, and be stiff, narrow, and awkward in representing even his own character: the uncertainty of being right would naturally give him some of that restraint which the uneducated common people generally have when they appear before their betters.

It is known that bodies in motion always describe some line or other in the air, as the whirling round of a fire-brand apparently makes a circle, the water-fall part of a curve, the arrow and bullet, by the swiftness of their motions, nearly a straight line; waving lines are formed by the pleasing movement of a ship on the waves. Now in order to obtain a just idea of action, at the same time to be judiciously satisfied of being in the right in what we do, let us begin with imagining a line formed in the air by any supposed point at the end of a limb or part that is moved, or made by the whole part or limb; or by the whole body together. And that thus much of movements may be conceived at once is evident, on the least recollection; for whoever has seen a fine Arabian war-horse, unbacked and at liberty, and in a wanton trot, cannot but remember what a large waving line his rising, and at the same time pressing forward, cuts through the air; the equal continuation of which, is varied by his curvetting from side to side; whilst his long mane and tail play about in serpentine movements.

After thus having formed the idea of all movements being as lines, it will not be difficult to conceive, that grace in action depends upon the same principles as have been shown to produce it in forms.

The next thing that offers itself to our consideration is the force of *habit* and custom in action, for a great deal depends thereon.

The peculiar movements of each person, as the gait in walking, are particularized in such lines as each part describes by the habits they have contracted. The nature and power of habit may be fully conceived by the following familiar instance, as the motions of one part of the body may serve to explain those of the whole.

Observe that whatever habit the fingers get in the use of the pen, you see exactly delineated to the eye by the shapes of the letters. Were the movements of every writer's fingers to be precisely the same, one hand-writing would not be known from another; but as the fingers naturally fall into, or acquire different habits of moving, every hand-writing is visibly different. Which movements must tally with the letters, though they are too quick and too small to be as perfectly traced by the eye; but this shows what nice differences are caused, and constantly retained, by habitual movements.

It may be remarked, that all useful habitual motions, such as are readiest to serve the necessary purposes of life, are those made up of plain lines, *i. e.* straight and circular lines, which most animals have in common with mankind, though not in so extensive a degree: the monkey, from his make, hath it sufficiently in his power to be graceful, but as reason is required for this purpose, it would be impossible to bring him to move genteelly.

Though I have said that the ordinary actions of the body are performed in plain lines, I mean only comparatively so with those of studied movements in the serpentine line; for as all our muscles are ever ready to act, when one part is moved (as an hand, or arm, by its proper movers, for raising up or drawing down), the adjacent muscles act in some degree in correspondence with them: therefore our most common movements are but seldom performed in such absolutely mean lines as those of jointed dolls and puppets. A man must have a good deal of practice to be able to mimic such very straight or round motions, which being incompatible with the human form, are therefore ridiculous.

Let it be observed, that graceful movements in serpentine lines, are used but occasionally, and rather at times of leisure, than constantly applied to every action we make. The whole business of life may be carried on without them, they being, properly speaking, only the ornamental part of gesture; and therefore not being naturally familiarized by necessity, must be acquired by precept or imitation, and reduced to habit by frequent repetitions. *Precept* is the means I should recommend as the most expeditious and effectual way. But before we proceed to the method I have to propose, for the more ready and sure way of accustoming the limbs to a facility in the ornamental way of moving, I should observe, that quick time gives it spirit and vivacity, as slow time, gravity and solemnity; and further, that the latter of these allows the eye an opportunity of seeing the line of grace to advantage, as in the address of heroes on the stage, or in any solemn act of ceremony; and that although time in movement is reduced to certain rules for dancing, it is left more at large and at discretion for deportment.

We come now to offer an odd, but perhaps efficacious method of acquiring a habit of moving in the lines of grace and beauty.

1. Let any one chalk the line fig.*, on a flat surface, beginning at either end, and he will move his hand and arm in a beautiful direction; but if he chalks the same sort of line on an ogee moulding of a foot or two in breadth, as the dotted line on figure †, his hand must move in that more beautiful direction, which is distinguished by the name of grace; and according to the quantity given to those lines, greatness will be added to grace, and the movement will be more or less noble.

Gentle movements of this sort thus understood, may be made at any time and any where, which by frequent repetitions will become so familiar to the parts so exercised, that on proper occasion they make them as it were of their own accord.

The pleasing effect of this manner of moving the hand is seen when a snuff-box or fan is presented gracefully or genteelly to a lady, both in the hand-moving forward and in its return; but care must be taken that the line of movement be but gentle, as No. 3, fig. 49, plate 1, and not too S-like and twirling, as No. 7 in the same figure: which excess would be affected and ridiculous.

Daily practising these movements with the hands and arms, as also with such other parts of the body as are capable of them, will in a short time render the whole person graceful and easy at pleasure.

2. As to the motion of the *head;* the awe most children are in before strangers, till they come to a certain age, is the cause of their dropping and drawing their chins down into their breasts, and looking under their foreheads, as if conscious of their weakness, or of something wrong about them. To prevent this awkward shyness, parents and tutors are continually teasing them to hold up their heads, which, if they get them to do it, is with difficulty, and of course in so constrained a manner that it gives the children pain, so that they naturally take all opportunities of easing themselves by holding down their heads; which posture would be full as uneasy to them, were it not a relief from restraint: and there is another

* Fig. 119. L. p. 2.

† Fig. 120. L. p. 2.

misfortune in holding down the head, that it is apt to make them bend too much in the back; when this happens to be the case, they then have recourse to steel collars, and other iron machines; all which shacklings are repugnant to nature, and may make the body grow crooked. This daily fatigue both to the children and the parents may be avoided, and an ugly habit prevented, by only (at a proper age) fastening a riband to a quantity of platted hair, or to the cap, so as it may be kept fast in its place, and the other end to the back of the coat, as fig.*, of such a length as may prevent them drawing their chins into their necks; which riband will always leave the head at liberty to move in any direction but this awkward one they are so apt to fall into.

But till children arrive at a reasoning age it will be difficult by any means to teach them more grace than what is natural to every well-made child at liberty.

The grace of the upper parts of the body is most engaging, and sensible well-made people in any station naturally have it in a great degree; therefore rules, unless they are simple and easily retained and practised, are of little use; nay, rather are of disservice.

Holding the head erect is but occasionally right; a proper recline of it may be as graceful; but true elegance is mostly seen in the moving it from one position to another.

And this may be attained by a sensibility within yourself, though you have not a sight of what you do by looking in the glass, when with your head, assisted by a sway of the body in order to give it more scope, you endeavour to make that very serpentine line in the air, which the hands have been before taught to do by the help of the ogee moulding; and I will venture to say, a few careful repetitions at first setting out will make this movement as easy to the head as to the hands and arms.

The most graceful bow is got by the head's moving in this direction, as it goes downward and rises up again. Some awkward imitators of this elegant way of bowing, for want of knowing what they were about, have seemed to bow with wry necks. The low solemn bow to majesty should have but a very little twist, if any, as more becoming gravity and submission. The clownish nod in a sudden straight line is quite the reverse of these spoken of.

The most elegant and respectful curtesy hath a gentle, or small degree of the above graceful bowing of the head as the person sinks, and rises, and retreats. If it should be said that a fine curtesy consists in no more than in being erect in person at the time of sinking and rising; Madam Catherine in clock-work, or the dancing bears led about the streets for a show, must be allowed to make as good a curtesy as any body.

N. B. It is necessary, in bowing and curtesying, to shun an exact sameness at all times; for however graceful it may be on some occasions, at other times it may seem formal and improper. Shakespeare seems to have meant the above spoken of ornamental manner of bowing, in Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra's waiting-woman—

—And made their bends adornings. *Act II.*

3. Of *Dancing*.—The minuet is allowed by the dancing-masters themselves to be the perfection of all dancing. I once heard an eminent dancing-master say, that the minuet had been the study of his whole life, and that he had been indefatigable in the pursuit of its beauties, yet at last he could only say with Socrates, *he knew nothing:* adding that I was happy in my profession as a painter, in that some bounds might be set to the study of it. No doubt, as the minuet contains in it a composed variety of as many movements in the serpentine lines as can well be put together in distinct quantities, it is a fine composition of movements.

The ordinary undulating motion of the body in common walking (as may be plainly seen by the waving line, which the shadow a man's head makes against a wall as he is walking between it and the afternoon sun) is augmented in dancing into a larger quantity of *waving* by means of the minuet step, which is so contrived as to raise the body by gentle degrees somewhat higher than ordinary, and sink it again in the same manner lower in the going on of the dance. The figure of the minuet-path on the floor is also composed of serpentine lines, as fig. †, varying a little with the fashion: when the parties by means of this step rise and fall most smoothly in time, and free from sudden starting and dropping, they come nearest to Shakespeare's idea of the beauty of dancing in the following lines:

——What you do,
Still betters what is done.—
—When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. *Winter's Tale.*

The other beauties belonging to this dance, are the turns of the head, and twist of the body in passing each other, as also gentle bowing and presenting hands in the manner before described; all which together, displays the greatest variety of movements in serpentine lines imaginable, keeping equal pace with musical time.

There are other dances that entertain merely because they are composed of variety of movements, and performed in proper time; but the less they consist of serpentine or waving lines, the lower they are in the estimation of dancing-masters: for, as has been shown, when the form of the body is divested of its serpentine lines, it becomes ridiculous as a human figure; so likewise when all movements in such lines are excluded in a dance, it becomes low, grotesque, and comical: but, however, being, as was said, composed of variety, made consistent with some character, and executed with agility, it nevertheless is very entertaining. Such are Italian peasant dances, &c. But such uncouth contortions of the body as are allowable in a man, would disgust in a woman, as the extreme graceful, so very alluring in this sex, is nauseous in the other; even the minuet grace in a man would hardly be approved, but as the main drift of it represents repeated addresses to the lady.

There is a much greater consistency in the dances of the Italian theatre than of the French, notwithstanding dancing seems to be the genius of that nation; the following distinctly marked characters were originally from Italy; and if we consider them lineally as to their particular movements, we shall see wherein their humour consists.

The attitudes of the harlequin are ingeniously composed of certain little quick movements of the head, hands, and feet, some of which shoot out as it were from the body in straight lines, or are twirled about in little circles.

Scaramouch is gravely absurd, as the character is intended, in over-stretched tedious movements of unnatural lengths of lines: these two characters seem to have been contrived by conceiving a direct opposition of movements.

Pierrot's movements and attitudes are chiefly in perpendiculars and parallels: so is his figure and dress.

Punchinello is droll by being the reverse of all elegance, both as to movement and figure; the beauty of variety is totally and comically excluded from this character in every respect; his limbs are raised and let fall almost all together at one time, in parallel directions, as if his seeming fewer joints than ordinary were no better than the hinges of a door.

Dances that represent provincial characters, as these above do, or very low people, such as gardeners, sailors, &c. in merriment, are generally most entertaining on the stage: the Italians have lately added great pleasantry and humour to several French dances, particularly the wooden shoe dance, in which there is a continual shifting from one attitude in plain lines to another; both the man and the woman often comically fix themselves in uniform positions, and frequently start in equal time into angular forms, one of which remarkably represents two W's in a line, as over figure 122, plate 2: these sort of dances a little raised, especially on the woman's side, in expressing elegant wantonness (which is the true spirit of dancing), have of late years been most delightfully done, and seem at present to have got the better of pompous, unmeaning grand ballets; serious dancing being even a contradiction in terms.

4thly, Of *Country Dancing*.—The lines which a number of people together form in country or figure dancing, make a delightful play upon the eye, especially when the whole figure is to be seen at one view, as at the playhouse from the gallery; the beauty of this kind of mystic dancing, as the poets term it, depends upon moving in a composed variety of lines, chiefly serpentine, governed by the principles of intricacy, &c. The dances of barbarians are always represented without these movements, being only composed of wild skipping, jumping, and turning round, or running backward and forward with convulsive shrugs and distorted gestures.

* Fig. 121. L. p. 2. † Fig. 122. T. p. 2.

One of the most pleasing movements in country dancing, and which answers to all the principles of varying at once, is what they call the hay: the figure of it altogether is a cipher of S's or a number of serpentine lines interlacing, or intervolving each other, which suppose traced on the floor, the lines would appear as fig.*. Milton, in his Paradise Lost, describing the angels dancing about the sacred hill, pictures the whole idea in words:

> Mystical dance!——
> ——Mazes intricate,
> Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
> Then most, when most irregular they seem.

I shall venture, lastly, to say a word or two of stage-action. From what has been said of habitually moving in waving lines, it may possibly be found that if stage action, particularly the graceful, was to be studied lineally, it might be more speedily and accurately acquired by the help of the foregoing principles than the methods hitherto taken. It is known that common deportment, such as may pass for elegant and proper, off the stage, would no more be thought sufficient upon it than the dialogue of common polite conversation would be accurate or spirited enough for the language of a play. So that trusting to chance only will not do. The actions of every scene ought to be as much as possible a complete composition of well-varied movements, considered as such abstractedly and apart from what may be merely relative to the sense of the words. Action considered with regard to assisting the author's meaning, by enforcing the sentiments or raising the passions, must be left entirely to the judgment of the performer; we only pretend to show how the limbs may be made to have an equal readiness to move in all such directions as may be required.

What I would have understood by action, abstractedly and apart from its giving force to the meaning of the words, may be better conceived by supposing a foreigner, who is a thorough master of all the effects of action, at one of our theatres, but quite ignorant of the language of the play: it is evident his sentiments under such limitations would chiefly arise from what he might distinguish by the lines of the movements belonging to each character; the actions of an old man, if proper, or not, would be visible to him at once, and he would judge of low and odd characters, by the inelegant lines which we have already shown to belong to the characters of punch, harlequin, pierrot, or the clown; so he would also form his judgment of the graceful acting of a fine gentleman or hero, by the elegance of their movements in such lines of grace and beauty as have been sufficiently described. (See chapters v. vi. vii. viii. on the Composition of Forms.) Where note, that as the whole of beauty depends upon *continually varying*, the same must be observed with regard to genteel and elegant acting: and as plain space makes a considerable part of beauty in form, so cessation of movement in acting is as absolutely necessary, and, in my opinion, much wanted on most stages to relieve the eye from what Shakespeare calls, *continually sawing the air*.

The actress hath sufficient grace with fewer actions, and those in less extended lines than the actor; for as the lines that compose the Venus are simpler and more gently flowing than those that compose the Apollo, so must her movements be in like proportion.

And here it may not be improper to take notice of a mischief that attends copied actions on the stage; they are often confined to certain sets and numbers, which being repeated, and growing stale to the audience, become at last subject to mimicry and ridicule, which would hardly be the case if an actor were possessed of such general principles as include a knowledge of the effects of all the movements that the body is capable of.

The comedian, whose business it is to imitate the actions belonging to particular characters in nature, may also find his account in the knowledge of lines; for whatever he copies from the life, by these principles may be strengthened, altered, and adjusted as his judgment shall direct, and the part the author has given him shall require.

* Fig. 123. T. p. 2.

THE END OF THE ANALYSIS OF BEAUTY.

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THE HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

IN SIX PLATES.

PLATE I.

THIS series of prints developes the history of a prostitute. The heroine is represented as having just alighted from the York waggon, at the Bell inn, in Wood-street. The artist judiciously chose to bring her from a remote county, that the probability might be the greater of her being unacquainted with the wiles and intrigues of the metropolis. To shew the more forcibly that the infatuation of our *unlettered* heroine, in travelling to the metropolis for the improvement of her fortune, is not confined to an ignorant country girl, our artist has introduced a poor old clergyman, mounted upon a half-starved horse, who is reading a letter of recommendation to the bishop; he is perhaps musing upon the future honours and fame he shall acquire by his journey to London. The hungry animal, regardless of the consequence, is busily employed in eating the hay which was intended for the preservation of the earthenware; and has already thrown down one of the pans, and seems likely to overset the whole fabric. The destruction of the brittle ware is emblematical of the scene before us.

This devoted female is represented as plain, artless, modest, and diffident in her demeanour, as well as neat and unadorned in her attire. Destitute of acquired graces, to give a polish to her figure, she is more distinguished by the bloom of youth and native innocence, than by elegant symmetry and decoration.

Her conscious blush and downcast eyes attract the attention of an old procuress. At the door of the inn we perceive two men, one of whom is lasciviously feasting his eyes on the new-discovered prey. The wretch who is here represented with a cane in his hand, is said to be a very strong resemblance of Colonel Francis Chartres, of infamous memory, whose character is most emphatically described in an epitaph, written by Dr. Arbuthnot; part of which is inserted to shew how proper an object for satire the painter has selected.

" Here continueth to rot,
" The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
" who, with an inflexible constancy, and
" Inimitable uniformity of life,
" Persisted
" In spite of age and infirmities,
" In the practice of every human vice,
" Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy;
" his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first;
" his matchless impudence from the second.

" Oh, indignant reader!
" think not his life useless to mankind;
" Providence connived at his execrable designs,
" to give to after-ages a conspicuous
" proof and example,
" of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth
" in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on
" the *most unworthy of all mortals!*"

The female fiend, who panders to the vices of the opulent and libidinous, is here supposed to be hiring her for a servant; and the better to succeed in her infernal purpose, she addresses her with the familiarity of a friend, rather than with the reserve of one who is to become her mistress. This figure, like that of Chartres, is a genuine portrait; it represents the then celebrated Mother Needham; and to prove that she was sufficiently notorious to have deserved the satire of Hogarth, the following paragraphs, which appeared in the Grub-street Journal, are sufficient:

April 29, 1731. " On Saturday ended the quarter-sessions for " Westminster, &c. The noted Mother Needham, convicted for keeping " a disorderly house in *Park-Place, St. James's*, was fined one shilling, to " stand twice in the pillory, and find sureties for her good behaviour for " three years."

Ibid. May 6, 1731. " Yesterday the noted Mother Needham stood " in the pillory in *Park-Place*, near *St. James's-street*, and was roughly " handled by the populace. She was so very ill, that she lay along; " notwithstanding which, she was so severely treated, that it is thought " she will die in a day or two."—Another account says: " She lay along " on her face in the pillory, and so evaded the law, which requires that " her face should be exposed."—" Yesterday morning died Mother " Needham. She declared, in her last words, that what most affected " her was, the terror of standing in the pillory to-morrow in *New Palace-* " *yard*, having been so *ungratefully* used by the populace on Wed- " nesday."

The other passengers in the waggon seem to have their attention divided between the ludicrous appearance of the poor parson and his horse, and the old procuress and the young rustic innocent. The full-blown rose in the bosom of the latter is a happy idea, and should not pass unnoticed.

The figure behind Chartres, at the door of the inn, represents John Gourlay, the colonel's favourite and confidential pimp, whom he always kept about his person.

From the inn our heroine is conducted to the house of the procuress, where she is treated with so much kindness and respect, that she soon becomes delighted with her new situation. By degrees she is prevailed on to abandon her homely garb, and decorate her person with gaudy trappings, indulging freely in the fashions and follies of the town. The pincushion and scissars, those implements of housewifery and industry, are discarded for an etwee and watch, and the native hue of her complexion disguised by paint and patches. Thus altered from what she was, and intoxicated with the dreams of imaginary greatness, which she weakly imagined was her destined lot, she was introduced to Colonel Chartres, who with liberal promises and extravagant encomiums on her person, accomplished his purpose of seduction.

These promises and encomiums were, however, calculated only for the moment; she was shortly deserted by her enamoured keeper, and terrified by threats of an immediate arrest for the amount of her gorgeous trappings; she finds herself reduced to the hard necessity of wandering the streets for precarious subsistence, as the reward of prostitution. How truly pitiable is her situation! Chilled by nipping frost and midnight dew, the repentant tear trickling on her heaving bosom, she tries to drown reflection by copious draughts of destructive juniper. The contagious company of women of her own description wholly eradicates the native seeds of virtue, destroys that feminine and fascinating simplicity which gives additional charms to beauty; and art, affectation, and impudence, are generally its substitutes.

Mr. Hogarth ever paying attentive regard to things as they then were, his prints become a sort of historical record of the manners of the age. The balcony, with linen hanging to dry, and the parcels lying on the ground, prove the peculiar attention he paid to the *minutiæ*.

PLATE II.

PURSUING the path of infamy, our young heroine moves in a more elevated sphere, supported by a rich Jew, in the height of splendour and profusion, attended by a little black boy, at that time a fashionable appendage in a lady's suite. This sable youth gave the foundation of an ill-natured remark by Quin, when Garrick once attempted to perform the part of Othello. The sarcastic tragedian compared our *Roscius* in that character to Hogarth's Pompey with a tea-kettle; " a circumstance," says Mr. Nicholls, " that by no means encouraged him to continue acting the part."

But, to return to our heroine: having exchanged innocence and simplicity for profligacy and glare, she wishes to add to her depravity by the practice of extravagance and inconstancy. The first is evident from the proceedings of the monkey, that mischievous animal being suffered to drag her rich head-dress about the apartment; and of the second we are convinced by the gallant in the act of privately retreating. Our author has particularized the Jew; many of that profession being equally rich, voluptuous, and sensual. The Israelite is represented as at breakfast with his mistress: but having arrived earlier than was expected, the lady's favourite has not quitted the premises. This premature visit creates much alarm, and the mistress and maid are compelled to exercise their arts to secure an unobserved escape. To accomplish this purpose, the

lady contrives a quarrel with her keeper, kicks down the tea-table in her pretended rage, and scalds his legs. The noise occasioned by the destruction of the china, added to the shrieks of the enraged Jew, facilitates the retreat of the paramour without discovery or suspicion.

The room is decorated with two pictures belonging to Jewish story, representing David dancing before the ark, and Jonah seated under a gourd. They are perhaps intended to convey a kind of ridicule upon the old masters, who generally painted from the ideas of others, and continually represented the same tale: or they may be meant merely to satirize the impropriety of ornamenting apartments with unappropriate subjects.

The mask on the toilette-table intimates that masquerades, then a very fashionable amusement, were much frequented by women of this description:—it may further be understood to signify that those who have deviated from the paths of virtue, are frequently constrained to cover their infidelities with at least a figurative mask.

Though our heroine might escape detection for a time, she proceeded so incautiously in her amours, that it was not possible for her to remain long under the protection of this disciple of Moses. Riches are his only attractions, and profusely as they are lavished on this undeserving object, her attachment and constancy are not thus to be obtained: repeated acts of infidelity are punished by dismission; and, to render her fallen state the more deplorable, she had neglected to make any provision for the hour of adversity.

The characters in this print are judiciously marked. The insolent air of the harlot; the attitude of the astonished Jew, eagerly grasping at the falling table; the start of the black attendant; the cautious step of the ungartered and barefooted gallant; and the sudden spring of the scalded monkey, are finely expressed. To represent an object in a falling state is seldom attempted with success; but in this plate the artist has succeeded beyond imagination, the tea equipage having actually the appearance of descending to the ground.

PLATE III.

WE now behold this child of misfortune *fallen* from her exalted state. Her magnificent apartment is quitted for a dreary lodging in the purlieus of Drury-lane, in which she eats her humble breakfast on a wooden stool. Every object exhibits marks of the most wretched penury: a tin pot is substituted for a silver tea-kettle; and an old leaf-table, strewed with the filthy remnants of the revels of the preceding night, supplies the place of her magnificent toilette; a broken looking-glass significantly contributes to point out the wonderful difference between her past and present situation. Instead of regaling on the most delicious and expensive wines, she is now obliged to have recourse to a more common beverage, as may be seen by the pewter pots and measures; those emblems of the habits of life into which she is now initiated. To acquaint us with the complexion of her new associates, a wig-box appears on the bed-tester, inscribed *James Dalton*, a notorious street-robber who was afterwards executed at Tyburn.

The watch in the hand of this yielding fair one is doubtless stolen from a gallant, as pilfering is supposed to be a branch of the business of a prostitute, and is considered as a principal source of her support. That she has other evils to contend with besides poverty, the phials and pill-boxes in the window bear the most ample testimony, and inform us that disease is the common attendant on promiscuous prostitution.

The deplorable appearance of every object in this wretched receptacle forms a faithful representation of the style in which our once splendid heroine enjoyed her matin repast. A curious and incongruous assemblage of prints decorate the disgusting scene; they consist of Abraham offering up Isaac, a portrait of the Virgin Mary, Doctor Sacheverell, and Macheath the highwayman. Our artist has here taken an opportunity of shewing the degeneracy of the age in matters of religion, by laying on the table a piece of butter, on the title-page of a pastoral letter written by Dr. Gibson, then bishop of London; many copies of which became literally waste paper. The candle in a bottle, the bason upon the chair, the punch-bowl and comb upon the table, and the pots and tobacco-pipes strewed upon the dirty floor, are all admirably characteristic.

The tie of the curtain represents, in some degree, the head of an owl, and was perhaps intended as the symbol of the wisdom of an old woman. The playful kitten, decorated with a riband round its neck, may intimate the wantonness of the young one. Placing the two ladies under a canopy, formed by the unnailed valance of the bed, has a whimsical effect; and this curious canopy is characteristically crowned by the wig-box of a highwayman, already mentioned. This plate reminds us of an anecdote of Theodore, the unfortunate king of Corsica: when he was so much reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean-street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief; when the chairman of the committee, accompanied by a friend, waited on him to pay the money that had been gathered, the poor monarch placed himself under a *similar* canopy, and graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it.

The magistrate, who appears to be cautiously entering the room, with his attendant constables, is Sir John Gunston, a very active man in the suppression of brothels, and distinguished for his severity in punishing abandoned women. Our infatuated heroine will now be instantly arrested, and, with her infamous and worthless servant, hurried through the streets to Bridewell, regardless of her cries, protestations, and entreaties. And, should not her feelings by this time be rendered callous, she must suffer the additional mortification of hearing the shouts and jeers of an attendant populace, on the road to her place of labour and correction.

PLATE IV.

THE situation of our fair sinner was horrid in her last abode, but here that horror is greatly aggravated. We see her now reduced to the miserable alternative of beating hemp, or receiving the chastisement due to her crimes from her savage and ferocious task-master. Exposed to the derision of all around her, even her own servant, who seems no stranger to the place, cannot avoid indulging herself in sporting her taunts and jeers on her mistress's reverse of fortune, to furnish diversion for the motley group of wretches who surround her. To convince the observer that ingratitude will ever accompany infamy, the tying up the garter displays a pair of gaudy shoes, which we are naturally led to conclude must have been a present from her fallen mistress when she figured away in affluence.

Though such well-dressed females as our heroine are not often seen in the houses of correction of the present day, the artist is sufficiently justified by a paragraph to the following effect in the Grub-street Journal of September 14, 1730:—One *Mary Moffat*, a woman of great note in the hundreds of Drury, who had been committed to hard labour to Tothill-fields Bridewell, brought his Majesty's writ of habeas corpus; but her commitment appearing to be legal, Lord Chief Justice Raymond remanded her back to her former place of confinement, "where she is now beating hemp in a gown very richly laced with silver."

In this dismal receptacle of filth and vermin, variety of punishments are inflicted, proportioned to the magnitude of the offence, or the obstinacy of the offender. Some are compelled to drag about a heavy clog; others are stapled to the ground; those who refuse to labour are hung by the wrist for a certain time, at the discretion of their Egyptian task-master. As the profits arising from the exertions of these labours become the property of their superintendents, very little indulgence or intermission can be expected, without softening his obduracy by a proper fee. The indolent, who cannot be prevailed on to work, or who are incapable of producing a *douceur*, are sometimes fastened to a post and whipped unmercifully.

To shew that the fear or even the prospect of punishment will not deter the abandoned from the perpetration of crimes, a one-eyed female, standing by the keeper, takes an opportunity of picking our heroine's pocket of her handkerchief. The torn card may perhaps have been dropped by the spruce gamester, who has been obliged to exchange the dice-box for the mallet, and whose laced hat is exhibited as the companion-trophy to the lady's hoop petticoat.

One of the girls in this lamentable herd seems hardly to have reached her teens; a pointed reflection upon our *police* for suffering such infant wanderers to infest the streets of the metropolis. A *black* woman, ex-

hibited as suffering the penalty of those vices which are imagined peculiar to the *fair*, convinces us that frailties are not confined to colour or complexion.

The figure chalked upon the wall, having a pipe in his mouth, is intended as a caricatured portrait of Sir John Gunston. It may have been the attempt of some young artist whom that magistrate had committed to this academy, as a proper place for studying the art of delineation. The inscription upon the pillory, BETTER TO WORK THAN STAND THUS, and that on the post near the gambler, THE REWARD OF IDLENESS, are aptly introduced.

In this composition, the seeming indolence of the principal character is well contrasted with the rigid austerity of the overseer. A fine gradation of female debasement is to be observed from our heroine to her maid, and from thence to the still lower object, who is in the act of annihilating an enemy for attacking and molesting her person.

PLATE V.

RELEASED from her confinement, we now behold her in all the extremity of penury and wretchedness; of which the general appearance of her apartment affords a sufficient demonstration. The loss of virtue has produced the loss of health, and she is now dying of the malady which so frequently accompanies debauchery. The two mercenary quacks, whose injudicious treatment has probably accelerated her death, in quarrelling about the efficacy of their nostrums, and reciprocally accusing each other of having poisoned her, turn over the table without paying any attention to their expiring patient. The meagre figure is a faithful representation of Dr. *Misaubin*, a foreigner then in extensive practice.

These disputes are said to happen sometimes at a consultation of regular physicians; and a patient has been so rude as to die before they could agree about the name of the disorder.

" About the symptoms how they disagree,
" But how unanimous about the fee!"

While the maid servant is requesting these empirics to be silent and decent upon so serious an occasion, the nurse takes the opportunity of plundering her trunk of the few poor remains of grandeur. Her little boy, the innocent fruit of fornication, is busied in roasting a small remnant of meat upon a string: the linen hanging to dry, the coals deposited in a corner, the candles hanging in another, the bellows and gridiron supported upon nails, and the whole furniture of the room, with every accompaniment, afford a melancholy display of poverty and misery.

Over the candles a cake of *Jews' bread* presents itself to our view, once perhaps the property of her Hebrew lover, now answering the purpose of a fly-trap. The initials of her name, M. H. for Mary Hackabout, are smoked upon the ceiling, as a kind of *memento mori*. On the floor lies a paper inscribed Anodyne Necklace, and on the table a paper of Dr. Rock's pills.

In the midst of general, and, at this awful moment, indecent confusion, expires, in the greatest agony, the heroine of this piece, at the age of twenty-three. This confusion is admirably represented:—the clamour of the two enraged quacks, vociferating in bad English; the harsh vulgar remonstrance of the female servant, the fall of the overturned table, and the screams occasioned by the pot boiling over, must produce a combination of dreadful and dissonant sounds. She departs this life without a single friend to close her dying eyes, or soften her sufferings by a tributary tear; forlorn, destitute, and deserted: her premature death the consequence of a licentious life, seven years of which had been devoted to debauchery and dissipation, accompanied with infamy, misery, and disease.

The painter seems now to have completed his plan, having led us through the most distressful scenes attendant on a life of prostitution; and forcibly executed his design, in giving so odious a representation of it as to answer the purpose of a beacon to warn others from pursuing the same track. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to the young and the inexperienced, and demonstrates this important truth, that

A DEVIATION FROM VIRTUE IS A DEPARTURE FROM HAPPINESS.

The emaciated appearance of the expiring figure, the unconcern and inattention of the boy, and the rapacious eagerness of the pilfering old nurse, are finely delineated. The figures are ingeniously grouped, the light well distributed, and all the accompaniments highly appropriate to the place.

PLATE VI.

THE exploits of our heroine are now concluded, and she is no longer an actor in her own tragedy. The preparations for her funeral are as licentious as the progress of her life, and the contagion of her example seems to have contaminated all who surround her coffin. One of them is engaged in the double trade of seduction and thievery; a second is contemplating her person in a looking-glass. The female gazing at the corpse exhibits some degree of compunction and concern at the melancholy scene before her. If sorrow appears on any other countenance, it is but the effect of art, kept up by intoxicating liquor, a glass of which seems to be in the possession of almost every mourner. The minister, forgetful of his office and character, is shamefully employed; and every actor in this mockery of woe must create disgust in the breast of every female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such a scene may not be exhibited at her own funeral.

The woman seated next the divine was intended for Elizabeth Adams, who was executed in 1737 for a robbery, attended with aggravating circumstances, at the age of thirty. Some local customs are glanced at in this engraving, which are now almost entirely disused, except in some of the provinces the most remote from the capital. Sprigs of rosemary, &c. were then presented to each of the mourners as indispensibly necessary. This practice perhaps originated about the time when the plague made terrible ravages in the metropolis, that high-scented vegetable being deemed an antidote against contagion.

Mr. Nichols makes some very pertinent remarks on Mr. Hogarth's neglect of propriety in this representation, that he might have an opportunity of displaying his humour. " At the burial of a wanton," who " expired in a garret," he says, " no escutcheons were ever hung up, or " rings given away; and I much question if any bawd ever chose to avow " that character before a clergyman, or any infant was ever habited as " chief mourner to attend a parent to the grave." It may reasonably be supposed, however, that the artist's view in exhibiting this mock solemnity and parade, was to satirize ostentatious and expensive funerals, especially among the middle and inferior classes of the people. Well is it observed by a celebrated bard, on the folly which then prevailed to an extravagant degree:

" Behold, when dead, a thousand lights attend
" The wretch, who, living, sav'd a candle's end."

To the honour of the present generation, much of that gorgeous and sumptuous pomposity is now discontinued, and is daily becoming less preposterous and expensive. Nocturnal interments are now considered as equally unfashionable and imprudent.

The escutcheons, in this composition, exhibit the armorial bearings of the society who surround the coffin; and the figures have much characteristic discrimination. The woman looking into the coffin is more beautiful than our artist is accustomed to depict his females. The lascivious undertaker, unappalled at the ghastly corpse, casts a wanton leer upon the person whose glove he is pulling on; and she, unaffected at the awful solemnity, is busily employed in picking his pocket of his handkerchief. Near the door we behold two mourners, in all the pride of affliction; one of whom is turning up her eyes in hypocritical ejaculations. The internal satisfaction of the parson and his next neighbour, contrasted with the affected howl of the intoxicated old woman on the opposite side, display our artist's thorough knowledge of the operation of the passions upon the features.

Sir James Thornhill, one of the most eminent painters of his time, was reluctantly compelled to speak highly of these plates, though he did not then approve of the painter of them for a son-in-law. Mr. Hogarth, without obtaining her father's consent, married his daughter; and Sir James, considering him as an obscure artist, was much displeased with

the connexion. Hoping to effect a reconciliation between the parties, a friend to both took an opportunity one morning of privately conveying the six pictures of the Harlot's Progress into his drawing-room. The knight, observing them, eagerly enquired who was the artist; and, being informed, expressed his approbation in the following terms: —"Very "well, very well, indeed! The man who can paint such pictures as these, "can maintain a wife without a portion!" From this time, however, he considered the union of his daughter with a man of such talents as an honour to his family, and fully entitled to his forgiveness and generosity.

Upwards of twelve hundred sets of these prints were subscribed for before publication; and when they appeared, they were beheld with admiration. So desirous were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story was delineated, that eight piratical imitations made their appearance; besides two copies on a smaller scale, published by the permission of Mr. Hogarth, for Thomas Bakewell. The whole series were also represented on fan-mounts. A subject for dramatic exhibition was also furnished by these highly approved compositions, written by Theophilus Cibber; and entitled, The Jew decoyed; or the Harlot's Progress: a ballad opera.

The six original pictures were sold for forty-eight pounds four shillings, to Mr. Beckford, who afterwards was twice elected chief magistrate of London. They were consumed by a fire which destroyed that gentleman's house at Fonthill, in 1755.

The adventures of the heroine of this story conclude with the fifth engraving; whence many have imagined that the sixth composition is only to be considered as a farce at the end of it. Such is the opinion of *Rouquet*, in his criticism on this design: he concludes thus,—"*C'est une farce dont la défunte est plutot l'occasion que le sujet.*"

THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY.

FIRST STAGE OF CRUELTY.

IN the prints before us, an ill-fated boy begins his career of cruelty by torturing an animal; and by repeated acts of barbarity, his heart becomes so hardened, that he commits deliberate murder, and suffers the natural consequence—an ignominious death. These gradations are natural; the parent, therefore, who suspects that this root of depravity is springing up in the bosom of his child, should strive to eradicate the noxious weed.

The hero of this tragic tale is Tom Nero; and the badge on his arm announces him to be one of the boys of St. Giles's charity school. A lad chalking on the wall the suspended figure inscribed Tom Nero, prepares us to apprehend the future fate of this young tyrant, and authorizes us to anticipate *the reward of cruelty*.

Throwing at cocks, as represented in this plate, might possibly have its origin from what we call a natural enmity to France; which is thus barbarously exercised against the allegorical symbol of that nation, by bruising and beating him till he expires. Behold the boy tying a bone to the tail of his dog, in order to hurry him through the streets with pain and terror; and though the faithful animal is kindly licking his hand, the merciless youth expresses his enjoyment of the brutal frolic; a circumstance which must indicate a most diabolical disposition. Another is burning out the eyes of a bird, with a red-hot knitting-needle, to induce it to sing; it being an observation among bird-fanciers, that some of the feathered race will make no proficiency in singing while their attention is taken off by seeing any object about them. A group of pupils in the art of torturing have tied two cats to the extremities of a rope, and hung it over a lamp-iron, that they may have the infinite satisfaction of seeing them tear each other to pieces.

Above these, from a window, two cats are thrown out, with a pair of blown-up bladders fastened to them, intended to keep them suspended a long time in the air before they fall. And the fellow encouraging a large dog to worry a small animal of the same species, completes the shocking scene.

Hogarth, in clothing his hero in a tattered uniform, intended to cast an oblique reflection on the conduct of these schools at that period; but, through the inspection of parish-officers, and the care of the trustees of these parishes, they are now happily reformed, and become useful nurseries for unprovided children.

The artist does not seem to have touched upon thoughtless or inconsiderate cruelty. We are indeed so much the creatures of habit, that those who would shudder at tying a lobster to a wooden spit, and roasting it alive, will coolly place a parcel of oysters between the bars of a slow fire; though these oysters, notwithstanding their supposed torpor, may have an equal degree of feeling with other fish in armour.

SECOND STAGE OF CRUELTY.

THAT spirit of inhumanity which we observed growing up in youth, is advancing towards maturity in this second plate. Tom Nero is now become a hackney-coachman, in which he has an opportunity of displaying his disposition in the treatment of his horse. Worn out by ill usage, and exhausted by fatigue, the poor animal has fallen down, and overset the carriage; and though he has broke his leg in the fall, the merciless wretch is beating him for not rising. Our artist has described this coach as carrying four barristers from Thavies Inn to Westminster Hall, at that time the longest shilling fare, for which they are supposed to have clubbed their threepence each. In consequence of the accident of overturning the coach, we behold these ludricous periwig-pated personages crawling out of that vehicle.

A man with a benevolent countenance, taking the number of the coach, is strongly contrasted with the savage ferocity of the coachman, or the apparent terror of the lawyers.

A drover is represented beating a tender over-driven lamb, with a large club, for not going faster; and by the severity of his repeated blows, the poor animal is on the point of expiring. Further back appears a brewer's dray, the wheels of which are passing over an unfortunate boy playing with a hoop, while the drayman, regardless of consequences, is asleep on the shafts. In the back ground we see a poor overladen ass, and the master, supposing him not sufficiently burthened, has mounted upon his back, and taken a loaded porter behind him. The foremost of these riders is beating the poor animal unmercifully over the shoulders, and a fellow behind is goading him with a pitchfork. An over-driven bull, followed by a crowd of heroic spirits, has tossed a boy. Two bills stuck up against the wall, advertising cock-fighting, and Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing, are further specimens of civilization.

CRUELTY IN PERFECTION.

CONTINUED acts of barbarity are found progressively to divest men of their natural feelings. Our hero began by torturing a faithful helpless dog; he then beat out the eye of an unoffending horse; and by indulging his malignant propensity, which at length became natural, he commits murder—most foul and aggravated murder. Exasperated by his barbarity to the horse, his master discharges him from his service, and his wicked disposition prompted him to have recourse to robbery on the highway; this is clearly intimated by the pistols and watches found upon him.

Deluded by false promises and protestations, he prevailed on an artless young woman to receive his caresses, and afterwards accomplishes her ruin; and pregnancy was the consequence of her seduction. He tempts her to quit a happy situation, under an indulgent mistress, to rob that mistress of considerable property, and meet him at a place appointed, with the booty. Blinded by affection, she is punctual to her assignation, and appears laden with plate. This remorseless villain having previously determined to destroy her, and by that means exonerate himself from an expected incumbrance, as well as to prevent detection of the robbery through her compunction or remorse, puts her instantly to death.

This horrid act is perpetrated with such savage barbarity, that the head is almost severed from the body, and the wrist cut almost through.

Her cries alarm the servants of a neighbouring house, who come to her assistance, but in vain;—the atrocious deed is done. The murderer, appalled by conscious guilt, does not endeavour to escape. He surrenders, without resistance, to those punishments he deserves for his execrable violation of the laws of nature and of his country.

The glimpse of the moon, the owl and bat hovering in the air, the mangled corse, and the midnight "witching hour," are appropriate to the terrific scene. By a letter from the young woman, found in his pocket, we learn that she had a tender affection for her murderer, at whose request she had plundered an indulgent mistress. The contents of the letter are as follow:

"DEAR TOMMY,

"My mistress has been the best of women to me, and my conscience "flies in my face as often as I think of wronging her; yet I am resolved to "venture body and soul to do as you would have me: so do not fail to meet "me as you said you would, for I shall bring along with me all the things I "can lay my hands on. So no more at present; but I remain yours till "death,

"ANN GILL."

THE REWARD OF CRUELTY.

AFTER his trial, our hero, Tom Nero, is condemned to die by the voice of his country; and execution follows. From the place of execution, he is taken to Surgeons' Hall, in order to be anatomized, that being the final part of his sentence. Hogarth was extremely accurate in those little markings which identify. The gunpowder in initials, T. N. on the arm, denote this to be the body of Thomas Nero.

Lord Orford, in contemplating the beauties of this design, says, "How delicate and superior is Hogarth's satire, when he intimates, in the "College of Physicians and Surgeons that preside at a dissection, how the "legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and "renders it unfeeling. The president maintains the dignity of insensi- "bility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a "lecture. In the print of the Sleeping Judges, the habitual indifference "only excites our laughter."

A frequent view of sanguinary scenes deadens sensibility, renders the heart callous, and banishes every tender sensation. The venerable dissector appears to have as much feeling as the subject now under his inspection; his assistant, who is scooping out the criminal's eyes, and the young student scarifying the legs, seem wholly unaffected with the nature of the business. Surgeons and butchers are, therefore, wisely excluded from serving on juries, in matters of life and death.

It has been remarked by a judicious observer, that "To render this "spectacle more shocking, our artist has perhaps deviated from nature, "against whose laws he so rarely offends. He has impressed marks of "agony on the face of the criminal under dissection; whereas it is well "known, that the most violent death once past, the tumult of the features "subsides for ever. But in Hogarth's print, the wretch who has been "executed seems to feel the subsequent operation." It must be admitted, indeed, that in this instance, our painter has rather "o'erstepped the "modesty of nature;" but it should be considered, that the effect of the horrid scene which is here so admirably displayed would have been much injured, if our artist had depicted the murderer with a serene and placid countenance.

The skeletons are inscribed with the names of *James Field* and *Maclean*, two worthies who quitted these regions with a rope; the former an eminent pugilist, the latter a notorious robber. The heads of these heroes of the halter seem ridiculing the president. The countenances of the professors of surgery here exhibited, furnish another striking proof of our artist's extensive powers in displaying such an endless variety of features, and at once shewing the profession of the person introduced.

The man depositing the intestines in a pail, and the dog biting the murderer's heart, add horror to the shocking scene. The crest of a physician, carved on the upper part of the president's chair (*viz.* a hand feeling a pulse), seems to indicate the first advance towards a guinea.

MR. GARRICK

IN THE

CHARACTER OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

THAT the reader may form an idea of the disposition of Richard's mind, at the moment of this delineation, the following passage from Shakespeare should be consulted:

"Give me another horse—bind up my wounds:—
"Have mercy, Jesu! Soft; I did but dream—
"Oh coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
"The light burns blue!—Is it not dead midnight!
"Cold fearful drops hang on my trembling flesh."

In character and expression of countenance, the artist has succeeded, though it has been said by some that the likeness of Mr. Garrick is not preserved; but let it be observed, that all violent passion or agitation distorts the features, and, during its continuance, represents them as in disguise. The lamp diffusing a dim light through the tent, the crucifix, the crown, the unsheathed sword, and the armour lying upon the ground, are appropriate accompaniments. His helmet is crested with a *boar passant*, the armorial ensigns of his family. To this Shakespeare alludes in the following lines:

"Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
"Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
"Laid the fair country waste, and rudely cropp'd
"Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity." &c.

"Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold," &c. is judiciously introduced. The story is too well known to require explanation here.

The whole composition is simple and well conceived; and Hogarth has displayed singular propriety in choosing to paint Mr. Garrick in the character of Richard the Third. In that character he made his first appearance on the 9th of October 1741, at Goodman's Fields, and his manner of performing it evinced talents which merited that celebrity he afterwards obtained. He introduced an easy and familiar, though a forcible style; and Quin, till that time a very popular actor, began to be complained of for his laboured action, hollow tones, and pompous phraseology.

Mr. Pope, induced by Lord Orrery's persuasions, went to Goodman's Fields, and saw him in the first dawn of his fame. He was so struck with the natural elocution of Mr. Garrick, that he exclaimed, "This young "man will be flattered, and he will be ruined; for there will be no compe- "titor that can excite his emulation." He had, however, many competitors, but not an equal. Till he appeared, the whole art of playing consisted in measured pompous periods; and an approach to nature was considered as a departure from eloquence.

To describe Mr. Garrick's various powers as an actor, to those who have seen him, is unnecessary; and to those who have not, it is impossible. The critics have expatiated on his powers and defects, and many have dogmatically pronounced, that it was impossible for him to be a good comedian; but the remarks of these ingenious gentlemen were soon forgotten; the testimony of an applauding public fully answered and refuted them.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that the town was nearly surfeited by the injudicious praise of Mr. Garrick's friends. Their fulsome flattery would have been disgusting to any other man; but he had been so accustomed to strong doses of panegyric, that he could at last swallow them double distilled. His friend Dr. Goldsmith, in his poem of Retaliation, was no stranger to his love of fame, as appears from his introducing the following lines:

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
"And the puff of a dunce,—he mistook it for fame;
"Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
"Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
"But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
"If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind."

We cannot omit the following tribute to the memory of Mr. Garrick, in Dr. Johnson's Life of Edmund Smith. After mentioning a Mr. Walmsley, he adds, "At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and "instructive hours with companions such as are not often to be found;

" with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. " James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered; and with David " Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our " common friend. But what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed " by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and " impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Mr. Duncombe, of Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire, gave two hundred pounds for the original picture, from which this print was copied, and it now remains in the possession of his family. With Mr. Garrick, Hogarth lived in habits of great friendship; and the latter designed for him, as president of the Shakespeare club, a mahogany chair richly carved, on the back of which hangs a medal of the poet, carved by Hogarth out of the mulberry-tree planted at Stratford by Shakespeare.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

THIS admirable representation of the manners of England was dedicated to the King of Prussia, which appeared surprising to those who were unacquainted with the history of the plate. Before publication it was inscribed to George the Second, and the picture taken to St. James's, in full expectation of obtaining royal approbation. His Majesty, though an honest man and a soldier, was not a very excellent judge of works of humour, and expressed great dissatisfaction on viewing this singular delineation.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place on this occasion between the Sovereign and his lord in waiting:

Sovereign. Pray who is this Hogarth?

Nobleman. A painter, my Liege.

Sovereign. I hate *painting* and *poetry* too! Neither the one nor the other ever did any good! Does this fellow mean to laugh at my guards?

Nobleman. The picture, please your Majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque!

Sovereign. What! a *painter* burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Take the trumpery out of my sight.

The picture was accordingly returned to the artist, who, mortified at such a reception of what he had considered as his best performance, immediately altered the inscription beneath the plate, and caused to be inserted the *King of Prussia*, instead of the *King of England*, as an encourager of the arts. To elucidate a circumstance in this justly celebrated performance, Mr. Nichols informs us, that " near Tottenham Court Nursery " was the place where the famous Broughton's amphitheatre for boxing " was erected. It has been since taken down, having been rendered " useless by the justices not permitting such kind of diversions. This will " account for the appearance of the bruisers at the left hand corner of the " print." A very good explanation of this print is given in the Student, vol. ii. p. 162, by Bonnel Thornton; the substance of which we have extracted from that performance, for the gratification of our readers.

The scene is laid at Tottenham Court Turnpike; the King's Head, Adam and Eve, &c. appearing in full view; a part of the guards, baggage, &c. marching towards Highgate, and a beautiful distant prospect of the country, is also represented.

Near the centre of the picture, which exhibits a humorous view of a military march, the painter has displayed his principal figure, which is a handsome young grenadier, with a repentant countenance, expressive also of pity and concern. The occasion is discovered by the two females, who appear as candidates for his person; one of them has got possession of his right arm, and the other has seized his left. The figure on the right hand is a fine young girl, in an advanced stage of pregnancy, reduced to the miserable employment of selling ballads; with a look full of love, tenderness, and distress, she casts her eyes on her seducer, and, weeping, seems to say:—" Sure you cannot, will not leave me!"

The woman on the left is finely contrasted to this girl; for rage and jealousy mark every feature of her face. This is the exasperated lawful wife, who, finding her husband doatingly fond of a *loose* woman, assaults him with great violence for neglecting her beauty and attractions. To the fury of her countenance, and the thundering clamour of her tongue, another terror is produced—a roll of papers, whereon is written the *Remembrancer*, reminds the youth of an unfortunate circumstance he would gladly forget. The two other papers, of which this fury is the vender, are the Jacobites' Journal, and the London Evening Post.

The two females are of different parties, as may be seen by the ballad of " God save our noble King," and a print of the Duke of Cumberland, in the basket of the girl: a cross upon the wife's back sufficiently denotes the painter's intention; and, what is truly beautiful, these incidents are applicable to the march. The hard-favoured serjeant behind serves to throw forward the principal figure.

The drummer on the right has also *his two remembrancers*;—a woman, and a boy, the produce of their kinder hours, enforce their claim by a violent seizure of his person. The remonstrances of the woman are poured forth with vehemence, and her vociferation is aided by the howling of the child. The drummer, not relishing the vocal concert, applies to the instrument of noise in his profession, and endeavours to drown their united discord, in which he is fortunately assisted by the " ear-piercing fife."

Between the two figures before described, appears an important, but meagre Frenchman, whispering with an Independent. The Frenchman produces a letter, which he assures his friend contains positive intelligence that ten thousand of his countrymen are landed in England, in support of liberty and independency. The person to whom the letter is shewn was meant for an old Highlander in disguise, as appears from the plaid seen through an opening in his grey coat. *Rouquet* has noticed this circumstance in the following words: " *Il parle à un homme dont la nation* " *est indiquée par l'étoffe de sa veste, qui est celle dont s'habillent les habitans* " *des montagnes d'Ecosse.*"

A fine contrast is produced between the smile of innocence in the child at the woman's back, and the grin of a gentleman near it; while the hard countenance of the mother gives a delicacy to the grenadier's favourite.

The group of figures under the Adam and Eve are engaged in the then fashionable art of pugilism; and among them is a young man of quality. This ferocious youth is one of the noble encouragers of this truly laudable science; and the artist has very judiciously furnished him with a face expressive of those boisterous passions which are necessary for forming such a hero.

An old woman, moved by compassion, endeavours to force through the crowd, but is prevented by a fellow who prefers mischief to humanity. Above them appears an amateur in the science, of meagre frame, who seems to enjoy the combat; and, with fists clenched, imagines himself engaged in it. This figure is finely contrasted with the heavy sluggish fellow just behind. The inscription, *Tottenham Court Nursery*, inserted on a sign-post, is aptly introduced.

Passing through the turnpike, we behold a carriage laden with implements of war; as drums, halberds, tent-poles, and hoop-petticoats. On these are exhibited two old female campaigners, enjoying the comforts of a pipe, and holding a conversation in fire and smoke. These grotesque figures are finely opposed by that of a delicate girl on the same carriage, engaged in the maternal duty of suckling a child. The little boy lying at her feet has a small trumpet in his mouth, merely to distinguish him as one of the martial breed.

The group of serious figures in the centre is finely relieved by a scene of humour on the left. Here an officer is kissing a milk-maid, who, by her countenance, appears not in the least offended at his rudeness. The gallant's ruffles suffer in the action, and the girl is robbed of her milk by an arch soldier, who takes advantage of her neglecting her pails, and is filling his hat with the white nourishing fluid. An arch chimney-sweeper requests the soldier to supply him with a capful: another soldier points out the jest to a fellow who is selling pies; the itinerant pastry-cook, with a face full of frolic and meaning, is diverted from the protection of his goods, which are dexterously removed by the observant hero. In the character of the pie-man, the pencil has exceeded all description.

The old soldier, conquered by all-potent gin, though requesting more of it, is in danger of having water poured into his mouth by his waggish comrade. This insult is rejected with disdain by the experienced toper, who applies to his wife, the bearer of his arms and bottle, to supply him with a quartern of the delicious beverage.

An emaciated child extends its little arms, and wishes for a drop of liquor, the taste of which he is perfectly acquainted with. The intro-

ducing a couple of chickens so near such a crowd, was deemed an absurdity, till it was pointed out that those chickens were in pursuit of the hen, which appears to have a resting-place in the pocket of a sailor.

An honest fellow is giving tokens of his loyalty, by throwing up his hat, and crying, God bless King George. Before him is a figure loyally drunk, who vows destruction on the heads of the rebels. A humane soldier, observing a fellow heavy laden with a barrel of gin, and stopped by the multitude of people, is kindly endeavouring to ease him of part of his burden, from a hole which he has bored in the head of the cask. Near him is a figure of what may, in the army, be called a *pretty* gentleman. This reminds us of what Lord North once declared in the House of Commons, that he saw no harm in the officers of the guards; "They have "nothing to do," added he, "but walk in the park, kiss the nursery-"maids, and drink the childrens' milk."—That the officers of the guards are now of a different stamp, is very apparent, from their valiant conduct on a number of trying occasions: General Abercromby has caused to be registered, in our Gazettes, the particulars of their intrepid conduct at Aboukir and Alexandria.

The principal figure observable at the King's Head, is a noted fat Covent-garden lady, who devoutly prays for the army's success, and the return of her babes of grace. This figure is introduced in the eleventh print of Industry and Idleness, and was designed as a portrait of Mother Douglas, of the Piazza. A military gentleman offers a letter to one of this lady's children, who rejects it. A charitable girl bestows a shilling on a cripple, while another administers a cordial to her companion. All the windows are crowded with similar characters; and the house-top is ornamented with three cats, appropriate emblems of the animals below.

This representation contains three genuine portraits, all of which are acknowledged by the artist, *viz.* A noted French pie-man; one of the young fifers then recently introduced into the army by the Duke of Cumberland; and an arch-looking chimney-sweeper. The two latter were hired by Hogarth, who gave each of them half-a-crown for his patience in sitting while his likeness was taken. The original picture was disposed of by lottery. The Foundling Hospital had the unsold tickets, as a present from Hogarth; and among them was the fortunate number; soon after which, he waited on the treasurer to the charity, acquainting him that the trustees were at liberty to dispose of the picture by auction. Scarce, however, was his message delivered before he changed his mind, and would never afterwards consent to the measure he had originally proposed. The Duke of Ancaster once offered three hundred pounds for it; and it is said, one thousand pounds have been bid for it by another gentleman.

Of the dramatic effect of this picture, Mr. Murphy gives ample testimony, in the Gray's-inn Journal, vol. i. numb. 20. "The æra may "arrive when, through the instability of the English language, the style "of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* shall be obliterated, when the cha-"racters shall be unintelligible, and the humour lose its relish; but the "many personages which the master-painting hand of Hogarth has called "forth into mimic life, will not fade so soon from the canvass: and that "admirable *picturesque comedy*, The March to Finchley, will perhaps "divert posterity as long as the Foundling Hospital shall do honour to "the British nation."

It is observed by Mr. Strange, in his Enquiry into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy, &c. that "the donations in painting "which several artists presented to the Foundling Hospital, first led to "the idea of those exhibitions which are at present so lucrative to our "Royal Academy, and so entertaining to the public. Of these bene-"factors, Hogarth must certainly be considered as the chief."

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, AND FANATICISM.

WHOEVER attentively reads history must be astonished at the slow progress of philosophy, and the universal prevalence of CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, and FANATICISM. This destructive band had existence prior to Christianity. The Pagan temples had incantations for conjuring down deities; the ancient Romans had priests of various orders; there were also augurs and soothsayers, who, by inspecting the entrails of beasts, foretold future events; and, from the flight of birds, the defeat of armies. Succeeding ages saw these heathen temples solemnly consecrated, and in process of time they were metamorphosed into Christian churches; the sculptures of Jupiter, Minerva, Venus, and Diana, becoming saints by virtue of a new baptism.

Demonology was a favourite doctrine; and apparitions, witches, dreams, and divinations, formed a creed of superstition. This mythology of weak minds has been carried through every age and country, by oral tradition and unfounded record. An act was passed for the punishment of witchcraft, and many a poor culprit suffered death in consequence of that statute.

Lord Bacon remarks, that superstition is worse than atheism: it takes from religion every attraction, every comfort; and the place of humble hope, and patient resignation, is supplied by melancholy, despair, and madness. To shew the absurdity of superstition and fanaticism, and to laugh such notions out of countenance, is the aim of our artist in this engraving. "For deep and useful satire," says Lord Orford, "this is the "most sublime of all his works."

The text, "I speak as a fool," is a type of the preacher, whose strength of lungs is a convenient substitute for strength of argument. His right hand poises a witch astride upon a broomstick, and in his left he suspends an emissary of Satan. The gridiron is shewn as a terror to the ungodly, and an incubus in the shape of a cat appears upon the witch's breast. By the violent agitations of the preacher, his gown flies open, and discovers him arrayed in a Harlequin's jacket; and his wig falling off displays the shaven crown of a Jesuit. But regardless of the loss of his wig, and burning with the heat of ecstacy, he soars through the dark regions of superstition, settles in the third heavens, and breathes empyreal air.

The post-boy's cap upon the head of the little cherubim Mercury, flying through the clouds, denotes him a special messenger from above; and he bears in his mouth an express directed to Saint Money-trap. Beneath the pulpit are two lambs of the flock in ecstacy. The young man with a round head of hair is probably a lay-preacher; with holy zeal he puts the waxen model of a female saint down her alluring bosom.

In the same pew are two fellows very differently affected: one of them has a despairing countenance, and the other sleeps; a malignant imp of darkness, however, endeavours to awake him by a whisper, that he may hear such *curses* as are denounced. Curses, it is to be observed, are not peculiar to one church. John Boys, D. D. dean of Canterbury in 1629, gained great applause by turning the Lord's Prayer into the following execration, when he preached at St. Paul's Cross; "Our pope "which art in Rome, cursed be thy name; perished may be thy kingdom; "hindered may thy will be; as it is in heaven, so in earth," &c.

Between two cherubs is the sonorous clerk, who has every feature full-charged with hypocrisy. The congregation join in this enchanting serenade; and the roar of the preacher, combined with a chorus of sighs, groans, and shrieks, produces a delightful symphony. Among the crowd we discover a young convert, under the guidance of his spiritual confessor, who, pointing to Brimstone Ocean, unfolds a tale which greatly terrifies his disciple. The sanguinary Jew sacrifices an unfortunate insect which he found trespassing on his head.

Credulity is illustrated by the figure of Mrs. Tofts, the rabbit-breeder of Godalming, with her supposed progeny galloping from under her petticoats. Next to Mrs. Tofts is a *possessed* shoeblack, clearing his stomach of hobnails and iron staples. This figure is intended for the boy of Bilson, who swallowed as many tenpenny nails as would have furnished an ironmonger's shop. This youth, who in his day deceived a whole county, was only thirteen years of age: his extraordinary fits and agitations induced those who saw him to believe he was bewitched, and possessed of a devil. From the bottle in his hand, an imprisoned spirit mounts into the regions of air, with a lighted taper in its hand. The book on which the necromancer has deposited his basket, is King James's Demonology; this, with Whitfield's Journal, which we perceive among the implements of his art, alludes to the sources whence he had sought inspiration.

The Turk, smoking his tube at a window, is astonished at the strange

scene and gratefully thanks his Maker that he was early initiated in what he conceives to be the divine truths of the Koran. As ornaments to the pulpit, we are presented with the apparition which warned Sir George Villars of the Duke of Buckingham's danger from the knife of Felton; in the second, with Julius Cæsar's ghost reproaching Brutus; and in the third, with the ghost of Mrs. Veal appearing to Mrs. Bargrave. Beneath is the Tedworth drummer; and, in the frame below, Fanny, the phantom of Cock-lane. These serve as a head-piece to a mental thermometer, which ascertains the different degrees of heat in the blood of an enthusiast. The artist has placed it upright upon two books, *viz. Wesley's Sermons* and *Glanville on Witches*, to shew us that superstition and credulity are companions of fanaticism.

On the preacher's left hand, suspended to a ring inserted in a human nostril, hangs the scale of vociferation. A small sphere hangs to the hook of the chandelier, whereon is engraven Deserts of new Purgatory. On the globe, out of which spring the branches for candles, is written, A Globe of Hell, as newly drawn by R——ne: it is so formed as to give the caricature of a human face, and baptized *Horrid-Zone;* round one eye is inscribed the *Bottomless Pit*, and round the other *Molten-lead Lake;* on one cheek is *Brimstone Ocean;* on the other, Parts unknown; and round the mouth, *Eternal Damnation Gulph*. These are given as specimens of Tabernacle phraseology. In this class comes the hymn hanging upon the clerk's desk:

> " Only *love* to us be given;
> " Lord, we ask no other heaven."
>
> *Whitfield's Hymns, p.* 130.

The *poor's box* is a mouse-trap, plainly intimating that whatever money is deposited will be secured for the rapacious collectors.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

CONSISTING OF TWO PLATES.

THE author of " The Works of Mr. Hogarth moralized," has thought proper to omit the subjects of Before and After, " they being," he observes, " of too ludicrous a nature to have a place." Mr. Ireland, without saying any thing concerning them, has inserted them somewhat awkwardly, as if they were not perfectly legitimate.

The original pictures, from which these two prints were taken, were painted to oblige a certain lascivious nobleman, whose name entitles him to no commemoration. Mr. Hogarth is said to have repented of having engraved them; and Mr. Nichols scruples not to say, " that almost every " possessor of his works will wish they had been withheld from the public, " as often as he is obliged to shew the volume that contains them to " ladies. To omit them, is to mutilate the collection; to pin the leaves, " on which they are pasted, together, is a circumstance that tends only to " promote curiosity; and to display them would be to set decency at " defiance. The painter who indulges himself or his employers in such " representations, will forfeit the general praise he might have gained by " a choice of less offensive subjects."

His noble adviser must have had uncommon influence over the ingenious artist, who, before, hardly ever deigned to execute any subject proposed or recommended to him.

STROLLING PLAYERS

DRESSING IN A BARN.

TO those who are pleased with a multiplicity and diversity of contrasted figures, the piece before us must be highly entertaining. Here we see confusion mixed with uniformity; inconsistency united with propriety; royalty degraded by the ensigns of beggary; and beggary adorned by the regalia of royalty. Lord Orford asserts, that this print, adorned by the regalia of royalty. Lord Orford asserts, that this print, " for wit and imagination, without any other end, ought to be ranked as " the first of Hogarth's works;" and Rouquet says, " The strolling come- " dians are represented in a barn, amidst a ridiculous assemblage of " misery and theatrical parade, preparing to perform a tragedy."

The scene is laid in a barn, and intended to represent the dressing-room of an itinerant company. The time is evening; the company from the London theatres is preparing to perform a farce, which, we are informed by the play-bill, is entitled, *The Devil to pay in Heaven*. The characters are chiefly deities, and those of the first order. We behold the names of *Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle*, and *Cupid;* with *devils, ghosts*, and attendants. Rope-dancing, tumbling, &c. is included in the bill of fare. The inferior performers are two musical kittens, a pair of fiery dragons, and a venerable monkey.

Jupiter and *Cupid* are jointly engaged in reaching down a pair of stockings that are hung on a cloud to dry. Queen Juno is pathetically rehearsing her part, while the feeble goddess *Night*, represented by a negro-girl in a starry robe, is mending a hole in her majesty's stockings. A venerable one-eyed female, who, by her dagger and mantle, appears to be the tragic muse, is cutting off a cat's tail, to procure some crimson fluid for murderous purposes. Grimalkin, to revenge this barbarous indignity, seizes the female tumbler with her teeth and talons. Two little devils, with horns just budded, are earnestly contending for priority in attacking the flagon of ale.

The chaste *Diana*, though stripped to her chemise, with one foot resting on her hoop, and the other behind the altar, is raving in the high-flown rant of tragedy. The blooming *Flora* we descry seated at her toilette, which is a wicker hamper; to which is appended a label, inscribed Jewels; as containing perhaps the glittering regalia of the company. In one hand she holds a tallow candle, with which she delicately pastes her hair; the other contains a dredger, to powder her head.

We recognise *Aurora* by the glittering in her hair. Her rosy fingers are employed in the service of the intoxicated syren, who is offering the weeping hero a glass of spirits. This the cup-bearer of Jupiter gladly accepts, hoping to obtain relief from an aching tooth. The syren is perhaps accusing her partner of inconstancy. Her cruel suspicions wound his feeling heart; and he denies the charge with flowing tears. In one corner we see a lady, who personates Jove's eagle, feeding a child. Within the hollow crown is placed a tin saucepan, with the infant's food. In the other corner we behold a monkey; two kittens seem to be happily engaged, and near them are three emblems of the law—two judges' periwigs, and a halter.

A mitre, containing tragedies, farces, and a dark lantern, is placed upon a pulpit-cushion. A trunk, serving sometimes for the concealment of Iachimo, and sometimes for the coffin of Juliet, now performs the part of a reading-desk to the blue-eyed Juno. Jove's thunder-bolt, a salt-box, tinder-box, and a rolling-pin, are placed upon this trunk. Ten small candles are stuck in clay, to illuminate the theatre. Two sets of waves rest upright against the wall, one of which answers the purpose of a roosting-place for a hen and chickens. The drum, trumpet, and enchanted besom, make an admirable trophy. The two dragons will astonish the audience; and the rattling car, when properly managed, will make excellent thunder. The British flag serves also for the flag of any nation; and the bed of straw in the corner is equally proper for the bed of *Lear*, the head of *Edgar*, or the hands of *Ophelia*.

A fellow on the top of the barn has the impudent curiosity to pry into the mysteries of the green-room. A little lower we see the Roman eagle and standard, a paint-pot, palette, and pencils. A target near the altar is embossed with Medusa's head. A salt-box, with hieroglyphic characters, may probably answer the purpose of a check upon a double-chalking publican. The apron, shift, &c. hanging upon a rope to dry, prove the industry of the wearers, and clearly demonstrate that these dignified personages, notwithstanding their exalted rank, are not ashamed of washing their own linen; and the gridiron near the bed intimates that they are not above broiling their own dinner.

The expression of the figures is admirable. Mr. Wood, of Littelton, has the original picture, for which he paid only twenty-six guineas.

MOSES

BROUGHT BEFORE

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

THIS is an engraving from a picture in the Foundling Hospital. To that asylum for deserted infancy, Mr. Hogarth was one of the first benefactors, by presenting to that institution the painting of which this is a faithful copy. Those who call to mind the story of Moses, who was concealed by his parents for three months from the wrath of Pharaoh, who had commanded every male child of the Hebrew women to be cast into the river, must be convinced this subject is exactly suited to the avowed purpose of the foundation for the protection of deserted children.

When they could hide the child no longer, his mother put him into a basket provided for that purpose, and laid him in the bulrushes by the river-side, relying on the mercy of Providence for his preservation. Pharaoh's daughter happening to approach the spot for the purpose of bathing, saw the basket, and directed one of her maidens to bring it to her. The sequel of the story is too well known to the readers of the Bible to be repeated here. The artist has taken it at the point of time when the child's mother, whom the princess considers as merely its nurse, has brought him to his patroness, and is receiving her wages from the treasurer. The little foundling, as might be naturally expected, clings affectionately to his nurse, though invited to receive the caresses of a princess. The eyes of an attendant, and a whispering Ethiopian, imply a suspicion that the child has a nearer affinity to their mistress than she chooses to acknowledge.

This picture, as an historic composition, has great merit. The benevolence of the princess, the surprise and concern of her attendants, the austerity and self-importance of the treasurer, the innocent alarm of the boy, and grief of its mother, are finely depicted in their respective faces. The scene is superb, and the distant prospect of pyramids, &c. highly picturesque and appropriate. The line of beauty on the base of a pillar is properly introduced, as the Greeks are said to have received the rudiments of art from Egypt. A crocodile creeping from under the stately chair, proclaims the scene to be in the neighbourhood of the Nile.

Either by accident, or the intention of the artist, the child bears some resemblance to the Egyptian princess.

BEER STREET.

HERE we behold a parcel of healthy and happy beings, regaling themselves with copious draughts of a liquor which seems perfectly congenial to their mental and corporeal powers. In the corner, on the left hand, a butcher and a blacksmith are each supremely happy in the possession of a foaming tankard of porter. That they have been studying politics, we are convinced, by the king's speech and the Daily Advertiser lying upon the table before them. From the date of the king's speech (*viz.* 29th November 1748), and the following passage from it, we know the war was then terminated:—"Let me earnestly recommend to you "the advancement of our commerce, and cultivating the arts of peace," &c.

The blacksmith is exhibited, with a pot of porter in one hand, while with the other he lifts the astonished Frenchman from the ground. The idea is rather extravagant; and Hogarth afterwards made several alterations in this plate. It is here given from the print in its first state, agreeable to our plan of copying only the early impressions of Hogarth's works. Two fishwomen, distinguished by the articles in which they deal, are furnished with a flagon of the same liquor, and are chanting Mr. Lockman's verses on the British herring fishery.

On the right, a city porter has set down his load upon the ground, in order to revive his spirits with a comfortable draught. His load consists of a parcel of books, consigned to Mr. *Pastem*, the trunk-maker, in St. Paul's Churchyard; they are considered as waste paper, from the names of their authors, &c.

On the front of a house in ruins, we behold *Pinch*, pawnbroker, who finds it difficult to live, for want of business. Two chairmen, in the back ground, are reviving their spirits with a cheering drop; and two paviours are washing away their cares with a comfortable potion of the health-preserving beverage. In the garret window three taylors are engaged in a similar employment; and on the house-top four bricklayers are quaffing the same delightful liquor. Each of these groups seem happy, hale, and clothed in decent apparel, whilst the swallowers of liquid fire, under the denomination of gin, are ragged and emaciated.

The painter, who is copying a bottle from one hanging by him as a pattern, has been regarded as a stroke of satire on John Stephen Liotard, "who," as Lord Orford observes, "could render nothing but what he "saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the small-pox, every thing "found its place; not so much from fidelity, as because he could not "conceive the absence of any thing that appeared to him."

GIN LANE.

FROM the prospect of health, happiness, and mirth, the consequence of a moderate use of a wholesome and natural beverage, we turn to this pernicious contrast. Here we see the ghastly and emaciated retailer of gin and ballads sitting at the bottom of the steps accoutred with a glass and bottle. Having parted with his waistcoat, shirt, and stockings, to procure the poisonous liquor; he appears a perfect skeleton, and in a state of total insensibility. A few steps higher, we behold a woman, whose legs are broken out in ulcers, taking snuff; being in a state of intoxication, and careless of the infant at her breast, it falls from her arms into the area of a gin-shop, and dies an innocent victim to the baneful vice of its depraved mother.

Another female is stupified, and fast asleep, giving a snail, the emblem of sloth, an opportunity of crawling from the wall to her arm. Near her we perceive a fellow gnawing a bare bone, which a ravenous bull-dog endeavours to snatch from him. A journeyman carpenter is pledging his coat and some of his tools with the pawnbroker. A tattered female brings her tea-kettle and culinary articles to the same frequented shop, to borrow money on them to purchase gin, vulgarly but not improperly called *Strip-me-naked*, as it has generally that effect. An old woman, having drank immoderately of the popular cordial, is under the necessity of being conducted home in a wheelbarrow, in which situation a young fellow is following her with an additional glass.

A mother is shamelessly pouring the destructive poison down her infant's throat; and two charity girls are pledging each other in the same detestable compound. Two mendicant cripples, under the influence of its intoxicating qualities, are engaged in a quarrel, and their offensive weapons are a crutch and a stool. A crowd at the door of KILMAN, the distiller, waiting anxiously for their respective doses, is truly characteristic.

A barber, deprived of his reason by intoxication, has suspended himself in his own garret; and a beautiful woman, having, by an excessive use of the diabolical liquid, terminated her life, a shell is procured for her remains by the parish beadle. On the side of her coffin, a child is lamenting the loss of its parent. The inscription on this cave of despair, DRUNK FOR A PENNY, DEAD DRUNK FOR TWOPENCE, CLEAN STRAW FOR NOTHING, acquaints us with the state of our metropolis at that period.

The frantic wretch, dancing and grinning horribly, with a child impaled upon a spit, and the distracted screaming mother, cannot escape notice; but the subject is too horrid to attempt any farther description.

The scene is laid in St. Giles's. Except the pawnbroker's, distiller's, and undertaker's, the houses are in ruins. The inhabitants of these mansions fatten upon the calamities of others, and are in a flourishing state. The characters in this piece are admirably discriminated; particularly that of the retailer of gin, the woman with a snuff-box, the pawnbroker, and the man gnawing a bone.

FOUR PRINTS OF AN ELECTION.

PLATE I.

AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

THIS comedy commences with a sumptuous entertainment, at an inn in a country town; it being a maxim, upon all public occasions, that a dinner should precede every other kind of business. The inscription on the banner, GIVE US OUR ELEVEN DAYS, alludes to the alteration of the style in 1752; in which year, from the 2d to the 14th of September, eleven days were not reckoned, by act of parliament. All the party, except the mayor and the divine, have ended their repast.

The accomplished gentleman, who aspires to the honour of a seat in the British senate, is politely lending an attentive ear to a disgusting old beldam; who produces a letter, directed to *Sir Commodity Taxem*. The highly-polished knight, stretching his long arm round her ample waist, shews her every polite attention. This handsome candidate is pronounced to be the late Thomas Potter, Esquire.

A little girl, dazzled with the splendour of his brilliant ring, attempts to make it a prize, while a fellow-standing upon a chair behind him, strikes the baronet's head against that of the old woman, with all that ease and freedom which election humour authorizes. Another stroke of election wit is exhibited in the adjoining group, consisting of a cobler, barber, and a squeamish gentleman. The cobler grasps the hand of the gentleman with a zeal that almost cracks the bones; and the barber gives him a friendly pinch, and merrily blows the hot fumes from the short tobacco-pipe into his eyes.

The group behind consists of an officer, a drunken counsellor, and a pretty woman; the barrister flourishing a bumper of wine over the fair one's head, emphatically roars out a silly toast. At the table, an orthodox divine sits stowing his remnant of the haunch; stripped of his canonical periwig, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. A Scotch bagpiper behind him accompanies his harsh music with a hearty scratching: a female player on a violin, and a pompous performer on the bass-viol, bear a part in the melodious concert. A fourth musician, with his instrument under his arm, drinks with a gentleman, who seems to be diverted with his own resemblance to the fiddler, in an enormous length of chin.

Two country fellows enjoy the fun of seeing the representation of a face in a napkin, &c. and hearing the song of *An Old Woman clothed in Grey*. A fellow behind is emptying a vessel through the window upon a crowd of the opposite party, who return the compliment by a shower of stones. We also behold the worshipful mayor, who has crammed himself with oysters till he can no longer breathe; but true to his cause, even in death, he grasps a fork on which he has impaled an oyster. Behind him, an agent attempts to corrupt a puritanic taylor with a bribe, who rejects the glittering bait, though threatened with the displeasure of his terrific wife.

A man of the law, in the act of examining the votes, having received a blow, falls prostrate on the floor; a bludgeon man has met a similar accident; and a patriotic butcher acts the part of a surgeon, by pouring gin into the wound. In the front, a boy is filling a mashing-tub with punch; and Abel Squat, a dealer in ribands, gloves, and stockings, has received a promissory note of fifty pounds, *payable in six months*, with which he seems much dissatisfied. Entering at the door, we see a large band of assailants from the opposite party, armed with cudgels, &c. and one of the heroes brandishing a sword. The horns over the door may perhaps allude to the puritanic taylor. A party called *Jacobites*, have mangled the portrait of King William.

The escutcheon, with the elector's arms, A CHEVRON SABLE, BETWEEN THREE GUINEAS OR, with a crest of a gaping mouth, and the motto, *Speak and Have*, is pertinent and appropriate. On a flag, the words LIBERTY AND LOYALTY are inscribed. In the tobacco-tray, we perceive a paper of *Kirton's best*, and a slip of paper torn from an act against bribery and corruption. We may also descry a lobster creeping towards a mutton-chop, which lies unheeded in a corner. The effigy seen through the window, with the words NO JEWS about its neck, is said to be meant for the late Duke of Newcastle, his grace having exerted all his influence in support of the *Naturalization bill*. *Kirton*'s name is very significantly inserted on the tobacco-paper; he was a tobacconist in Fleet-street, and ruined his health, constitution, and circumstances, by being busy in the Oxford election of 1754.

PLATE II.

CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

TWO country inn-keepers, agents for their respective parties, are here dropping money into the hands of a rustic freeholder, who, after taking all that he can get from both, will perhaps conscientiously vote for the most liberal paymaster. One of the candidates is purchasing trinkets for two ladies in the balcony, to purchase their *interest*, for they are incapable of giving a vote. By the direction upon a letter, delivered with a bended knee, we may rationally suppose this man to be a descendant of the ancient family of Party Tools. The porter has brought a quantity of printed bills to be dispersed, intimating that Punch's theatre is opened, and the company of the worthy electors humbly requested, &c.

Two hungry countrymen, in the Royal Oak, are displaying their extraordinary talents in eating; one of them voraciously devouring a fowl, and the other committing most unmerciful outrages on a buttock of beef. The landlady of the inn is importantly engaged in counting the money she has received for her interest in the borough. She is seated on the stern of a ship, placed at the inn-door, which represents the British lion swallowing the flower-de-luce; emblematical of the natural animosity between the two nations. A grenadier appears to have a longing desire to partake of the spoil. A barber and a cobler are warmly engaged in a political dispute, at the door of the Porto Bello alehouse, and pointing out the particulars of Admiral Vernon's exploits with pieces of broken tobacco-pipes.

A fellow on a cross beam, at the end of the Crown sign-post, is endeavouring to cut through the beam with his hand-saw, not considering that when the crown drops he must consequently fall upon the ground. To accelerate this business, two assistants exert their strength in pulling a rope which is tied round the beam. The landlord, enraged at a wanton attack upon his castle, by a crowd of assailants, opens his window and discharges a blunderbuss upon them. Painted on the upper part of a show-cloth, before the sign of the Royal Oak (in which our once merry monarch is represented in a great tree, with a large black wig), is a view of the Treasury, out of which a stream of gold is poured into a bag, to defray the expence of the approaching elections. On this cloth the height of the Treasury is contrasted with the squat solidity of the Horse Guards, where the arch is so low that the state-coachman cannot pass through with his head on; and the turret on the top resembles a beer-barrel. Ware, the architect, very gravely remarked upon this occasion, that the chief defect would have been sufficiently pointed out, by making the coachman only *stoop*. He was hurt by Hogarth's stroke of satire.

Beneath we perceive the facetious Mr. Punch, profusely throwing guineas to the populace, who attempt to catch them in their hats. The old woman with a magic wand is probably Mr. Punch's wife. The inscription below is very applicable:—PUNCH, A CANDIDATE FOR GUZZLEDOWN. The characters are finely discriminated.

PLATE III.

THE POLLING.

WE now behold both parties on the hustings, displaying their own importance; and the lame, deaf, and blind appear in crowds to give their *independent* votes; the contending candidates being seated at the back of the booth. One of them, coolly resting upon his cane, seems *certain* of success; the other shews every mark of agitation, carefully scrutinizes the state of the poll, and shudders at the expence of a contest.

The first person who tenders his oath to the clerk is an old soldier, who has lost a leg, an arm, and a hand, in the service of his country. The veteran laying his wooden stump upon the book, the clerk bursts into an immoderate fit of laughter, which is not a little increased by two counsellors disputing the legality of the oath, the statute saying, the *right hand* (not the *stump)* should be laid upon the book.

A person, who has the appearance of being a deaf idiot, presents himself at the hustings. He is attended by a man in fetters, who instructs him on which side to vote. By the shackle on this man's leg, and the paper in his pocket with the title of the *Sixth Letter to the People of England*, we know him to be Dr. Shebbeare, and that he came into disgrace for being the author of that letter. The Doctor frequently said in a coffee-house, that he would have a pillory or a pension; and he was gratified with both—with the former by Lord Mansfield, and with the latter by Lord Bute. Behind him is another freeholder, brought almost dying from his bed. A blind man and a cripple, cautiously ascending the steps, conclude the catalogue.

The constable, fatigued by double duty, is taking a nap. Many of the multitude are listening to a female warbler, chanting a libellous ballad on one of the candidates, who is represented suspended to a gibbet on the top of the libel.

In the right-hand corner, we perceive a view of Britannia's chariot oversetting, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box; and, though their mistress's life is in danger, they are determined to play on, let the consequence be what it will. On a bridge, in the back ground, we discern a carriage, with colours flying, and a cavalcade of freeholders, &c. advancing towards the hustings.

We cannot conclude the description of this plate without mentioning an anecdote of Dr. Barrowby: he told an almost dying man, that he might venture with him in his carriage to the hustings in Covent Garden, to poll for Sir George Vandeput. The patient took his physician's advice, went with him, and gave his vote; and, in less than an hour after his return, expired.

PLATE IV.

CHAIRING THE MEMBER.

THE successful candidate is now exhibited in triumph: seated in an arm-chair, and exalted upon the shoulders of four lusty fellows, he is carried through the principal streets, which are crowded with his friends and enemies. A tumultuous procession of this kind is often productive of misfortunes. A thresher, in defence of his pigs, &c. flourishes his flail, and breaks the head of a sailor; at which the exalted senator is so much alarmed, that he trembles in every joint, fearing to be precipitated from the seat of honour to the bed of stone.

Terrified at his perilous situation, a lady of weak nerves, attended by her servants in the churchyard, falls back in a swoon. Regardless of this circumstance, two little chimney-sweepers on the gate-post are diverting themselves by placing a pair of gingerbread spectacles on a death's head. The monkey riding on the bear, with a cockade in his hat, has a carbine by his side, which goes off accidentally, and kills the little sweep upon the wall. This is supposed to allude to the following circumstance:—During the contested Oxfordshire election, in 1754, an outrageous mob in the old interest had surrounded a post-chaise, and was on the point of throwing it into the river, when Captain T——, within-side, shot a chimney-sweeper who was most active in the assault.

The venerable musician enjoys his own music and his resolution to espouse neutrality, not knowing which of the parties is the best entitled to his suffrage. A soldier is regaling himself with a cheekful of best Virginia, and preparing to equip himself for a pugilistic duet. Three cooks, of different denominations, are carrying three covers for the lawyer's table. Two fellows are pushing through the crowd with a barrel of home-brewed ale.

A procession of electors enriches the scene; and in Mr. Attorney's first floor, a group of the defeated party, enjoying in perfect security the bustle and confusion below. The old Duke of Newcastle, who was remarkably active upon these occasions, appears at a window. A poor old lady is overset by a sow and her litter of pigs. A taylor, in the back ground, is receiving the discipline of his wife for having deserted his shop-board to look at the gentlemen.

Le Brun, in his Battle of the Granicus, has represented an *eagle* hovering over the laurelled helmet of Alexander. The thought is here very happily parodied in a *goose*, flying immediately over the tie-wig of our triumphant candidate. The ruined house adjoining to the attorney's very significantly alludes to the danger of having such a neighbour. It was, however, destroyed by a riotous mob, because it belonged to one of the opposite party. The motto on the sun-dial, WE MUST, is meant as a pun, though somewhat overstrained, and the *dial, die all*, hieroglyphically imports *we must die all*. All the incidents in this whimsical plate are naturally, and yet skilfully combined; they abound in humour, and are highly characteristic.

The original pictures are in the possession of Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton.

ENGLAND.

WHEN Hogarth designed the engraving we now behold, he saw, as in this representation, a company of well-fed and high-spirited Britons, marked with hardihood and valour. See the gallant peasant, preferring the service of Mars to that of Ceres, straining every inch to attain the dignified appellation of soldier. Fearing the shortness of his figure should exclude him from the honour he aspires to, he endeavours to deceive the serjeant, by rising on tip-toe; and the serjeant, unwilling to check his towering ambition, seems willing to connive at the deception.

To shew that the polite arts were then cultivated by more than the immediate professors, a grenadier artist is painting a caricature of the French king upon the wall. It was customary in those days, in order to supply the want of character or expression, for every figure to have a label hanging at its mouth; and, in compliance with that custom, the following words issue from the mouth of the *Grand Monarque:* "You take a my "fine ships; you be de pirate; you be de teef; me send my grand armies, "and hang you all." The figure is perfectly adapted to the words; for with his left hand the Most Christian sovereign valiantly grasps his sword, and in his right hand poizes a tremendous gibbet. The figure and motto produce a roar of approbation. Two ladies of the camp admire the strength of the painter's genius; and one of them wishes to be satisfied with regard to the strength of his back, and therefore measures his Herculean shoulders with her apron; the other, to signify that the performance has some point, places her fore-finger against the prongs of a fork.

The standard waving under the head of the under-sized candidate for military glory, seems punnically to signify that he is *under the standard*.

The little fifer, playing that animated tune *God save the King*, is the same that we have seen in *The March to Finchley*. In the back ground, a serjeant is drilling a company of young recruits. This military meeting is at the sign of the Duke of Cumberland, who is mounted on a prancer. Under the sign is the following inscription, "*Roast and boiled every day;*" a perfect contrast to soup-maigre, bare bones, and roasted frogs.

The soldier's sword on the round of beef, and the sailor's pistol on the ale-vessel, intimate that these bulwarks of our country are as tenacious of their *beef* and *beer* as of their liberty and property.

FRANCE.

THE scene before us represents an embarkation of the French troops, in order to invade England! An idea treated with contempt even when Hogarth was in existence, and infinitely more so now, as we have got a *Nelson* and a *Saumarez* to frustrate their ambitious aims. To see a feeble

and emaciated group of wretches embarking to invade and conquer a resolute and hardy people, is enough to excite laughter, even in a stoic! In some measure to account for the skeleton-like appearance of these terrible invaders, their deficiency of solid food is hinted at in the bare bones of beef hung up in the window of a forlorn cabaret, or alehouse.

The inscription on the sign of this miserable hotel, SOUP MAIGRE A LA SABOT ROYAL, *Soup meagre at the royal wooden shoe;* and the famished appearance of a French officer, roasting frogs upon his sword, are additional proofs of their unsubstantial diet. The motto on the standard is very attractive, and well calculated to inspire this famishing company with courage—VENGEANCE AVEC LE BON BIER ET BON BEUF D'ENGLETERRE, *Vengeance with the good beer and the good beef of England.*

That the soldiers are averse to this English expedition is readily discovered, by the serjeant, who finds it necessary to goad them forward with his halberd. The portly friar does not appear to be emaciated by fasting, or enfeebled by penance. Anticipating the glory of extirpating heresy, he enjoys the satisfaction of feeling the sharpness of the persecuting ax, to be employed in the decollation of the enemies to the *true faith*, which if any one doubt, he shall die the death. A sledge preparing to be put on board, laden with scourges, gibbets, wheels, chains, and other engines of torture, alludes to the establishment of a British inquisition. On the same sledge we perceive an image of St. Anthony, very properly accompanied by his pig, and the plan of a monastery, intended to be erected at Black Friars. Strange infatuation! that the inquisitorial engines of torture should be calculated for the propagation of a religion, which inculcates universal charity and forbearance!

To intimate that agriculture suffers by the absence of the masculine inhabitants, occasioned by their ridiculous project of invasion; the women are represented in the back ground, ploughing and endeavouring to cultivate a barren promontory.

THE COUNTRY INN-YARD;

OR,

THE STAGE-COACH.

HERE we behold a country inn-yard, and the passengers getting into a stage-coach; together with an election procession passing in the back ground. The whole is so admirably depicted, that in looking at the scene we become pleased and interested. The boisterous roar and bustle of the landlady is finely contrasted with the pliant, insinuating, and imposing countenance of the landlord. Boniface, on presenting a bill to an old gentleman in a laced hat, protests that every *item* of it is extremely moderate. The paymaster, however, seems to be of a different opinion, and intimates that the charges are exorbitant. By the act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, we discover him to be of a profession that will not tamely suffer imposition.

The broad, bulky, old lady, ascending the steps of the carriage, is almost a sufficient load for the whole vehicle: but the old maid, of a spare, skeleton-like appearance, will render her rotundity less offensive to the rest of the passengers.

A little deviation from our narrative will doubtless be excused upon this subject. The coach fares on the road are very unequal, and consequently very unjust; a slim person, of seven or eight stone, pays as much per mile, or per journey, as an unwieldy monster of double or treble that ponderosity; and, to make the injustice of such a practice the more apparent, not an ounce more of luggage is allowed to the spare figure than to one of most enormous size. If a haunch of venison, a ham, or a quarter of lamb is sent by a stage-coach, payment is demanded according to the weight; and there appears to be no satisfactory reason why human flesh should not be rated by weight in the same manner.

Pardon is requested for this digression, and we shall proceed. The portly gentleman with a sword and cane in one hand, turns a deaf ear to the pressing entreaties of a poor little deformed postillion. The old woman, in the full enjoyment of her short pipe, in the basket, is so delighted with the ecstatic fumes of her tube, that she seems indifferent about the vanities of the world. An Englishman and a Frenchman, on the roof of the coach, afford a proper specimen of the manners and customs of their respective countries.

In the window we observe a curious pair; one of them blowing a French horn, and the other ineffectually attempting to remove a load from his stomach, occasioned by drinking too plentifully of punch the preceding evening. Beneath them a gentleman is taking an affectionate leave of the chambermaid, who is too pleasingly employed to be moved by the clamour of the great bar-bell, or the more thundering summons from her loud-bellowing mistress.

The crowd, marching with a figure in procession, have placed a horn-book in one of his hands, and in the other a rattle. This was intended to represent *Child*, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a strong contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramston. The horn-book and rattle are obviously allusive to the name, *viz. Child*. At the election, a man was placed on a bulk, with a figure representing an infant in his arms; and, as he whipped it, he exclaimed, "What, you little *Child*, you must be a member?" In this disputed election, it appeared from the register-book of the parish where Lord Castlemain was born, that he was but twenty years of age when he offered himself a candidate. The family name was changed from *Child* to *Tylney*, by act of Parliament, in 1735.

Under the sign of a kind of dancing angel is inscribed, THE OLD ANGLE IN TOM'. BATES FROM LUNDUN. Some pains have been taken to ascertain the particular inn-yard in which this scene is laid, but without success; many of the public houses between Whitechapel and Chelmsford, in Essex, having been since altered, or totally rebuilt.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

(From the original Painting in Lincoln's-inn Hall.)

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled."

THE artist has endeavoured, in the print before us, to give a serious and sublime representation of a scene which he had before burlesqued. The subject under consideration is that of the preaching of St. Paul, when brought prisoner from Jerusalem to Cæsarea; and summoned to appear before Felix, the governor of Judea, to answer to the charges maliciously alleged against him. This Felix, a slave to avarice and sensuality, was a favourite and a creature of Claudius Cæsar, then emperor of Rome.

Disdaining to court the favour of the governor by extenuating his vices, the apostle boldly pierces his stubborn heart by preaching of "*righteousness*, temperance, and judgment to come." At this he is so greatly terrified, that he is suddenly seized with a trepidation, his whole frame is agonized, and the roll seems dropping from his trembling fingers.

In the original picture the wife of Felix is introduced; and there is another print, described by Lord Orford as the first design, "but the "wife of Felix was afterwards omitted, because St. Paul's hand was very "improperly placed before her." Mr. Nichols, in his Anecdotes of Hogarth, says, "I have seen a copy of it, on which *Hogarth* had written, "A print of the plate that was set aside as insufficient, engraved by W. H." Our engraving is taken from an early impression of the print most admired, the other being held in very little estimation.

Dr. Warton, in his Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, apologizes for having made a mistake in the censures he has passed on this print and another, in the following words: "The author gladly lays "hold of the opportunity to confess a mistake he had committed with "respect to two admirable paintings of Mr. Hogarth; his *Paul preaching*, "and his *Infant Moses*, which, on a clear examination, are not chargeable "with the blemishes imputed to them. Justice obliges him to declare "the high opinion he entertains of the abilities of this inimitable artist,

" who shines in so many different lights." But though this composition has many admirers, some have declared themselves of a different opinion, particularly Mr. Ireland, who says, " Hogarth's reputation would not be " diminished if it were destroyed."

JOHN WILKES, ESQUIRE.

THIS figure has been denominated a satire, and a caricature; but it does not appear to deserve either of these titles: it is, indeed, a very accurate and striking resemblance of Mr. Wilkes, at that time the idol of the people; and the accompaniments are such as he would probably have chosen to decorate his portrait; *viz.* the cap of liberty, and Nos. 45 and 17 of the North Briton. Mr. Wilkes, with his usual pleasantry, has been heard frequently to observe, that " he was every day growing more and " more like his portrait by Hogarth." The calm and philosophic indifference with which he spoke of it, does honour to his good humour and his good sense. He declared himself perfectly unconcerned about the *case* of his soul, as he was only tenant for life; and that the best apology for his person, was—that he did not make himself.

On the table we behold the two memorable North Britons; and, near them, a pen and ink, intimating that the person represented is an author. That this engraving was not generally considered as a caricature, is evident, from the number of impressions that were sold; and it is said his friends were the principal purchasers. " I have been told by a copper-" plate printer," says Mr. Nichols, " that near four thousand copies of this " caricature were worked off on its first publication. Being kept up for " two or three following nights on the occasion, he has reason to re-" member it."

When Mr. Wilkes was a second time brought from the Tower to Westminster-Hall, and had an honourable acquittal, Mr. Hogarth attended in the Court of Common Pleas, and, as usual, carried a port crayon in his pocket. Surrounded by a multitude of spectators, the artist almost hid himself in a corner of the gallery, and, while the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, with the eloquence and courage of old Rome, was enforcing the great principles of Magna Charta and the English constitution, delineated a patriot at the moment when he was in his own person asserting the cause of liberty; a few hours after it was declared to be so by the unanimous sentence of the judges of that court; and they were all present.

The advocates for Mr. Wilkes generally assert, however, that the above representation was certainly *intended* by Hogarth as a caricature, though nothing *outré* is discernible; but they are probably mistaken, and for this reason—the world knew the provocation which Mr. Hogarth had received, and thought it sufficient to justify the most severe retaliation, and therefore the figure here pourtrayed has generally been taken for a caricature.

THE BRUISER,
CHARLES CHURCHILL,
(ONCE THE REVEREND,)
IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES.

IRRITATED by the publication of Mr. Wilkes's portrait, Churchill wrote a satirical " Epistle to William Hogarth;" who, conceiving that any kind of delay in answering it might be construed to denote his inability to enter the lists with so formidable an antagonist, did not wait the slow process of a new plate, but took a piece of copper on which he had before engraved a portrait of himself and dog. From this innocent morsel of metal he erased his own head, and substituted a portrait of the reverend divine, with a tattered band and ragged ruffles, in the character of a Russian bear.

That a reverend divine should be ornamented with ruffles, may perhaps seem strange to those who never knew Mr. Churchill; but the writer of this article has often seen him with those decorations about his wrists; and his eyes have beheld the person of the same priestly character ornamented with the most gaudy trappings;—white silk stockings, stone shoe-buckles, a gold-laced hat, leather breeches, and other unsacerdotal garments, he was frequently in the habit of wearing.

Trump, the faithful friend and favourite of Hogarth, has his original situation on the outside of the picture-frame, and is contemptuously urining and trampling upon the Epistle to his master. The reverend bard is represented in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter; and, like another Hercules, armed with a knotted club, to attack hydras, destroy dragons, and discomfit giants. The letters N. B. inscribed on the club seem to intimate that the painter considered Churchill as a writer in the North Briton; and from the words *Infamous fallacy*, Lie the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, on the knots, that our poet had too creative a genius to confine himself to truth.

Near the Epistle, which the indecent quadruped treats so ungraciously, we perceive two books, on one of which is written, *A New Way to pay Old Debts, a Comedy, by Massinger*; on the other, *A List of Subscribers to the North Briton*. To point out the poverty of the writer of it, the pyramid is crowned by a begging-box. As emblems of art, the *burin* and palette lie beneath.

That the ingenious painter should endeavour to retaliate on the ingenious poet, is extremely natural; and the following lines, extracted from Churchill's Epistle, are a sufficient justification:

" With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
" With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,
" Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and faltering tongue,
" The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
" The body shrivell'd up, the dim eyes sunk
" Within their sockets deep; the weak hams shrunk,
" The body's weight unable to sustain;
" The streams of life scarce trembling through the vein;
" More than half kill'd by honest truths which fell,
" Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well;
" Canst thou ev'n thus thy thoughts to vengeance give,
" And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
" Hence, dotard, to thy closet—shut thee in,
" Ey deep repentance wash away thy sin;
" From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
" And on the verge of death learn how to die."

That a man in the vigour of life, for Churchill did not then exceed thirty years of age, should draw so unmerciful a picture of age and decrepitude, is hardly to be forgiven; but great allowances must be made for the outrageous spirit of party. Churchill himself, in his more temperate moments, seems almost ashamed of what he had written, and thus corrects himself:

" Ah! let not youth, to insolence allied,
" In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
" Possess'd of *genius*, with unhallow'd rage,
" Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age!"

THE FIVE ORDERS OF PERIWIGS;
AS THEY WERE WORN AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

THIS print is said to have been a ridicule on Mr. Stewart's Antiquities of Athens, in which, with minute accuracy, are given the measurements of all the members of the Greek architecture. Minute accuracy is the leading feature of Stewart's book; minute accuracy is the leading feature in Hogarth's satire.

The five orders are measured architectonically, and, under their umbrageous shadow, the painter has introduced several remarkable characters. Two profiles in the upper row, under the title of *episcopal* or *parsonic* (alluding to the Tuscan order, as being simple and solid, and not surcharged with ornaments), are said to be intended for Dr. Warburton, late bishop of Gloucester, and Dr. Samuel Squire, then bishop of St. David's.

The next row is inscribed *old peerian* or *aldermanic*. The first face is said to have been meant for Lord Melcombe; and may, with equal pro-

priety, represent some sagacious alderman of the day. At the opposite end of the same row, we behold the remarkable winged periwig worn by Sir Samuel Fludyer, lord mayor, at the coronation of his present Majesty.

A row beneath consists of the *Ionic*, answering to that of the Ionic; and under it is the Composite, or half natural, and the *Quecrinthian*, or *queue de rénard*. Even with them we perceive a barber's block, crowned with compasses, and marked, Athenian measure. This is supposed to be a caricature of Mr. Stewart. A table of references appears above the block, and facing it a scale, divided into *nodules* or noddles, *nasos* or noses, and *minutes*. Without a perfect knowledge of the terms of architecture, the drift of this whimsical print cannot be perfectly comprehended.

A portrait of her Majesty, distinguished by the simplicity of her head-dress, is represented in the corner on the left; and in the same line we observe five right honourable ladies, whose coronets identify their respective ranks. The ladies of the bedchamber, in 1761, were—the Duchess of *Ancaster*, the Duchess of *Hamilton*, the Countess of *Effingham*, the Countess of *Northumberland*, and the Viscountess *Weymouth*.

THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE.

THE merry mortals in this print, thinking, with Plato, that it is no proof of a good stomach to nauseate every aliment presented to them, give full scope to their risibility, and display a set of features as highly ridiculous as any that have yet been seen in print. This scene is a representation of part of one of the royal theatres, exhibiting, at bottom, one end of the orchestra; behind, a corner of the pit; and above, part of the side-boxes. Here we behold a prim coxcomb in amorous parley with an orange-girl; and another presenting a pinch of snuff to a beauty of Rubens's school, with all the affectation of finical politeness.

These male figures give us an admirable idea of the dress of the day, and convince us that our forefathers set nature and convenience at defiance. Governed by the idol of fashion, one of our beaus displays a cuff of such dimensions as would furnish fronts for a waistcoat to a modern fine gentleman; and his enormous bag might be converted into a fire-screen. His bare shrivelled neck gives us the idea of a half-starved greyhound; and his face, figure, and air render him a fine contrast to the blowsy female whom he addresses. The opposite figure has affectation and grimace in every line and muscle of his countenance; his *queue* has much the appearance of an instrument called an ear-trumpet.

The inattention of these three polite personages to the business of the drama, though the auditors of the pit are convulsed with laughter, is highly descriptive of that refined apathy which characterizes the superior classes of the people, it being considered as extremely unfashionable for people of rank to seem attentive to the scenic representation. We discover one, however, in the group, of a saturnine cast of face, and a contracted brow; he is perhaps a profound critic, and has too much wisdom to join in the almost general laugh; he alone preserves a rigidity of muscle, while the sides of the vulgar herd are shaking with risibility.

The three sedate musicians in the orchestra are so accustomed to similar scenes, that they seem as unfeeling as the critic. What may be highly relishing to the audience, who repair to the theatre to be amused, is reckoned hard labour by those who toil at their instruments for hire: disgusted by the sounds produced by their minims and crotchets, they pant for the dropping of the curtain, to put a period to their labour for the evening.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

THE shepherd, who was intended to represent the Rev. Dr. *Desaguliers*, seems as much under the influence of Morpheus as any of his somniferous flock. The drawling monotony of the preacher operates like an opiate upon all who are present. The text, as appears by the book before him, is perfectly applicable to his audience: "*Come unto me all ye "that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" His parishioners, after the labour of six days, find the church a comfortable dormitory, and the preacher has the happy talent of lulling to soft repose.

The clerk, a more important character than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a blooming damsel, who yields to the omnipotent power of sleep while she was studying the service of Matrimony. A significant leer of the response-maker is evidently directed to the fair slumberer.

In the pew opposite, five swains of the village, overcome by the somnific dose administered to their ears, enjoy uninterrupted rest. Two old women, seated among them, seem indeed to be awake. Perhaps they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction, as the preacher entreats them to "go to rest;" or the painter meant to intimate that the women are more attentive than men to their spiritual concerns. In the front of the gallery two persons are joining in chorus with the nasal band below.

The lion is one of the supporters to what is called the king's arms; the unicorn, its companion, is concealed by the pillar. An hour-glass is placed at the parson's left hand, and underneath it we see the following applicable inscription, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians: "I am "afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." An hour-glass is still placed on some of the pulpits in the remote provinces. *Daniel Burgess*, of eccentric memory, never preached without one, and frequently saw it out three times during one sermon. In a discourse against *drunkenness*, which he once delivered at the conventicle in *Russel Court*, several of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass: but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and, altering the tone of his voice, requested they would have a little patience, for he had much more to say on the sin of drunkenness: "Therefore, my brethren," added he, "we will have another glass—and "then."

In the original painting, which was in the collection of Sir Edward Walpole, the face of the clerk is admirably painted, though he appears to be rather dozing than leering at the girl.

SIMON LORD LOVAT.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

HOGARTH met Lord Lovat at St. Alban's, to draw this picture of him; his Lordship, who was then under the hands of the barber, was so glad to see the artist, that he rose eagerly to embrace him, with the suds on his face.

This powerful laird was one of the last chieftains that preserved the rude manners of the early feudal ages. He resided in an indifferent house, which had only four rooms on a floor, and those not very capacious. But in this plain mansion he kept a sort of court, and several different tables; and had a numerous body of retainers always attending. He received company, even at dinner, in the room where he slept; and his lady's sole apartment was her bedroom. His servants and retainers had only straw to repose on, which they spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, where the inferior part of the family took up their abode.

Sir William Young, one of the managers, appointed by the Commons of Great Britain, for conducting the prosecution of Lord Lovat for high treason, in 1745, made the following observation; "Your Lordships have "already done national justice on some of the principal traitors, who "appeared in open arms against his Majesty, by the ordinary course of "law; but this noble lord, who, in the course of his life, has boasted of "his superior cunning in wickedness, and his ability to counsel frequent "treasons with impunity, vainly imagined that he might possibly be a "traitor in private, and a rebel only in his heart, by sending his son and "his followers to join the Pretender, and remaining at home himself, to "endeavour to deceive his Majesty's faithful subjects. Hoping *he* might "be rewarded for his son's services, if successful; or his *son* alone be the "sufferer for his offences if the undertaking failed: diabolical cunning, "monstrous impiety." See *State Trials*, ix. 627.

When Hogarth had finished this portrait, a printseller offered its weight in gold for it. The impressions could not be taken off with sufficient rapidity to supply the anxious purchasers, though the rolling-press was at work night and day for eight or ten days. For several weeks after, the artist is said to have received at the rate of twelve pounds per day, for the archetype of this northern delinquent.

THE TIMES.

PREVIOUS to the publication of THE TIMES, Mr. *Wilkes*, who was then at *Aylesbury*, received intelligence that the print was political, and that Lord Temple, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Churchill, and himself, were the leading characters held up to ridicule. Surprised at this information, he sent a remonstrance to Mr. Hogarth, stating the ungenerous tendency of such a proceeding; especially as the two last-mentioned gentlemen and the artist had always lived upon the most intimate terms. In reply to this, Mr. Hogarth asserted, that neither Mr. Wilkes nor Mr. Churchill were introduced, but Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were; and that the print should be published in a few days. On the receipt of this declaration, Mr. Wilkes returned a short epistle to the political delineator, assuring him that he should not regard any reflections upon himself; but if his friends were attacked, he would revenge their cause to the best of his ability. On this declaration of war, the flag was hoisted on both sides, and never did any two enraged men of ability throw mud with less dexterity.

The print of *The Times* was published soon after; and on the Saturday following No. 17 of the North Briton appeared, in which an unmerciful attack was made upon the king's sergeant painter. It commenced with a ridicule of the *Analysis of Beauty*, proceeded to the abuse of the favourite *Sigismunda*; and afterwards took unprecedented freedoms with the character and performances of his Majesty's *pannel-painter*. The particulars would be too voluminous to be inserted here; we shall therefore proceed to a description of the engraving:

A globe, by which is signified the *world* (though only a tavern sign), is represented on fire; and Mr. Pitt, exalted on stilts amidst the multitude, is blowing a pair of large bellows to increase the mischief, which others are endeavouring to extinguish. His attendants are composed of butchers, with their usual instrumental clangor; a mob, armed with bludgeons, and a trio of aldermen, in the act of adoration. From the neck of this popular character a millstone is suspended, on which is inscribed 3000*l. per annum*, allusive to a pension which had been granted to him, intimating that so ponderous a load might tend to weigh down his popularity.

While this idol of the people is thus promoting the conflagration, several Highlanders, soldiers, sailors, &c. are working an engine to retard or impede its progress. The pipe is guided by one of the *Union-Office* firemen at the top: defended by an iron cap, and protected by a badge, with the initials G. R. intended to represent his present Majesty, the engineer proceeds in the execution of his business, regardless of the three copious streams which are furiously driven at his rear from the windows of the *Temple Coffee-house*.

The diminutive engines, like syringes, producing only feeble and tiny showers, are directed by a nobleman and two garretteers. An inscription over the door ascertains the title of the former, who is delineated without features. The two gentlemen in the attic were originally intended for Messieurs *Wilkes* and *Churchill*; but the painter's timidity induced him to alter them previous to the publication. A surplice still remains on the figure over Lord *Temple*, and the Colonel's coat is lapelled. A slaughterman on the sign-iron, with a flaming candle in his hat, and a tremendous weapon in his pocket, intimates that he is ready either to set fire to a city, or to assassinate a citizen. Mounted to his present situation by a ladder, he is drawing up the sign of the patriot's arms, aided by the strength of two assistants. The breaking down of the Newcastle arms, and the drawing up of the patriotic ones, refer to the resignation of that noble duke, and the appointment of his successor.

A Highlander, conveying two buckets of water from the plug to the engine, is in danger of interruption by a fellow with a wheelbarrow, full of political papers, to feed and supply the flames. The Dutchman, sitting at his ease on his bale of goods, laughs at the combustion he beholds around him: a fox, the proper emblem of his cunning, is creeping from the kennel beneath. Near him we perceive a patriotic trumpeter, sounding his instrument and pointing to a show-cloth, on which is painted a wild Indian. This is meant as a personification of Mr. Alderman Beckford; and beneath the savage, to whom he points, is written, ALIVE, FROM AMERICA. The post-office, painted on a cracked board, fastened against the wall, may possibly allude to the office of post-master, being then divided between two great personages. The musical King of Prussia, convinced that he shall be a gainer by the war, like Nero, amuses himself with a violin, surrounded by his miserable and half-famished subjects.

The rest of the figures in this curious group cannot be positively discriminated. The female with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, is supposed to be intended for the Empress Queen. The *fleur de lis*, hanging from one of the houses, and the black eagle from another, plainly indicate the powers intended to be pointed out. The sign of the Salutation alludes to the treaty between France and Spain.

Though the raging of the flames prevents the dove from alighting on any of the buildings, she still hovers over them with her olive-branch, in the midst of the ascending smoke. The exact time is pointed out by the waggon, inscribed the *Hermione*, in the back ground. The Prince of Wales was born on the 12th of August 1762. Just after her Majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons, laden with the treasure of the *Hermione*, entered Saint James's Street, on which the King and many of the nobility went to the window over the palace gate; and, joining in acclamations, testified their joy on two such fortunate occasions. From hence the procession, consisting of twenty waggons, &c. proceeded to the Tower.

REHEARSAL

OF THE

ORATORIO OF JUDITH.

THIS oratorio was written by William Huggins, Esquire, and set to music by *William de Fesch*, late chapel-master of the cathedral church of *Antwerp*. It was aided by new scenery and magnificent decoration, and brought upon the stage in 1733, but without success. The audience compelled the Jewish heroine, as soon as she had made her theatrical *debut*, to make her exit.

Huggins arraigned the judgment of the public, in a formal appeal, and printed his oratorio. Though embellished with a frontispiece, designed by *Hogarth*, and engraved by *Vandergucht*, the world could not be prevailed upon to read it; and the author enjoyed only the consolatory reflection, that he had printed it in a tasteless age.

To paint a sound is certainly a task that cannot be accomplished; but as far as art can go towards it, Hogarth has achieved in the print before us: the tenor, treble, and bass, of the ear-piercing choristers, are so ingeniously discriminated, that we almost imagine their vocal strains are audible.

The principal figure, whose head, hands, and feet, are equally agitated, has judiciously tied on his spectacles; and, had he been well advised, he would have secured his periwig in the same manner, as he would not then have shaken it from his head during his paroxysm of attention to true time.

A singer, in a bag wig, immediately beneath his uplifted hand, appears to be of foreign growth, and was probably imported from Italy. The little figure, in the sinister corner, is intended for a Mr. Tothall, formerly a woollen-draper in Tavistock Court, and Hogarth's particular friend. The other personages of the group were not designed for particular portraits, but a general representation of the violent distortions, into which vocal musicians throw their features on such solemn occasions.

The head of the bass-viol is not without air and character; and the band under the chin conveys the idea of a professor. The words now signing, "The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne," are extracted from Mr. Huggins's oratorio: the etching, which is masterly, was given as a subscription ticket to "Modern Midnight Conversation." The original plate of the frontispiece is in the possession of Dr. Monkhouse.

The father of the author of Judith was warden of the Fleet prison, and in that office was guilty of extortions, cruelty, breach of trust, and many other crimes: he accumulated a considerable fortune, and died at ninety years of age: his son William died in 1761, and left to posterity a MS. tragedy, a MS. translation of Dante, a MS. farce, and two thousand pounds *per annum*.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.

COLUMBUS having found a new empire, and explored a new world, was considered as more than mortal. He set sail a second time, with an armament of seventeen ships, manned by a crew who almost adored him, and discovered Jamaica, the Caribbees, and several other islands. But his elevation had been too sudden to be permanent; his talents were too transcendent to escape envy; and, notwithstanding the wonderful services he had rendered Spain, he was brought home prisoner, by judges who had been sent on board the same vessel, as spies upon his conduct, and arrived at the court, laden with chains.

His enemies shamefully asserted, that there was neither wisdom in the plan, nor hazard in the enterprise he had undertaken; and when he was once at a Spanish supper, some of them observed, "That it was "impossible for any man, a degree above an idiot, to have failed of "success, the whole process was so obvious and easy!"—"It does not "appear difficult," replied *Columbus*, "now I have pointed out the way; "but easy as it will appear, when I have shewn you my method, to place "one of these eggs upright on the table, I think you will not be able to ac- "complish such a *trifling* piece of business, without my instruction."—The cloth, knives, &c. being instantly thrown aside, two of the party, placing their eggs as was required, kept them steady with their fingers; and one of them asserted that there could be no other method. "We will try," said the illustrious navigator; and giving an egg, which he held in his hand, a gentle stroke upon the table, it remained upright.

The emotions excited by this apparently easy transaction, are wonderfully expressed. Astonishment and shame appear in the countenance of the booby at his left hand; the fellow behind him cannot help chastising his own head for its stupidity; and the envious whiskered ruffian, with his forefinger on the egg, seems cursing Columbus in his heart. The two veterans have lived too long to be surprised at any thing. The cap-crowned gentleman barely exclaims, "Is this all!" And the bald-pated genius swears, "By Saint Jago, I did not think of that!" In the face of Columbus, we see no tokens of violent and excessive triumph, but it displays a kind of calm superiority, mixed with a degree of contempt.

The eels twisted round the eggs upon the dish, are introduced as specimens of the line of beauty, which is again exhibited on the table-cloth, and hinted at on the blade of the knife. In these curves there is great propriety: for the etching was given as a receipt ticket to the *Analysis*, where this undulating line forms the basis of his system. Hogarth published this print as a sarcasm on those artists who had been inclined to laugh at his boasted line of beauty, as *a discovery* which every one might have made.

BURLINGTON GATE.

MASQUERADES, &c.

OF the three small figures in the centre of this plate, that of Lord Burlington is in the middle. He was a man of taste in painting and architecture; but rated Mr. Kent, who was but an indifferent artist, above his merit. On one side of the peer stands Mr. Campbell the architect. On the show-cloth appears the portrait of George the Second, who gave 1000*l.* towards the masquerade. Another figure represents the Earl of Peterborough, offering *Cuzzoni*, the Italian singer, 8000*l.* who spurns at the paltry sum. Mr. Heidegger, the regulator of the Masquerade, shews himself at a window, with the letter H under him. On a board, the LONG ROOM is announced, and *Fawkes's dexterity of hand*.

This satirical performance is said to have been produced at the request of Sir James Thornhill, to be revenged of Lord Burlington for having preferred Mr. Kent to him, as painter to the King at Kensington palace.

AN EMBLEMATICAL PRINT

OF THE

SOUTH SEA.

HERE we see the Devil cutting Fortune into collops, to gratify the avaricious hopes of the adventurers in the *South Sea bubble*: and persons ascending the ladder to ride upon wooden horses: alluding to the desperate game which was played by the South Sea directors in England, in the year 1720, to the utter destruction of many opulent families. Law, a native of Edinburgh, was the projector of this bubble, by which he ruined thousands in France. To escape popular vengeance, he fled to Venice, where he died in poverty, in 1729.

FINIS; OR, THE END OF TIME.

A CONCLUDING plate being thought necessary by Mr. Hogarth, he declared his intention of producing one. After a dinner, with a few social friends, at his own table, he was asked, what would be the subject of his next print? "THE END OF ALL THINGS!" exclaimed the ingenious artist. "Then," replied a friend in company, "your business will "be finished, for there will be an end of the painter."—"True," said Hogarth with a sigh, "and therefore the sooner *my work is done*, the better."—With this impulse he began the plate before us on the following day.

The aim of this extraordinary performance was twofold; to bring together such objects as denoted *the end of time*, and throw a ridicule on the *bathos* and *profundity* of the ancient masters. A more heterogeneous compound of ludicrous and serious objects was never displayed. Some of the images were collected from common and familiar types and emblems; and for others the artist has soared into the airy regions of mythological allegory.

As there is no connexion among the variety of objects we observe in this print, excepting a conformity with the end, we shall mention the various articles as they present themselves to our view. The tottering tower, funereal yew, death's head, and cross bones of a country churchyard, are opposed by the much-worn besom, blighted oaks, falling sign-post, and unthatched cottage. The painter ascends from an inch of candle setting fire to a print of *The Times*, that gave rise to such wonderful abuse of him, to the chariot of the sun; and mounts from the cobler's *end*, twisted round a *wooden last*, to the *world's end*, elegantly exemplified by a bursting globe on an alehouse sign. The worn-out brush is contrasted with the broken crown. On the left we see an empty purse, a play-book, open at the last page, with the words *exeunt omnes* at the bottom, and a commission of bankruptcy, with a seal affixed, supposed to be awarded against poor Nature.

The bow, which, drawn by the old English archer, gave death-dealing force to the barbed arrow, is broken and unstrung: the mutilated firelock is rendered useless. We also discern a cracked bell, a broken

bottle, a *rope's end*, a whip without its lash, a mutilated capital of the Ionic order, and a fractured painter's palette. At a distance we perceive a ship at sea, a man exalted on a gibbet, and *Luna* in a veil. Leaning on the remains of a column we perceive *Time*, in the utmost agony, breathing his *last*; his scythe, tube, and hour-glass, being broken, his progress is ended, his sinews are unstrung, and, with five significant capital letters, *Finis*, he breathes his *last*. In one hand he holds a fractured pipe; and in the other a roll of parchment, containing his will, in which he has bequeathed "The great globe itself, and all which it inherits" to Chaos, and appointed him sole executor. His will is duly executed and witnessed by the three sister Fates, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*.

TWELVE ENGRAVINGS

FOR

HUDIBRAS.

THIS set of prints was originally published by subscription by *P. Overton* and *J. Cooper*. The Rev. Mr. *Bowle*, F. A. S. had a set with the names of 192 subscribers, which he purchased at the Duke of Beaufort's sale in Wiltshire. The printed title ran thus: "Twelve excellent and "most diverting Prints; taken from the celebrated Poem of Hudibras, "wrote by Samuel Butler. Exposing the Villany and Hypocrisy of the "Times. Invented and engraved on twelve Copper-plates by William "Hogarth, and are humbly dedicated to William Ware, Esq. of Great "Houghton in Northamptonshire, and Mr. Allan Ramsay of Edinburgh."

Allan Ramsay subscribed for thirty sets. The number of subscribers in the whole amounts to 192.

PLATE I.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE basso-relievo of the pedestal represents the general design of Mr. Butler, in his incomparable poem of Hudibras, viz. Butler's Genius in a car, lashing round Mount Parnassus, in the persons of Hudibras and Ralpho, rebellion, hypocrisy, and ignorance, the reigning vices and follies of the time.

PLATE II.

ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras, his passing worth,
The manner how he sallied forth;
His arms and equipage are shown;
His horse's virtues and his own.

THE subject of this plate is thus illustrated by Mr. Butler himself. See Hudibras, Canto I.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion as for punk;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A squire he had whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half;
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours too were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.

PLATE III.

HUDIBRAS'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

AS Mr. Hogarth formed his designs from a perusal of the inimitable poem of Hudibras, the engravings and the letter-press will reciprocally explain each other. The following and subsequent extracts will justify this assertion.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom in a bold harangue the Knight
Defies and challenges to fight.
H' encounters Talgol, routs the bear,
And takes the fidler prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

PLATE IV.

HUDIBRAS CATECHIZED.

NO sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
What made thee venture to betray
And filch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?
That which contracts all matches, money.
Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saint's bell that rings all in.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.
What makes rebellion against kings
A good old cause?—Administ'rings.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prov'd false again?—Two hundred more.

PLATE V.

HUDIBRAS VANQUISHED BY TRULLA.

MEANWHILE the other champion yerst
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras's hide
With vengeance to be satisfied:

But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word:
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast:
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place;
This stopt their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting:
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd.
Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd his fiddle and his case.

PLATE VI.

HUDIBRAS IN TRIBULATION.

SHE vow'd she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressed Knight:
And 't was not long before she found
Him, and his stout squire, in the pound,
Both coupled in enchanted tether
By farther leg behind together.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an owl.
Oh heav'ns! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 't is you:
That petticoat about your shoulders
Does not so well become a soldier's,
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ake.
Quoth he, That honour 's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish;
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood the cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

PLATE VII.

HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

IN this set of prints, published in 1726, that of Hudibras and the Lawyer has *W. Hogart delin. et sculp.*; a proof that our artist had not then abandoned the original mode in which he spelt his name.

To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs;
And found him, mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for shew;
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat to put his case.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to the wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
Now whether I should, beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me—I understand.
Then there 's a lady too—I marry,
That 's easily prov'd accessary:
A widow, who by solemn vows
Contracted to me for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!—
Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.

PLATE VIII.

HUDIBRAS BEATS SIDROPHEL AND HIS MAN WHACUM.

QUOTH he, This patience o' th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At Kingston with a may-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well:
And though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'ror by your leave;
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.
Not true? quoth he. Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whacum shall justify t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place.
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer
By such a braggadocing huffer.
Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;
Meanwhile I 'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whacum run away, &c.

PLATE IX.

THE COMMITTEE.

IN this representation of the committee, one of the members has his gloves on his head. Mr. Nichols observes, that this whimsical custom once prevailed among our sanctified fraternity; but he supposes it would be in vain to inquire the cause.

And now the saints began their reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings,
To see an empire all of kings.
Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless king Jesus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert:
Some for the Rump, and some more crafty,
For agitators and the safety:
And some against the Egyptian bondage
Of holy days, and paying poundage.
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring;

And some against all idolizing
The cross in shop-books or baptizing.
Thus far the statesman, when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste;
Who star'd about as pale as death,
And for a while as out of breath;
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.

PLATE X.

HUDIBRAS TRIUMPHANT.

THIS said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle;
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the business done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind:
Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having tied Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword:—
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
Until quite through the town they'd gone;
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands.
Thither arriv'd, th' adventurous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile to imprison hands;
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy place.—
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feat.

PLATE XI.

BURNING THE RUMPS AT TEMPLE BAR.

IN the earliest impressions of Plate XI. the words "Down with the Rumps" are wanting on the scroll.

That beastly rabble that came down
From all the garrets in the town,
And stalls, and shopboards, in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills and rusty arms,
To cry the cause up heretofore,
And bawl the bishops out of door,
Are now drawn up in greater shoals,
To roast and broil us on the coals:
And all the grandees of our members
Are carbonading on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses,
Held forth by rumps of pigs and geese;
That serve for characters and badges,
To represent their personages:
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil
And 't is a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate:
For while we wrangle here and jar
We're grillied all at Temple Bar:
Some on the sign-post of an alehouse
Hang in effigy on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state.

PLATE XII.

HUDIBRAS ENCOUNTERS THE SKIMMINGTON.

'T IS said, they both advanc'd and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still press'd
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means, quoth he, this dev'l's procession,
With men of orthodox profession?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery,
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden:
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the cause might be concern'd,
Brought in their childrens' spoons and whistles
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Drew sev'ral gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been;
Rubb'd down the teachers tir'd and spent
With holding forth for parliament;
Pamper'd and edified their zeal,
With marrow puddings many a meal;
And cramm'd 'em till their guts did ake,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake:
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause of London?
Have they——At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And, running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
And straight another with his flambeau
Gave Ralpho o'er his eyes a damn'd blow.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

IT has been asserted that the artist has here introduced a portrait of Nell Robinson, a celebrated courtezan, with whom, in early life, he had been acquainted. Mr. Walpole observes, that "the burlesque turn of "Hogarth's mind mixed itself with his most serious compositions; and "that in the *Pool of Bethesda*, a servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats "back a poor man [perhaps woman], who sought the same celestial "remedy."

On the top of the staircase in St. Bartholomew's Hospital we behold the following inscription: "The historical paintings of this staircase were "painted and given by Mr. William Hogarth, and the ornamental paint-"ings at his expense, A. D. 1736." This picture, and its companion the *Good Samaritan*, were, by Mr. Hogarth's request, never to be varnished. The Pool of Bethesda had suffered much from the sun; and the canvas of the *Good Samaritan*, when lately cleaned, was pressed so hard against the straining frame behind it, that several creases are observable in it.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THIS may be considered as a companion to the Pool of Bethesda, as both the original pictures from which they are copied, appear together in Saint Bartholomew's Hospital. The figure of the priest is supremely comic, and rather resembles some consequential burgomaster than the character it was intended to represent.

PORTRAIT OF
MARTIN FOLKES, ESQUIRE.

MARTIN FOLKES was a mathematician and antiquary of much celebrity in the philosophical annals of this country.

He was born at Westminster about 1690; and was greatly distinguished as a member of the Royal Society in London, and of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. At the early age of twenty-four he was admitted a member of the former, made one of their council two years after; named by Sir Isaac Newton himself as vice-president; and, after Sir Hans Sloane, became president, and held this high office till a short time before his death, when he resigned it on account of ill health. There are numerous memoirs of his in the Philosophical Transactions. Coins, ancient and modern, were a great object to him; and his last production was a book upon the English silver coin, from the Conquest to his own times. He died at London on the 28th of June 1754, at the age of sixty-four.

The original picture is now in the meeting-room of the Royal Society, in Somerset Place.

SANCHO AT A FEAST,
STARVED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

HOGARTH has here sought the true spirit of the author, and given to this scene the genuine humour of Cervantes.

The rising choler of our Governor is admirably contrasted by the assumed gravity of Dr. Pedro Rezio.

The starch and serious solemnity of a straight-haired student, who officiates as chaplain, is well-opposed by the broad grin of a curl-pated blackamoor. The suppressed laughter of a man who holds a napkin to his mouth forms a good antithesis to the open chuckle of a fat cook.

The original print was designed and engraved at a very early period of Hogarth's life; it is finished with more neatness than any of the eight which he afterwards etched for the same work.

TIME SMOKING A PICTURE.

WE are informed by Mr. Nichols, that this was Hogarth's subscription ticket for his Sigismunda. It is a satire on connoisseurs.

To Nature and yourself appeal,
Nor learn of others what to feel. ANON.

This animated satire represents Time seated on a mutilated statue, and smoking a landscape, through which he has driven his scythe, to manifest its antiquity not only by *sombre*, cloudy tints, but also by a decayed canvas. "From a contempt," says Mr. Walpole, "of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of "picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending "vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, indeed "having seen few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded "himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing "but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it, "and having often asserted as true, that time gives a mellowness to colours, "and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained "that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing "between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false."

It must, however, be generally admitted, whether Mr. Walpole's remarks are right or wrong, that Mr. Hogarth has admirably illustrated his own doctrine, and given greater point to his burlesque by introducing the fragments of a statue, beneath which is written,

As statues moulder into worth. P. W.

By part of this print being in *mezzotinto*, and the remainder etched, it has a singularly striking and spirited appearance. The large jar, labelled "Varnish," is characteristic.

A GROUP OF HEADS,
DISPLAYING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
CHARACTER AND CARICATURE.

THIS was the subscription ticket to the six plates of Hogarth's Marriage à la Mode. In this performance the artist intended to demonstrate that *Leonardo da Vinci* had greatly exaggerated the latter.

"What caricature is in painting," says Mr. Fielding, "burlesque is in "writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter co-relate "to each other. And here I shall observe, that as, in the former, the "painter seems to have the advantage, so it is, in the latter, infinitely on "the side of the writer; for the monstrous is much easier to paint than "describe, and the ridiculous to describe than paint. And though, "perhaps, this latter species does not, in either science, so strongly affect "and agitate the muscles as the other, it will be acknowledged, I believe, "that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it."

This is Fielding's opinion, and the fiat of such a writer ought to have considerable weight; for his characters, and Hogarth's pictures, are drawn from the same source.

In the group which now engages our attention, Hogarth appears less of a mannerist than almost any other artist; for though he has given us upwards of a hundred profiles, no copy can be observed from any other painter; no repetition of his own works: they are all delineated from nature, and the most careless observer must discover many resemblances: to the physiognomist they are an inexhaustible study.

The heads of three figures, from Raphael's cartoons, are introduced at the bottom of this print, under the article Character, in opposition to the fantastic caricatures of *Cavalier Chezzé*, *Annibal Charraci*, and *Leonard da Vinci**; the latter of whom ought not to be so classed, for to his anatomical knowledge the late Dr. Hunter gave the strongest testimony, by declaring his intention to publish a volume, illustrated by the designs of this artist, as anatomical studies.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA
BURLESQUED.

THOSE who have seen the representation of the Beggar's Opera, written by Mr. Gay, and first performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1727, will be able to form an adequate opinion of the genuine humour and tenour of this burlesque production of our ingenious artist.

Mr. Nichols has given a description of this print in the third edition of his Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth, page 164, to which we beg leave to refer our readers.

* We have adhered to Hogarth's orthography.

A JUST VIEW

OF THE

BRITISH STAGE:

OR,

THREE HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

THOUGH the inscription on the plate may by some be thought sufficiently explanatory, we may add, that the *ropes* there mentioned are no other than *halters*, suspended over the heads of the three managers; and that the labels issuing from their respective mouths convey the following characteristic words. The airy Wilkes, who dangles the effigy of Punch, exclaims, "Poor R—ch! faith, I *pitty* him." The Laureat Cibber, who is amusing himself in playing with Harlequin, invokes the Muses painted on the ceiling—"Assist ye sacred Nine!" While the solemn Booth, letting down the figure of Jack Hall into the foricus, is most tragically blaspheming—"Ha! this will do, G—d damn me!" A pamphlet on the table, before these gentlemen, exhibits a print of Jack Shepherd in confinement; and over the foricus, consisting of leaves torn from the *Way of the World*, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Julius Cæsar. At the same instant Ben Jonson's ghost is rising through the stage, and p——g on a pantomime statue fallen from its base. A fiddler is seen hanging by a cord in the air, and performing, with a scroll before, which proclaims—*Music for the What*—meaning, perhaps, the *What d' ye call it entertainment*.

The countenances of Tragedy and Comedy, on each side of the stage, are concealed by the bills for Harlequin Dr. Faustus, and Harlequin Shepherd, &c. A dragon is also preparing to fly; a dog thrusts his head out of the kennel; a flask acquires motion by machinery, &c. *Vivetur ingenio* is the motto over the curtain. Mr. Walpole, in his catalogue, thus describes this plate: "Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber, contriving a panto-"mime, a Satire on Farces."

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

DESIGNED AND ETCHED IN THE MANNER OF REMBRANDT.

OF this burlesque, Paul before Felix, none were originally intended for sale. They were given away by our artist to such of his acquaintance as requested them; but the number of his petitioners increasing daily, he came to a resolution of parting with no more copies without the consideration of *five shillings*.

Hogarth had the most sovereign contempt for those servile imitators of Rembrandt, who, without any of his genius, imitated his defects. He considered their productions as dingy and violent combinations of light and darkness, which would not bear to be tried by the criterion of either Nature or Art. Whether his opinion was right or wrong, we shall not venture absolutely to decide; but, at the time of this publication, they certainly had the sanction of those who were deemed good judges, and produced most enormous prices. To correct this vitiated taste, and restore it to reason and common sense, our artist has issued this grotesque performance.

The Apostle, adhering to the practice of the Flemish school, is represented as a mean, vulgar character, and, in the true spirit of Dutch allegory, a fat figure, invested with wings, is seated on the floor, in the character of a guardian angel. But unhappily, at this unpropitious moment, the seraph is dozing, and if the Apostle should fall he will probably be seized by the snarling dog FELIX, who seems to have an eye to the saint, though his nose is evidently pointed at his terrified master. Enthroned on a wicker chair, with the Roman eagle over his head, and *fasces* at his left hand, Felix indeed trembles!

On the adjoining seat we behold the accomplished *Drusilla* and her lap-dog. Her olfactory nerves, as well as those of her companion, seem violently affected. With a sacrificing knife in his right hand, his left clenched, and a countenance irritated almost to madness, the high-priest seems anxious to descend from the bench and flay the Apostle, but is prevented by a more reasonable senator. The audience seem perfectly calculated for such a bench. Male and female, young and old, are in dress, deportment, and feature, perfectly Dutch. Of the same school is the statue of Justice, with a bandage over one eye, and grasping a butcher's knife instead of a flaming sword; she appears in awful state, laden with bags of precious coin, the rewards of *legal* and *impartial* decrees.

Five extraordinary characters appear at the table beneath the bench. The first, wholly inattentive to the thundering eloquence of Paul, enjoys profound repose; the next, with great *sang froid*, is mending a pen; two others are extremely offended at a noxious effluvium; while their bearded associate is grinning, and pointing at the cause of the offensive vapour. Regardless of all other objects, an Hebrew counterpart of Shylock expands his hands in astonishment at the unguarded vehemence of the preacher. Equally exasperated is *Tertullus*, who, though assuming the habit and character of a serjeant at law, appears to have nothing Roman about him, except his nose. Overcome with rage, and irritated almost to madness, he destroys his brief by tearing it in pieces. This figure is said to have been intended for a portrait of Hume Campbell, who, like some of his vociferous brethren of the present day, was not very delicate in his language at the bar, and delighted much in traducing and intimidating witnesses in giving their evidence against his clients. Others have asserted that it was designed for Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; and, to prove their assertion, refer to an ascertained portrait in Worlidge's View of Lord Westmoreland's Installation, 1761. But Dr. King was a very handsome man.

A devil, ornamented with three horns, is carefully picking up the remnants of the counsellor's brief, and joining them together: on those scraps we discover the following words: "We have found this man a "pestilent fellow, a mover of sedition among the Jews, ringleader of the "sect, &c. &c."

The vase and silver plates in a recess, the glaring light which dazzles the eyes of a priest who stands with his back to it, the boat, bark, and white sail glittering in the wave, and a village and windmill appearing in the distance, are all of Rembrandt's school.

On the blade of the butcher's knife a dagger is portrayed, alluding to the arms of our metropolis.

In a variation of this print, the Devil is introduced sawing off a leg of the stool on which Paul stands.

SARAH MALCOLM,

WHO WAS EXECUTED FOR THE MURDER OF MRS. LYDIA DUNCOMBE, ELIZABETH HARRISON, AND ANN PRICE, ON THE 17TH OF MARCH 1733.

"How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?"

THE portrait of this celebrated murderess was painted in Newgate by Mr. Hogarth*, and to Sir James Thornhill, who accompanied him, he made the following observation: "I see, by this woman's features, that "she is capable of any wickedness." He certainly had great skill in physiognomy; but as Sarah sat for her picture after her condemnation, his observation might probably resemble those prophecies which were made after the completion of events they professed to foretell.

Her infatuation in lurking about the Temple, after the perpetration of those crimes for which she suffered, was probably occasioned by that general remorse and horror which tortures the minds of those who are plunged into the abyss of guilt, and that over-ruling Providence, which, by means most strange, discovers the horrid deed, and brings the offender to his justly-merited punishment:

"For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
"With most miraculous organ."

The circumstances which attended the conviction and execution of this woman are briefly these:—On Sunday morning, the 4th of February 1733, Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, a widow lady upwards of eighty years of

* This woman dressed herself in red to sit for her picture, two days before her execution.

age (who lived up four pair of stairs in the next staircase to the Inner Temple library), Elizabeth Harrison, her companion, aged sixty, and Ann Price, her servant, about seventeen years of age, were found murdered in their beds. The maid-servant, who was supposed to have been murdered first, had her throat cut from ear to ear; but her cap being torn off, and her hair much entangled, it was supposed she had struggled. The companion was thought to have been strangled; though there were two or three wounds in her throat, which seemed to have been given by a nail. Mrs. Duncombe was probably smothered, and murdered last, as she was found lying across the bed with a gown on; though the others were in bed. A trunk in the room was apparently broke open, and rifled of its principal contents.

Sarah Malcolm, a laundress, was apprehended the same evening, on the information of Mr. Kerroll, who had chambers in the same staircase. About one o'clock Mr. Kerroll came home, and to his great surprise found Sarah Malcolm, who was his laundress, in his room. He asked her how she happened to be there at so unseasonable an hour, and if she had heard of any person being taken up for the murder? She said, no person had yet been taken up, but a gentleman who had chambers beneath, and had been absent two or three days, was strongly suspected. "However that "may be," replied Mr. Kerroll, "you were Mrs. Duncombe's laundress, "and no person who knew her shall ever come into these chambers till "her murderer is discovered: pack up your things, and begone."

While she was thus preparing for her departure, in obedience to Mr. Kerroll's orders, he observed a bundle upon the floor, and her behaviour creating suspicion, he called in a watchman, to whom he gave her in charge. When she was taken away, he examined the rooms more particularly, and found several bundles of linen, together with a silver tankard, the handle of which was bloody. His suspicions being now confirmed, he went down stairs, and asked the watchman where he had taken Malcolm? To which he very coolly replied, that, *on her promise to come the next day, he had permitted her to go.* Mr. Kerroll declaring, that if she was not immediately produced, he would cause him to be committed to Newgate in her stead, the faithful guardian of the night went in pursuit of her: and though her lodging was in Shoreditch, found this infatuated woman seated between two watchmen at the Temple-gate. She was consequently conveyed to prison, and, on searching her, eighteen guineas, twenty moidores, five broad pieces, five crown pieces, and a few shillings, were found concealed in her hair*.

On her examination before Sir Richard Brocas, she acknowledged to have shared in the produce of the robbery, but persisted in her innocence of the murders; and gave information against Thomas Alexander, James Alexander, and Mary Tracey; declaring that they committed the murder and robbery, and she only stood on the stairs as a watch: that they took away some valuable goods, of which she had not more than her share. The coroner's inquest, however, gave their verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Sarah Malcolm only; as it did not appear that any other person was concerned; her confession being considered as a mere subterfuge, no person knowing such people as she pretended were her accomplices.

A few days after, a boy about seventeen years of age was hired by a person who kept the Red Lion alehouse at Bridewell Bridge; and hearing it mentioned in his master's house, that Sarah Malcolm had given in an information against one Thomas and James Alexander, and Mary Tracey, said to his master, "My name is James Alexander, and I have a brother "named Thomas; and my mother nursed a woman where Sarah Malcolm "lived." Upon this information the master sent to Alstone, turnkey of Newgate; and the boy being confronted with Malcolm, she instantly charged him with being concealed under Mrs. Duncombe's bed, before Tracey and his brother were admitted into the apartment, by whom and himself the murders were committed. On this evidence he was detained; and on his declaring where his brother and Tracey were to be found, they also were taken into custody, and afterwards examined by Sir Richard Brocas. Malcolm persisted in her former asseverations, and the magistrate thinking them unworthy of credit, expressed an inclination of discharging them; but a person present at the examination recommending caution to the justice, he committed them: the gentlemen of the Temple Society, however, fully convinced of their innocence, allowed each of them a shilling *per diem* for their support during the time of their confinement.

Though this woman's presence of mind seemed to have forsaken her at the time she lurked about the Temple, without so much as attempting an escape, and left her stolen property in situations which rendered discovery inevitable, she at length recovered her recollection, made a most ingenious defence, and cross-examined the witnesses with all the black-robed artifice of the most brilliant advocate at the bar. The circumstances, however, were too clear to admit of the least doubt in the minds of the court, and the jury, without hesitation, brought in their verdict, *Guilty*.

On Wednesday, March 7, about ten o'clock in the morning, she was conveyed from Newgate to the place of execution, where she suffered on a gibbet. This instrument of death was erected for the occasion in Fleet Street, facing Mitre Court. She was decently dressed in a crape mourning gown, white apron, sarcenet hood, and black gloves; affected an air of pertness and unconcern, and was supposed to have embellished her complexion with cosmetics. She was attended by Dr. Middleton, the Rev. Mr. Peddington, curate of St. Bartholomew the Great, and Mr. Guthrie, the Ordinary of Newgate. She appeared devout and penitent, and earnestly requested Mr. Peddington would print a paper she had given him the night before. This paper contained protestations of her innocence, and a recapitulation of what she had before said with respect to the Alexanders, &c. This infatuated woman, though only twenty-five years of age, was so lost to all sense of her situation, as to rush into eternity with a premeditated falsity upon her lips. She was particularly desirous of seeing Mr. Kerroll, and acquitted him of every imputation she had thrown out against him on her trial.

After some conversation between her and the clergymen, the executioner began to perform his duty; in consequence of which she fainted away, but instantly recovering, she was executed without farther delay. Her body was carried to an undertaker's on Snow Hill, where multitudes of people resorted, and gave money for being permitted to see it. Among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning appeared, who kissed her, and gave the attendants half a crown.

At the place of execution the crowd was so great, that a Mrs. Strangeways, who lived in Fleet Street, near Serjeant's Inn, crossed the street, from her own house to Mrs. Coulthurst's, on the opposite side of the way, over the heads and shoulders of the multitude.

Professor Martin dissected this notorious murderess, and presented her skeleton, in a glass case, to the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge, where it now remains. The portrait of her, from which this print was engraved, is now in the possession of Mr. Josiah Boydell, at West End, Hampstead. It was probably copied from that which was painted in Newgate, and was in the possession of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

The copy-right of the paper delivered to Mr. Peddington was sold for twenty pounds, and the substance of it was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1733. It is little more than a repetition of what she had declared with great fluency at her trial.

In one part of the defence of this atrocious woman, she declared that seventeen pounds of the money found in her hair was remitted to her by her father; but, on inquiry, it appeared that he lived in a state of extreme and pitiable poverty in the city of Dublin, where she was born.

* It appeared in evidence on the trial, that Mrs. Duncombe had only fifty-four pounds in her box, and fifty-three pounds eleven shillings and sixpence were found upon Malcolm.

THE BENCH.

INSCRIBED UNDER THE PRINT

CHARACTER, CARICATURE, AND OUTRE.

THOUGH Character and Caricature are frequently confounded, and mistaken for each other, hardly any two things are more essentially different. It has ever been admitted, that where a character is strongly indicated in the living face, it may be considered as an index of the mind; to express which properly in painting requires the utmost efforts of a great master. That which has of late years acquired the name of Caricature, is, or ought to be totally divested of every stroke that has a tendency to good drawing, and may be said to be a species of lines produced

by the hand of chance rather than of skill; for even the scrawlings of a child, which barely hint an idea of a human face, will always be found to resemble some person or other, however absurd or ridiculous it may appear, and is evidently entitled to the appellation of a caricature.

The French term *outré* has a very different acception, and signifies nothing more than the exaggerated outline of a figure, all the parts of which may otherwise represent a true and perfect picture of human nature. Any thing preposterously exceeding the limits of nature is *outré*, as an enormous nose, a mouth extending from ear to ear, or a lip pendent below the chin.

This engraving made its primary appearance in 1758, and then only exhibited a view of the Court of Common Pleas, with portraits of the four luminaries of the law who then ornamented that Bench. Lord Chief Justice Willes is the principal figure; on his right hand we behold Sir Edward Clive, on the left Mr. Justice Bathurst, and the Honourable William Noel. In this state the print gave us *character* only; for though the robes of the Chief Justice may be bordering on the *outré*, they do not approach the idea of caricature.

The unfinished group of heads in the upper part of this print was added by the author in October 1764, and was intended as a farther illustration of what is here advanced concerning *Character*, *Caricature*, and *Outré*. Hogarth worked upon this plate the day before his death, which happened on the 26th of that month.

THE LOTTERY.

IN this emblematic plate, National Credit is represented leaning on a pillar supported by Justice. Beneath that figure Apollo appears, engaging the attention of Britannia to a picture he points at, representing the Earth receiving enriching showers drawn from herself, an emblem of State Lotteries. Near this representation Fortune is busily employed in drawing Blanks and Prizes; and, on the opposite side, Wantonness is drawing and proclaiming the numbers. Before the pedestal, Suspense is strongly agitated between Hope and Fear. On one hand we behold Good Luck elevated, and yielding to the influence of Pleasure and Folly, who vigorously assail him; while Fame remonstrates, and exhorts him to raise oppressed and dejected Virtue and the Sciences. The opposite side exhibits Misfortune to our view, with a miserable train, of which Sorrow, Disappointment, Rage, and Regret, are the most conspicuous. Minerva, in order to console him, points at the blessings of Industry; while Sloth is endeavouring to hide his abashed head in the curtain. Avarice, in the opposite corner, is greedily hugging his delightful treasure; and Fraud, at the trap-door in the pedestal, tempting Despair with coin of the most precious metal. These allegorical personages, thus judiciously introduced by our ingenious artist, furnish an excellent moral lesson to the rising generation.

BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

THIS was an admission ticket for persons to bid for Hogarth's works at an auction.

> In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
> And know their several beauties by their price:
> Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
> But choose my pictures by a skilful friend.
> Originals and copies, much the same;
> The picture's value is the painter's name.

In one corner of this whimsical print, the artist has represented an Auction-room, on the top of which a Cock appears: alluding perhaps to Cock the auctioneer. Instead of the initials for the cardinal points, North, East, West, and South, we see P. U. F. S. which, if we supply the place of the absent F, must signify *Puffs*. At the door a porter is stationed with a long staff, intended as a kind of gentleman-usher to the modern connoisseurs. To attract gazers and purchasers, a high-finished Flemish head, in a wide, ponderous frame, richly carved and gilt, makes a tremendous appearance. A catalogue and a carpet are now the acknowledged ensigns of a sale; but here we have, at the end of a long pole, an unfurled standard, emblazoned with the fate-deciding hammer of the auctioneer.

Beneath is a picture of St. Andrew on the Cross, with an immense number of *fac-similes*, each inscribed Ditto. Apollo, who is flaying *Marsyas*, has no mark of a deity, except the radiance beaming from his head. The coolness of Marsyas is perfectly philosophical, for he suffers his torture with the apathy of a stoic. The third tier is occupied by a herd of Jupiters and Europas; on which interesting subject, as well as the foregoing, there are Dittos *ad infinitum*.

These inestimable pictures, being unquestionably painted by the great Italian masters, manifest their unremitting industry. Their labours exceed all calculation; for had they acquired the polygraphic art of multiplying pictures with the same facility that printers roll off copper-plates, and each of them attained the age of Methusalah, they could not have painted all those which were exhibited under their names. We can therefore only suppose, that some of these *unquestionable* originals were painted by their disciples. Such are the collections of the fac-similes; the other pictures are drawn up in battle array.

Suppose we begin with that of St. Francis, the corner of which is, in a most unpropitious manner, driven through Hogarth's Morning. The third painting of the Harlot's Progress is equally degraded by a weeping Madona; while the splendid saloon of the repentant pair in Marriage à-la-Mode is broken by the Aldobrandini Marriage. The aerial combat has a different termination, for the riotous scene in the Rake's Progress has made a shocking hole in Titian's Feast of Olympus; a Bacchanalian, by Rubens, suffers a similar fate from the Modern Midnight Conversation.

To ridicule the preference given to old pictures, Hogarth exercised his pen, as well as his pencil. His advertisement for the sale of the paintings of Marriage à-la-Mode, inserted in the Daily Advertiser of 1730, thus concludes: "As, according to the standard so righteously and laudably established by picture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-frame makers, and other connoisseurs, the works of a painter are to be esteemed more or less valuable as they are more or less scarce; and as the living painter is most of all affected by the inferences resulting from this and other considerations equally candid and edifying, Mr. Hogarth, by way of precaution, not puff, begs leave to urge, that probably this will be the last sale of pictures he may ever exhibit, because of the difficulty of vending such a number at once to any tolerable advantage; and that the whole number he has already exhibited of the historical or humorous kind does not exceed fifty, of which the three sets called the Harlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress, and that now to be sold, make twenty; so that whoever has a taste of his own to rely on, and is not too squeamish, and has courage enough to own it, by daring to give them a place in a collection (till Time, the supposed finisher, but real destroyer of paintings, has rendered them fit for those more sacred repositories, where schools, names, heads, masters, &c. attain their last stage of preferment), may from hence be convinced, that multiplicity, at least of his (Mr. Hogarth's) pieces, will be no diminution of their value."

FRONTISPIECE

TO THE

FARMER'S RETURN FROM LONDON.

THE Farmer's Return is an interlude written by Mr. Garrick, who personated the Farmer in the theatrical representation; in which character he acquired extravagant applause, and repeatedly drew immense crowds to his theatre. His friend Mr. Hogarth has delineated the scene with great pleasantry and effect.

COMPANY OF UNDERTAKERS.

THE ancients are said to have begun by attempting to make physic a science, and did not succeed; the moderns began by attempting to make it a trade, and have succeeded. If we may judge of the talents of these moderns that our artist has presented to us, they are indeed a very sapient society; and they ride about collecting guineas,

> "Fat as the weekly bills can reach around,
> "From Kent Street end to fam'd St. Giles's Pound."

Many of these are genuine portraits, but we cannot identify their individual names. One of them is said to have been intended for Dr. Pierce Dod, physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who died August 6, 1754. Another of them represents Dr. Bamber, a celebrated anatomist, physician, and *accoucheur*, to whose estate the present Gascoyne family succeeded, whose surname two of them have received at the font.

But as these sage descendants of Galen have long retired to those mansions which have been peopled by their patients, we cannot accurately ascertain any more than those three who are, by way of distinction, placed in the *chief*, or most honourable part of the escutcheon. Those who, from their exalted station, are the most distinguished health-dispensing *leeches* of their day, have marks too distinguishing to be mistaken. That towards the dexter side of the escutcheon is shewn, by an eye in the head of his cane, to be the celebrated Chevalier Taylor, in whose marvellous history, written by himself, and published in 1761, are recorded such events respecting himself and others, as have excited more astonishment than the Arabian Nights, or the Travels of Sir John Mandeville.

In the title-page to this extraordinary History, the Chevalier Taylor declares himself "Ophthalmiater Pontifical, Imperial, and Royal, to his "late Majesty—to the Pontifical Court—to the person of her Imperial "Majesty—to the Kings of Poland, Denmark, Sweden, &c.—to the "several Electors of the Holy Empire—to the royal Infant Duke of "Parma—to the Prince of Saxe Gotha, Serenisime, brother to her Royal "Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales—to the Prince Royal of "Poland—to the late Prince of Orange—to the present Princes of "Bavaria, Modena, Lorrain, Brunswick, Anspach, Bareith, Liege, "Middlebourg, Hesse-Cassel, Holstein, Georgia, &c.—Fellow of the "College of Physicians in Rome, Professor in Optics, Doctor in Medicine, "and Doctor in Chirurgery in several universities abroad."

On his return from a tour on the continent, he once met with a plain man, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, who, addressing him with great familiarity, was repulsed with a formal frown, and "Sir, I "really don't remember you."—"Not remember me! why, my goodness, "Doctor, we both lodged on one floor in Round Court."—"Round Court "—Round Court—*Round Court!*—Sir, I have been in every court in "Europe, but of such a court as *Round Court* I have no recollection."

The figure in the centre, with a bone in the right hand, which the painter denominates a baton, is designed for Mrs. Mapp, a masculine woman, daughter to one Wallin, a bonesetter at Hindon in Wiltshire. This female, incompatible as it may seem with her sex, adopted her father's profession, and travelled about the country under the denomination of Crazy Sally. Though many unkind expressions have been thrown out against her by her medical brethren, she was supposed to be entitled to as much professional praise as those who dared to censure her; for not more than nineteen out of twenty of her patients died under her hands.

On the sinister side we behold Dr. Joshua Ward, generally known by the appellation of Spot Ward, his left cheek having been marked with a claret colour. This gentleman was of a respectable family, and had talents superior to either of his coadjutors. He was originally in partnership with his brother, a drysalter in Thames Street; but, on a fire breaking out in an adjoining house, their joint property was destroyed, and Mr. Ward, with a friend from the country, who was on a visit to him, escaped over the tops of several houses in their shirts. In 1717 he was returned member for Marlborough, but by a vote of the House of Commons he was declared not duly elected. It is supposed he was in some measure connected with his brother John Ward, noticed by Mr. Pope in the South Sea Bubble, for he left England very abruptly, and, during his residence abroad, is supposed to have become a Roman Catholic. In his exile he acquired such a knowledge of medicine and chemistry, as afterwards to facilitate his arrival to a state of affluence. About the year 1733 he began to practise physic, and by some fortunate cures which he performed, and particularly one on a relation of Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, he was, by a vote of the House of Commons, exempted from being visited by the censors of the college, and called in to the assistance of George the Second, whose hand he cured, and, instead of a pecuniary compensation, was, at his own request, permitted to ride in his gaudy equipage through St. James's Park, an honour seldom granted but to persons of considerable rank. The King also gave a commission to his nephew, the late General Gansell. Dr. Ward distributed his medicine and advice to the poor gratis, by which he acquired great popularity. He died in December 1761, at a very advanced age, having left the receipts for compounding his medicines to Mr. Page, member for Chichester, who bestowed them on two charitable institutions, which have derived considerable advantage from the profits produced by the sale of them.

For the chief this will be sufficient: and with regard to the twelve quack heads, and twelve cane heads, on consultent, united with the cross bones at the corners, they have a most mortuary appearance, and convey a significant idea of a general image of death.

In Hogarth's time medicine was a mystery, and a physician was distinguished by his gravity, the head of his cane, and his periwig. With these leading requisites this venerable party are very amply provided. Without minutely specifying every character, we cannot overlook the upper figure on the dexter side, with a wig resembling a weeping willow. His acid aspect must curdle the blood of all his patients.

THE LECTURE.

DATUR VACUUM.

> No wonder that science, and learning profound,
> In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound,
> When so many take thither a little each day,
> And we see very few who bring any away.

THE person reading is well known to be the late Mr. Fisher, of Jesus College, Oxford, and Registrar of that university. This portrait was taken with the free consent of that gentleman. It is extremely probable, that when the artist engraved this print he had only a general reference to an university lecture; the words *datur vacuum* were after inserted. Many of the prints are without the inscription, and in some of the early impressions it is written with a pen.

That Mr. Fisher should wish to have such a face transmitted to posterity in such company is very extraordinary; for all the band, except one man, have been steeped in the stream of stupidity. This gentleman has the profile of penetration, a projecting forehead, a Roman nose, thin lips, and a long pointed chin. His eye is directed to vacancy, and levelled at the round-faced idiot which crowns the pyramid, at whose globular head, contrasted with a cornered cap, he finds it difficult to suppress a laugh.

Three fellows on the right hand of the round-headed booby exhibit most degrading characters, and seem better calculated for the stable than the college. The two square-capped students a little beneath them, one of whom seems conversing with an adjoining profile, and the other staring at him, seem to require a more capacious mouth to afford room for larger tongues than Nature usually bestows, a predicament in which our *first James's* lot is said to have fallen. A figure in the left-hand corner has shut his eyes to sleep, or perhaps to think. Of Mr. Fisher it is unnecessary to say much; he sat for his portrait for the express purpose of having it inserted in the Lecture. Do we require any other testimony of his talents?

KING HENRY VIII. AND ANNA BULLEN.

THIS plate has been asserted to contain the portraits of Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of our present most gracious Sovereign, and Miss Vane; but the stature and faces of both are totally unlike their sup-

posed originals. To the fate of this lady Dr. Johnson has a beautiful allusion in his Vanity of Human Wishes:

> "Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> "And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king."

The original picture once adorned the old great room on the right hand of the entry into the gardens at Vauxhall.

BAMBRIDGE,

WARDEN OF THE FLEET PRISON,

ON TRIAL BEFORE A COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO THE CRUELTIES EXERCISED ON THE PRISONERS IN THE FLEET, TO EXTORT MONEY FROM THEM.

THE Wardenship of the Fleet, a patent office, was purchased of the Earl of Clarendon for five thousand pounds by John Huggins, Esq. who was in high favour with Sunderland and Craggs, and consequently obnoxious to their successors. Huggins's term in the patent was during his own life, and that of his son; but, in August 1728, being far advanced in years, and his son not choosing to engage in so troublesome an office, he disposed of their term in the patent for the sum he had advanced for it, to Thomas Bambridge (whose portrait our artist has introduced) and Dougal Cuthbert.

For the satisfaction of our readers we have given a list of the members of the committee appointed to examine Bambridge, Warden of the Fleet, most of whom attended daily, sometimes twice a day.

James Oglethorpe, Esq. Chairman.

The Right Hon. the Lords	Finch.	General Wade.
	Morpeth.	Humphrey Parsons, Esq.
	Inchiquin.	Hon. Rob. Byng, Esq.
	Percival.	Edward Hughs, Esq. Judge Advocate.
	Limerick.	
Sir Robert Sutton.		Capt. Vernon.
Sir Robert Clifton.		Charles Selwyn, Esq.
Sir Abraham Elton.		Velters Cornwall, Esq.
Sir Edward Knatchbull.		Thomas Scawen, Esq.
Sir Humphrey Heworth.		Francis Child, Esq.
Hon. James Bertie.		William Hucks, Esq.
Sir Gregory Page.		Stamp Brooksbanks, Esq.
Sir Archibald Grant.		Charles Withers, Esq.
Sir James Thornhill.		John La Roche, Esq.
Gyles Erle, Esq.		Mr. Thomas Martin.

The scene here exhibited is the Committee: on the table are seen the instruments of torture; a wretched prisoner appears before them. The inhuman Jailor is a very prominent personage in the group: it is such a figure as Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience, are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance; his lips are contracted by tremor; his face advances as eager to lie, his legs slip back as meditating an escape; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes.

This portrait of Bambridge is said to have been taken in the beginning of the year 1729, when Bambridge and Huggins were under examination. Both were declared "Notoriously guilty of great breaches of "trust, extortions, cruelties, and other high crimes and misdemeanors;" both were sent to Newgate, and Bambridge was disqualified by Act of Parliament.

Mr. Rayner, in his reading on Stat. 2 Geo. II. cap. 32. by which Bambridge was rendered incapable of enjoying the office of Warden of the Fleet, has given a very circumstantial account, with remarks on the notorious breaches of trust, &c. committed by Bambridge and other keepers of the Fleet Prison.

The son of Mr. Huggins, whose father sold this patent office to Bambridge and Cuthbert, was possessed of a valuable painting from this sketch. This gentleman was well known by his translation of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. He died in 1761, leaving in MS. a tragedy, a farce, and a translation of Dante. By his will he requested that the translation of Dante might be printed; but the executors (perhaps thinking a compliance with that request would not add to his fame, or their emolument) have not thought proper to give it to the public.

A WOMAN

SWEARING HER CHILD TO A GRAVE CITIZEN.

THIS title sufficiently explains to us the plot of the comedy.

The stern formality of the Magistrate is well contrasted by the Infant in the chair, who is punishing the poor animal by teaching him to stand on his hind legs. The child and the quadruped are evidently intended as a parody upon the justice and the culprit.

The rage of the old lady at the discovery of the infidelity of her husband, the horror of the old miser at the perjury of the girl, and his hearing the dire decree of "*the tremendous Justice Midas*," that he must maintain the bantling, are well expressed. In the library of the magistrate we find, just over his head, the two books generally referred to, viz. "*The Art of Spelling*," and "*The Complete Justice*." On the table is seen "The Law of Bastardy," a book which has been recently consulted.

The original picture, from which the print was engraven, was one of Hogarth's early productions, and was lately in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Whally, at Eeton, Northamptonshire.

In the disposition of the figures, it is said to have a more than accidental resemblance to a picture by Heemskirk, which was in the possession of Mr. Watson, surgeon, Rathbone Place, where all the male figures are monkies, all the females cats.

BENJAMIN HOADLY,

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

WAS successively Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, born in 1676. His first preferment in the church was the rectory of St. Peter le Poor, and the lectureship of St. Mildred's in the Poultry. Soon after the accession of King George I. Mr. Hoadly was consecrated to the see of Bangor. In 1721 he was translated to Hereford, and from thence, in 1723, to Salisbury. In 1734 he was translated to Winchester. His latter days were embittered by a most vile instance of fraud and ingratitude. The Bishop took a French priest, who pretended to abjure his religion, under his protection, with no other recommendation than that of his necessities: in return for which act of humanity, the priest found an opportunity of getting the Bishop's name written with his own hand, and, causing a note of some thousand pounds to be placed before it, offered it in payment; but the Bishop denying it to be his, it was brought before a court of justice, and was there found to be a gross imposition. The ungrateful villain had now recourse to a pamphlet, in which he charged the Bishop with being a drunkard, and alleged that he had the note of him when he was in liquor. To this calumny the Bishop made a full and nervous answer, in which he exposed the man's falsehood, and solemnly averred that he was never drunk in his whole life. The world, with becoming ardour, embraced his defence, and he had the happiness to find himself perfectly acquitted even of any suspicion of such a charge.

In private life he was naturally facetious, easy, and complying; fond of company, yet would frequently leave it for the purposes of study or devotion. He was every where happy, and particularly in his own family, where he took all opportunities of instructing by his influence and example. Hogarth painted his portrait about the year 1743, in which he has admirably depicted that happy disposition of mind which we have just been describing. As a writer he possessed uncommon abilities. His tracts and pamphlets are extremely numerous, and the reader may see a

complete catalogue of them in his Life, inserted in the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica. He died in 1761, aged 83.

ABSURDITIES
OF A
DESIGN WITHOUT PERSPECTIVE.

TO satirize the attempts of artists to form and delineate a design, without a competent knowledge of *perspective*, our author has humorously presented the errors which must naturally result from an ignorance of that essential ingredient in picturesque composition.

We behold a traveller on an eminence, lighting his pipe from a candle presented to him by a woman from a chamber-window, at the distance of at least a mile. We are also astonished at the representation near it, of a crow seated on the upper spray of a tree, without incommoding by its weight the tender sprouts issuing from its branches; and our astonishment increases, when we recollect that this tree, if weighed in the balance with the bird, would hardly be found to preponderate. The tree, on which the feathered animal is so securely stationed, is, however, of a much greater height and magnitude than those which are nearer, and gradually diminish as they approach the fore-ground. The sheep, taking example from the trees, are very large at a distance, but regularly become minute by their proximity, the nearest being almost invisible.

Both ends of the church, the top, and the whole extent of one side of it, are clearly seen; but the artist has modestly declined exhibiting a back-side prospect of that venerable building. To take the view which Hogarth has represented, we must, at the same time, be above, at each end, and in front of that parochial erection. But he has not been so complaisant as to favour us with the sight of the road on the bridge, which the vessel seems determined to sail over, while the waggon and horses appear floating on the other side.

A fellow, in a boat nearly under the bridge, is attempting to shoot a swan on the other side of it, though, as he is situated, he cannot possibly have a view of the object whose destruction he pretends to be aiming at. The waggon and horses, which are supposed to be on the bridge, are farther off than the tree which grows on the farther side.

Many other absurdities are visible in this curious perspective view, which are too obvious to escape observation: such as the sign-post extending to a house at the distance of half a mile, and the remote row of trees concealing part of the nearer sign of the Half-moon; the angler's line interfering with another belonging to his patient brother, though at a considerable distance from each other; and the tops and bottoms of the barrels being equally visible. By these egregious absurdities, the attentive pupil in the imitative arts may derive more real knowledge in his laudable career than can easily be conceived.

THE END.

T. Davison, White-friars.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 17 May, 2019